Voyager

Just a short one that came from an exercise, to make something up from some random words.
And why seven lines?
But then I liked the way it ended up.

Voyager.

He sailed a sea of words not deeds.
He thought to find a way,
To live alone, forgotten
But come the break of day,
reality bit and the world said whoa.
You really have no say.
This isn't good enough you know, you cannot run away.