

precious reckless

time's trickle knows no bounds  
its ebbing flows are never found  
and sitting calmly in amongst it  
is a feat done well by few  
we race to conquer daylight  
but each day the light is new  
we are never standing still here  
the universe floods forth  
we try and try to visualize  
a true and constant north  
there is none  
but we are one  
we are not different in our grief  
we are bound by every atom  
each small molecule beneath  
our skin does paint us differently  
yet time has not a shade  
it wrestles on and steals the dawn  
we grip moments as they fade  
and i've wondered at the colours  
of our ever-changing sky  
we belong here, we are not long here  
we try and fail to never die  
perhaps that is alright  
to never fly but still take flight  
finding comfort in our slumbers  
more than any painted night