

in a countryside

wind whispers through the grass
the trees lift their heads as we pass;

a rainbow in the field

the wildflowers are sealed
with powdery pastel crayoned beauty
more than a quick eye could see—

the grasses are dancing;
together they are prancing...
and the rainbow starry trodden land
is soft to brush beneath my hand

lost

this is the

last ever

it's all big, all different

we must integrate

significant things

into insignificant things

taste

keep

ask

see

you will taste me

blend the old with the living

and you get

time

very very small

very small,very small

(with ten tiny paces)

we wonder,always wondering

we find our many hungerings

waking up,waking up

(the moon on our faces)

when its not time yet

not time to wake yet

very soon,very soon

(exhausting our graces)

we'll understand what

we'll understand who

losing hope,losing hope

(we button up our laces)

we've lost our sanity

we've lost our every every every thing

unknowing,unknowing

(scared but wanting something)

we're small,its true

but we know we need you