

slow risin sun

(we're not yet alive)

we lay frozen
in slumber
awaiting the great
dawn to come
and awaken us.

lonley winter

winter time
stray love
curing fright
cures the night.

man

man is only remembered for his mystery

his words stay true
and his mind remains free
let him be
in his moment of pain
and if you feel anger
you're all the same.

when i dream

distant memories and dreams
sailing down seas and streams
and though it all seems strange and things
what happiness and joy it brings,

the morning comes alive
the night has gone and died.

danger out there

i like to sleep and hear coyotes
knowing i am safe inside.

is it safe it really seems
to never know where they hide.

if they had hands,
they could get inside.

