

## Respect our respective wells

I can only write what I'm living,  
I can only write what I'm feeling.  
I have my fountain and you have  
yours.

I could try to grasp  
the intricacies of  
someone else,  
delve into their psyche  
but I'm not sure I could get past the  
whys and what fors.  
And what would that be for,  
really?  
I could paint a picture of you  
the way I see it  
and maybe I'd nail it -  
I suppose I could try to read you  
like a book  
but, if you want,  
you can share it with me.

Tomorrow I'll have a  
new story to tell  
and today's story will be a  
dream,  
once a living thing that  
I want to pass on,  
pass into your hands -  
take it if you will  
but if my drops don't fill your  
well, then  
oh well at least they may  
hit the ground  
and unravel something that needs  
to be unwound,  
found.

It's a race to get it out  
because no one wants a drought  
but I don't think we need to fear that  
after all -  
after all I had an answer.

And I look forward to your drops,  
too,  
I'll take them if I will

and otherwise,  
well, they'll water  
the ground and  
all the drops will linger  
and mingle and  
create something  
blending old and new,  
me and you -  
our stories are all one,  
really  
and we can't understand each other  
all the time  
but that's fine because  
I have my well and you have yours  
and, meandering,  
our drops fill everything.

**(Im)perfection in a moment**

Your music is poetic  
And your lyrics strike a chord.  
Your songs have plucked my  
Soul's strings,  
And the unexpected beauty  
Leaves me questioning all of my  
Questions  
And dancing in the notes.

Making imperfect harmonies  
That seem to fit just right.  
It's the magic of tonight,  
A moment of nothing  
Became at once everything,  
A saving grace,  
Knowing I'm in the right place  
Even though a place that's changing  
Every day,  
The tune has a mind of its own  
And the words change as they may.  
The melody evolves,  
But yet -  
The melody stays.

## Mystery barn

I know I gotta  
Turn it around,  
Turn it around,  
Turn it on its head.

Turn it around,  
Turn it into something new  
Cause that future,  
Yeah, that future  
It's Dead.

They dance in circles,  
Grab my hand,  
Snap a selfie,  
Go take a drag.

We all bob our heads  
In time to the beat.  
Beer and White Russians  
On the floor and  
On my feet.

The vibe is nameless and  
Placeless,  
The lights are mesmerizing  
And quietly psychedelic  
In that box of a room.

It's peace and nostalgia.  
A breath tinged with longing  
And regret,  
The feeling of a tear,  
Uplifted and unspent.

Paradox of light and dark,  
It's penetrating unknown corners  
Of my heart.  
I let it be plucked apart.

They listen and nod,  
They are what I need  
And I'm glad,  
Glad I made it there,  
For the unspoken accord  
Of camaraderie.

Unexpected moment and  
A mystery barn.  
And I'm there,  
I'm here -  
A new future to be  
Made.

Put that Dead Future  
In its grave.  
Light a new fire and  
Let it blaze.

**The precipice**

Hold on to that moment –  
or –  
let it go.  
You'll never know  
until you do.  
And that,  
I can't tell you.

Where's the faith?  
I can't put my finger on it,  
quite,  
or quite yet.

But I can feel the pull,  
I can feel it pulling  
me.  
A hand to help me up,  
I won't give up and  
you don't even know what  
giving up is.  
So I feel blessed  
to know what this is,  
anyway.

My soul has shifted in a  
big way,  
it's searching for the bright  
light of day  
and the light that shines  
through all that darkness.

It's whispering  
quite loudly – that is  
if I just listen  
over my heart beating in my  
chest-  
and I've reached the edge  
of the precipice,  
one step away from  
bliss.  
I can practically touch it,  
all I have to do is jump –  
and I know I'm capable of  
climbing back up.

All things point to this,  
It's a journey I won't miss  
and you won't miss me  
because I'm still here  
but better,  
maybe sprouting a feather and  
stretching those wings.  
I know where I've been,  
don't know where I'm going  
when the gong rings  
but I know I won't regret it  
and we both won't forget it.

**My self**

I can't get away from myself,  
gotta stay with myself.  
Be patient,  
stay by my self –  
though I'm compelled,  
why deny my self?  
I'm going to live and breathe and  
die  
by my self.  
Not sure why I got stuck with myself,  
but I'm learning I'm not so bad  
and how to be compassionate with myself.

Come sit with my self,  
and I'll sit by your self  
and we can love each other and  
each other's selves because why  
deny our selves –  
gotta stay by our selves.

Don't get too alone  
by ourselves because  
we can hold up each other,  
be pillars for one another.  
It starts inside,  
finding we have nothing to hide –  
be ourselves by ourselves  
love ourselves –  
we've only got ourselves.