

BLUR

I can't stand
To cry
Someone put the droplets
In my eye
I wish that I could see
In one plane
Every side
Of me
Don't want the path
Don't want the street
Just want to wander
On my own feet
I don't have a home
Except in my head
A cave by the sea where
I've written my bed.

I often ride the train
Past the cars
And cold blank faces
Buried in my book
Lost in time and
Other places.

I can't stand
The pain
Of thunder storms
That rain
Down on
All my dreams
Drowns them all
It seems
If I had a ship
I'd save the day
Rescue the damsel
And sail away
Off to my cave
Into my bed
Into the stories
That I've read.

I often write the words
Of thoughts
As they occur
Painting my own picture
Focusing
The blur.

A.G.