

## Falling

### Pain Of Salvation

Once  
I had a mountain of my own  
With moss and walls and magic  
And a mighty view  
A forest of my own  
Listening to me  
Showing me its secret paths and trails  
Green with depths and sleeping sunrises  
Thorns that never cut  
My feet and face  
A pine of my own  
Offering a seat in the sunset  
Painting windy pictures  
Arabesques  
Of fortune and forever  
Too large to fit  
Even in a child's pocket  
Now  
Arabesques of forgetfulness  
Are left to burn holes  
In my white tapestry and fangible wallpaper  
Once  
I had a world of my own  
It is still there  
Only  
I am gone