

## How Past Begins

Angelo De Augustine

Take some time  
Hurried up on  
The light you make for me  
Peace of mind  
Is the only thought  
That we truly need

Has  
It  
Reassembled like before

Stained glass eyes  
Had their sound  
As lashes beat around  
Making light dance inside  
The mind  
Till time is through

His  
Body is  
Strewn along the floor

Travel back  
To the past  
Keymaram said  
Past is dead  
But it's real  
To me  
I feel  
Interest in  
How past begins

Take some time  
To reinvent the line  
That runs towards the moon  
Slowed down  
Like clouds in wind  
Revealing truth to you