

Hard Land Of Wonder

Anita Lipnicka

In the 33rd year of her journey
She hits the hard land of wonder
That nothing prepared her for
And the guide books go blank and guideless
And the guiding lights are holes in the darkness
And parachutes won't unfold

It's her birthday - the candles are burning
And the memories keep returning
Glossy postcards from some other life
She reopens her box of glory
But she can only see blossoms falling
How the gravity brings things down

Am I the river, or am I the boat?
There's swirly dark water wherever I go
Am I the paper, or am I the pen
Possessed and driven
By some Greater Hand...?

So tired of constant trying
In the red eye of another day dying
She sees beauty she'll never embrace
Stillhaunted by phantoms of freedom
She turns to the innocent wisdom
Engraved in her daughter's face

Am I the river, or am I the boat?
There's swirly dark water wherever I go
Am I the paper, or am I the pen
Possessed and driven
By some Greater Hand...?

So, could it be love is all that matters
That rough pillow of splinters and feathers
No one ever can rest upon?
As she follows the smell of roses
Is she choosing or being chosen
Moving closer or farther from home?

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There's swirly dark water wherever I go
Am I the paper, or am I the pen
Possessed and driven
By some Greater Hand...?