

## Stream

Arco

sometimes a word emerges  
out of the silent stream  
that runs beneath opinion  
illusion of the waking dream  
we are not what we seem

something prevents me looking  
it must be for the best  
but still the half-heard whisper  
reminds me that i've failed the test  
to know your own unrest

i know a choice is coming  
for peace or honesty  
pour concrete on the footprints  
from everything that you might be  
love will set you free