

Island

Ari Hest

Sometimes I think, we're almost there
I'm catching on, you're understanding
Maybe we'll be all right, we've caught up from behind

We hunker down, insulate from
Voices of doubt, ever expanding
To greet another day on our little island

And as we lay upon the sand
The clouds decide to congregate
Clank their glasses, spill their drinks
The dreaded cycle activates

I look through you, you look through me
Eyes of contempt stuck in a pattern
We are alone out here on our little island

And once the storm has left its mark
The sun returns to dry the mess
Fallen tears erased from sight
You lay your head against my chest and

We try to learn from each mistake
And keep it all in perspective
In order to preserve our little island
Our little island
Our little island