

Day One

Feng Suave

Behind the glass
A leaf is falling
Carried by a gentle sigh
A dog is walked
A lawn is watered
But what am I?
Forgotten

A golden frame
For an aching pain
I'll swallow
In a quiet room
While outside the flowers bloom
As they would anyway

The sick are brave
And extra loving
I'm none of that
I'm just sick and tired
The children play
Without a warning
The trees are yawning
But then its quiet

A pouring rain washes away
Tomorrow
And its every word
All its faces flaunt concern
Cause what if it did?
And the storm persists
For many years
And I'll spend my days
As though it would
Anyways

Sometimes I get choked up
Counting my prayers
In a holy sense of disarray
Cause I spend my days
Wishing things could ever change
As if they could
Anyways