

Ways Of The Wind

Listener

Against all the odd realities portrayed before I was.
I stand with a life in my hand given to me before I was.
I can with the tools of survival choose the right way,
or I can't won't or don't have to.
I can pull this opportunity to me and hold on like it's dear to me,
and not let it pass through.
Or I can, stop here where I know the outcome and circumstance.
Float close to death in the stagnant pool of familiarism seeking to destroy
I am.
Or at least the facade that most have imprinted in their lobes subconsciously.
I'll dredge through oceans of acquaintance scarred by their smiling faces.
By the hap hazard way my life hangs for all to see.
Nervous ticking and shrugging off near misses or near hits to be more accurate for me.
And who I let to see a piece of me is rare, so rare that I don't know where
I can be free.
These are my thoughts my words wrote down in an order pre-destined to exist.
I love all who know me and who have the ability to.
And those who I've skipped or missed feeling cold as they can.
Hate steeping deep inside clenching their hands and fists.
Wrists hardened with the power of death you do what you need to.
I'm just moving through going where I can be possibly lead or taken.
And so very blatant I'll allow openly for my heart to sink darts of despise
and hate.
Knowing it's not my life and it's not so easy to mend.
But in the act of letting go I'll lose my want to defend,
and tune my heart and listen, listen to the ways of the wind.

When will I get to segregate myself from...
What can I say to represent my voice I'm...
What do I hear that opens up my mind some...
Who can see me and tell me I'm normal I'm just...
Why must I learn to delegate my wealth to...
How can you change and separate yourself when...
When does our fate come knocking for our doors why...?
Who does it take when it comes to the wind on.

I view the smug the so very pleased just-to-be's.
The: Hey look at ME's. With all fingers pointed back at me.
And think, pray really for the ability with human eyes to see.
Without jading my comprehensive outcome.
Judgment kills when it's amongst the same level of life.
Distinction comes with prides tattoo.
And I've been taught by those who think that they matter that this matters.
But I'm not listening inside do you?

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In perfect alignment is what my souls appetite yearns to be.

Hungry for the feel of forever with a tight grasp.
White knuckles my skin to bleed.
Happily shed spots of sweat staining the path of continuance.
I'm here to write but that's not it.
I'm here to listen to however the wind sees fit to move me.
Sailing on like living is a port and I long to be.
it's quiet words almost silently allow me to talk to myself, but I know it's
not right.
I decree to set my journeys beginning with the first step,
and then it's up to you to set me free.
I'll make the biggest idiot out of myself.
I've done it before and I know I'll do it again.
It's like it's good for my health
Well, It might be good for a drop of humility.
Experience always seems to mark its stamp near me.
Crouched out of place with a plan to take me.
I'm constantly learning always seeing teaching being.
it's what oxygen and gravity brings as its privilege,
granted for all those who get the chance to encounter.
Always fleeing time lines and seeking eternity.

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