Face Of Wood

Modern English

Dreaming in a chair, contemplating

The times gone by - exhilarating, entertaining

Reaching out with tenderness

Scenes of laughter framed in reminiscence Catch a smile for stormy days and sad occasions Moving targets and camera shy

The moon is dark and shadowed
The sun keeps ticking by
Silence and solitude
No one left to cry
No one left to cry

Standing in front a mirror
I draw and pinch my skin
Tired eyes portray reality
A face of lines which melt in the world

I am oak
I am oak

I am oak