

This

No More Kings

When I walk without my feet,
and focus instead on blades of grass,
and finding faces in the trees,
and breathing in the poetry.
And after long, my feet return,
jealous perhaps or lonely without me.
And I see I need them too.
And we walk home.
What scares me most of all is me.
And still I want, not to be scared.
When I learn to walk through walls,
and swim in the air,
I will be scared of me no longer.
I asked the man what he wanted most.
I guess he wanted most of all to know.
Then he asked me what I wanted most.
I answered this.
I asked the man what he wanted most.
I guess he wanted most of all to know.
Then he asked me what I wanted most.
I answered this.
And every now and again,
Though I sometimes fail to notice.
Life sneaks up & kisses my cheek
and all I want is this.