

Evening in the garden
Surrounded by fireflies
We'd only just moved in
I spent my time alone there reading
and planted one thing a day

While shoveling the yard
my spade hit a metal box
And in it was a diary
The cover old and frayed

It said "I don't know how much time I have
but I guess we never really do
I thought that I would be terrified
but it's worse to watch them watch me
Sometimes I wish our lives were simpler
that we never had to stretch the food
That people here would treat my brother well
and that he would know he's good"

I laid out all those pages
and in my study typed them up
It was tough to say how old they were
I guess... years at least
The boy who wrote these words
Was an odd and complicated mind
But wisdom's often heavier
When found before its time

He said "We all get stuck in circles
but nothing moves in perfect lines
Connections underly the things we see
But to nuances we're blind
And I am never singular
I was born a pair to walk alone
My mirror shows the things im not
But it helps me feel at home"