Rain

SWMRS

A hundred-eighty days go by of constant topple on the page.
Fill it with words until it falls further gone and outta reach.
Faster, faster it goes on and I'm stuck mud as turtles pass.
But give me time and open page, and I'll learn the books beyond my age.

But there's one thing, and overtone of rain.
Pick me up and out of me,
Soon as I can see the rain.
Out the door into the trees, I can hear my thoughts again.
Half across the world and back-- nostalgia's come to take a hit.
I say hit me till I'm lit, with a light that takes my mind back home.

Look to the left and all's gone lit with signs that say I've made it through.
Out of school into the sky I go and fly beyond my own.
Look to the right and I'm still stuck in chains that keep me from myself.
Complete with symbols I can't read that mathematicians live and breath.

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