

Need Nothing

The Antlers

No, I don't need nothing
No, nothing I don't already hold
O, whether tomorrow
O, ever tomorrow uncontrolled

One moment of deep repose
A thick jungle of lawn between my toes
A paper glider landing on my nose
Curling colors of a painted wing grow

Until they fill they screen
And draw me in
To a place unseen
Where I've always been

To somewhere so serene
Complete within
And evergreen

When I want too much
Of what I've missed
To be content
With what exists
I must remind myself
To savor this wholeness

No, I don't need nothing
No, nothing I don't already hold
O, whether tomorrow
O, ever tomorrow uncontrolled