

Back & Forth

Tiles

Downstairs up and upstairs down
I dream of angels
In white flowing gowns
Fancy fades as earth and sky explode
I should have understood
What I was told

Always longing for a place I'm not
It has a stronger pull
Than what I've got
Indecision builds a bigger mess
More is more but finally more is less

Back and forth
Between the poles
Comfort in the only place I know
In limbo lost
Holding only possibilities
Thinly stretched
The synapse snaps to impasse

Inside out and outside in
I see too many things
To know where to begin
I pace the floor
In search of middle ground
Lost in the weeds
I'm living downside up or upside down

Back and forth
Side by side
Between the poles
Comfort in the only place I know

When I'm here
I'm thinking there
When I'm there
I wonder what's going on
I miss everything