

backpack of dreams

by Phoenix

I've been told that I have nothing
Worth a shilling or a dime
But I carry in my pocket
Space and Time

I've been told that I am nothing,
That I'm lazy, weak, and dumb,
But I've traveled 'cross this country
On the power of my thumb

I've been lectured that my morals
Are as feeble as my will,
But I've traveled 'cross this country
Seeing sights—and I will still.

And if all I carry with me
Is a backpack full of dreams,
I can gain the magic castle
With a scattering of beans.

I will journey from this desert
To the mountains and the sea
And all places that I've been or done
Or seen travel free.

And if all my inventory
Is my body and my mind,
I shall work them to their fullest
And remember to be kind.

And if all that I can manage
Is to manage managing
I shall train and I shall toil
Till I've taught this pig to sing.

And if all that I acquire
Turns out less than what it seems
I shall travel to the moon
Upon its beams

You've been told that you are nothing—
Oh, I know that feeling well—
But if I promise to probe gently,
May I—maybe—crack your shell?

You've been told that you are worthless,
And are shiftless, slow, and dumb—
But have you traveled 'cross this country
On the power of your thumb?

You've been told that you are nothing,
Are a lazy, worthless bum—
But I see you on the clifftop someday,
Shining like the sun.

And if all that I can show you
Is a glimmer of a chance
Will you take that magic coin
And learn to dance?

And if all you carry with you
Is a backpack full of dreams,
You can gain the magic castle
With a scattering of beans.

AND WHAT HAVE YOU GAINED?
by Phoenix

And what have you gained
In all your years of love and pain
And all your fears
And all your tears?

I have gained much:

I have gained years of tears and fears
And years of love and pain.

(Untitled) by Phoenix

i bop thru life.
my feet dance the ground.
sometimes

my head bumps the sky.