

A strange man told me, once, to walk on
Spruce until the houses got weird,
And of course; I believed him, in a sort of
fever dream, and ran into milky white cats
and people from a world different than mine
In some garden there,
Where we picked fresh glistening figs, full
and soft with ripeness, from the trees,
And hoped for tomorrows that never came..

It was all life or death in the garden, you see,
And when I found out I ran down the hill as
fast as I could,
Until I couldn't see in the darkness
(For I had never been there in the light)
And wished for a second chance, like the
others had been granted, to maybe do it
right, just once
And to wear dirt-brown sandals, of a sort,
Instead of picking the glass out of my feet.

Maybe I was living some lie, but it was
comforting, in ways;
That I was the only one to know the secret
(it was always too good to be true...)

We cannot stay magnificent, surely, but we
can watch the silence of the world in every
whisper, floating forever on and on