

Simplicity

In a simple world
Behind closed doors and boarded windows
Sliding behind the trunks of massive trees
Witnessed, but not truly seen

Are you still there?

I become aware of these simple cherished moments and take chase
But like water through splayed fingers it's fleeting
And I'm left waiting. Wondering. In woeful distress.
Like an ordinary being, I stumble through the dark-
waiting to be struck by the light

Lost... are you lost? (Or... am I?)

