

Servant, The

"In A Public Place"

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When in a public place
Note how well
I manoeuvre
It's like a quest for grace
When among stumbling commuters
I think about each step
Not of where I'm trying to get

Watching people move
They appear to groove
With the invisible
Watching people move
They appear to fuse
With the invisible
Oh you lost those moves
How is it possible

When in a limited space
I try to find a cube for me
With subtle changes of pace
I move through various densities
I think upon each stride
Until I feel I glide

Watching people move
They appear to groove
With the invisible
Watching people move
They appear to fuse
With the invisible
Oh you lost those moves
How is it possible

Scuffed shoes
O what to do...

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