

Okta Logue

"Transit"

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You take it for granted that things are
The way they seem.
And from the first glance you're aware
Of what is real.
All the letters tell a story about a
Content you can't see.
Take a closer
Look at the way
You do perceive.

And you're holding on to things
That you have done.
But who are you
When all your work is gone?

And you're acting like you're
Always on the run.
But you're a buried seed
That has never seen the sun.

Take that for granted:
If there's one thing that is real.
It's the moon shine,
It's this velvet tender fell,
It's the wind that slowly carries
Colored autumn leaves.
Well this is waiting for the ones
Who do perceive.

And you're holding on to things
That you have done.
But where are you
When all your work is done?

And you're acting like you're
Always on the run,
But linger on
And try to see the sun.

The wind blows through
The meadows and the sun

Is waiting for the ones
Who'd like to come.

And even if you're
Always on the run,
Linger on
And try to see the sun.

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