

## **Ember Swift "Stiltwalking"**

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We drove straight into the morning,  
Watched the shadows slowly lift, the blackness shift  
And turn to navy, purple, teal and the perfect sky blue  
Somehow, the distance seems more real when it floats  
into view.

We have come so far, so far to go...

We have had to rise above so much crap,  
Strapping on a different world view to cushion all the  
mishaps.

And, it's ridiculous to run so we slowly edge along.

The rule is: more fun than frustration; less stress, more  
songs

And of course to try to get along with each other.

Sometimes I feel like I am just walking on stilts  
(stiltwalking)

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It's a wobbly view.

We juggle time like colourful balls

Changing shades as they cascade in waterfalls.

Days of mornings that act like night, see the light

Dawning on us to rest and revive, to survive this circus  
test

This is the life; This is the CIRCUS!

We are at our best; This is our life...This is the CIRCUS!

But, we've got to try to get along with each other.

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"How? Why? What makes you do it?"

We are asked, we are cast as those who get through it.

It has to be more fun than fatigue, more of a joy than a  
chore,

From the soul from a need.

Because, after all, what are we breathing for?

Stiltwalking...

Hobbling, Laughing

Wobbling, Crashing

Stiltwalking...

