

Fake Problems

"Busy Bees"

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From the first breath of sunlight,
I could hear songs from the trees.
All around the wilderness,
melodies directed towards me.
But when I sang along,
they all changed their harmonies to hymns of
persuasion.
I was blown away with the leaves,
and forced to a conclusion about the path ahead.
I analyzed the consequences of the future of my
direction.

And I'll go until these bones don't go.

If the sun is kind enough,
I'll find a nice place to rest.
Light will pour and rain on down as a song tied to her
breath. In her words I could see a thoughtful
line, if these bones don't go on,
arrest me for a crime that I've perpetrated,
and I'm who it's against.
Living life in constant motion is the only way I'll be
content.

And I'll go until this body does not go.

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