

## **Boy Sets Fire "The Fine Art Of Falling"**

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I could lie here for a day  
Tongue tied and out classed  
Never missing their world  
that used to be my life  
And I can't remember  
what it was  
That I always wanted  
But it should have  
always been this rhyme  
and reason  
Not withstanding  
Folded into beauty  
And if I hold this here  
forever  
I will never down  
And when I loose my ground  
I can always remember  
This is my reason  
You are my reason  
to stay  
I have she'd this  
dry hard shell  
Traded it's  
comfort for your eyes  
Played with denial  
And then denied  
my own defenses  
It's no longer  
a part of me  
These questions,  
in security  
You will always be  
the most magnificent  
creation.

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