

My Epic

"Men In Little Houses"

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We cannot begin to see the realms beyond periphery
These ghosts and odd anomalies that whisper of
reality

But modern man is so adept at skimming past the
ocean's depths
From shoal to shore but still convinced

We can't feel the spinning underneath
This globe rotates and no one perceives
We're so small but man always believes
We are the center, measure of all things

If this is where we lie, some place between the matter
and the mystified
And only foolish minds would attempt to fit the
universe inside

Maybe all our lives are founded in the moments that
escape our eyes
And prudent hearts will find that there is beauty in the
mysteries of life

We are so small

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