

Portal "Six Degrees"

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Fortune Æ- the lives we lead - with no pondering minds
for descent or burden,
Degrees from the yield to seed, or the sobering tomb
of squander
Unheeded, the paths that lead us through process,
lined with patent effect. We need
This distance to help us sleep
And peers to absolve
The turbulent wake it leaves, over space and time now
rippling to peace

Feed it in ways unknown, far above our means,
disparate and parting
Then heed it in words alone, seldom moments' pause
to wonder
Though wonders are waste, you'll find
If we follow the web of lines
We're just lost in the crowd

Our imprint's real, though often far from view
How can we sate our lust for more, but feel less too

Six steps to save our eyes
Far removed, 'neath these selfsame skies
The sea of faces will wash it away
Leaving peace for one more day

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