

Mineral

"Waking To Winter"

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lemonade stands and memories of innocence and
purity and the noon-day sun at
ninety degrees (the things i carry with me) the ice
cream man at four or five
how we'd flag him down and ask for rides and
evenings when we'd sit outside and
name the cloud shapes in the sky those days are gone
now and we must carry on
but i will not forget the things i learned on your front
lawn and how we rode
those dusty trails on huffys and schwinns from
christmas sales made forts out
of crates with rusty nails and only came home when our
stomachs failed those
days are gone now and we must move forward still but
i will not forget the
things i understood at your window sill i walked your
street again last night
and laughed to dull the sting of spite but your door was
dark and it made me
cry cause mother always kept you shining bright but
things they change and
people grow and move in step with the green-paper
flow but deep inside i wonder
(or maybe i already know) that they never really find
the answers.

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