

Foreverinmotion

"Flight 268"

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International airport.
Waiting for my flight home
In a terminal filled with strangers I'll never get to
Know.
Weaving through one another, we chase the blue
Concourse signs
And with our cell phones and the daily news we draw
our
Boundary lines.
The possibilities float like ghosts in this waiting
Room of idle hearts.
Don't be polite, just be real.
I want to know how you feel.
I want to find out who you are.
You'll never know the things you've missed
If you contemplate but never try,
To scale the walls outside your soul where even the
Bravest hide.
The chance is yours for the taking, and everything
Depends on
This transient moment that could turn strangers into

Friends.
The possibilities fill the air like a song played from
Far away.
Full of stories, hopes, dreams,
And laced with insecurity, scars, and pain.
The possibilities float like ghosts
And they're haunting my every thought.
So please tell me all your stories.
You can show me your scars.
And we'll celebrate just being here
And being who we are.
Of all the love... of all the friends...
Of all the things that could have been...
If we had only let them in.
We'll never know the things we've missed if we never
Try
To let down our guard and let out who we are inside.

