

## Poi Dog Pondering "Everybody's Trying"

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My ghost is everywhere here  
It hangs on every tree  
Lingering with every flower and leaf,  
smell of scent and sight and sound  
These are calling cards from another time  
Familiar days and forgotten phases,  
like water trickle down down down  
Time is an ocean, and I'm set to swim  
and I'm tumbled by her.  
Circle around the sun, turn turn turn  
Someday my turn will come  
Stretched by time and torn by fate  
I'm held together by the flesh of faith  
Pushing up I hope for the sun,  
but I'll take the rain with what all it comes  
I walk and my feet roll, arms sway side to side, to and  
fro  
Who am I to try to guide my life?  
Like the tribes that came before us, and all the kings  
and queens  
and our ancestors, through the centuries...  
Through the birth of a child, I return the gift that was  
given me  
The wind on the skin, and the pull of gravity.  
Circle around the sun, turn turn turn  
One day my turn will come  
I'm living every minute and dying every day  
I hope my heart is in the right place

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