

## Half-Handed Cloud

### "Picnic Few Want To Attend"

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Skies pour forth speech always  
Your voice in the airways  
Awake those asleep, Lord whose  
Only reward is this life here

May those seeking not be  
Put to shame because me  
Don't let those out looking  
For you find a dead end instead

Light the way with fires  
A seeking heart inquires  
To the way you've hand-picked  
Find you perfect  
Set the picnic

Dine or just stand far off  
Counting places on the tablecloth  
You look like we've all sketched  
Think it's farfetched  
Your arms outstretched

Avoids kisses and hugs  
Like a snake with earplugs  
That ignores the charmer's tune and  
Stays immune to loving you

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