

Eric Boff**"Inevitability and Chance"**

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It's a dark room, with my eyes closed tight.
But there's saffron on the other side.
She sits so pleasant I am so hesitant to make a move.

You could call her "heaven sent", but I like to call it
Inevitability and Chance.
We were meant to be together whether on Mars or in
Spain
Or any other planet that remains unnamed.
You know it's all the same to us.
We ride a parallel carousel among the shooting stars.
Call it my lucky number. Call it reviving splendor.
Because right now it's way too easy,
Rewriting my future plans.
She grooves beyond integument,
A soul that's solely meant among a cosmic choir.

So teach me all you can and I will play you any song.
We are inevitability and Chance.
Our confusion is a samba with all consonants aside.
But I'll still tell you that you're precious
Through a universal lullaby...

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