

Thrice "Treading Paper"

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All my life, I've been treading paper in the space
between the words.
And there implied is that I'm but another body for the
birds,
Carrion, absurd and accidental atoms - beating air,
Carrying on; unwitting orphan of an unyielding despair.
But linger on, just for a moment, until we can ascertain
if something's
Wrong with me -
Or the assumptions of these self-indicted brains.
Because I contend that all of this is more than just a
meaningless charade,
That each and every moment is a bottle with a
message hid away. If anything
Means anything,
There must be something meant for us to be, a song
that we were made to
Sing.
There must be so much more than we can see.
But all our lives, we've been treading paper in the
space between the
Words.
And there implied's the thought that we are barely
more than bodies for the
Birds, carrion.
They say that we're just accidental atoms beating air,
carrying on and on,
Unwitting orphans of an unyielding despair. But our
hearts tell a different
Story;
Our hands feel a different pulse.
Something fathomless, deeper than our pride can dive;
numinous, higher than
-
Our hearts can rise, transcendent, further than our
thoughts can reach;
Immanent, closer than the air we breathe.

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