

No More Kings, This

When I walk without my feet
And focus instead on blades of grass
Finding faces in the trees
And breathing in the poetry

Not after long my feet return
Jealous perhaps
Or lonely without me
And I see I need them, too

And we walk home

What scares me most of all is me
And still I want
Not to be scared

When I learn to walk through walls and swim in the air
I will be scared of me no longer

I asked the man what he wanted most
I guess he wanted most of all to know
Then he asked me what I wanted most
And I answered, this

I asked the man what he wanted most
I guess he wanted most of all to know
And then he asked me what I wanted most
I answered, this

And every now and again
Though I sometimes fail to notice
Life sneaks up and kisses my cheek
And all I want is this