

Poi Dog Pondering, Circle Around The Sun

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