

Discover America, Phantom Treasure

Why does your shape attract my eye?

Is it the chemistry of our young bodies prodding us in such hot pursuit of a lie?

We chase a quickly fading phantom.

Treasure baby!

If that is so, then one day it shall go.

Disappearing as a layer of week-old melting snow.

This human heart is never clear.

It's half filled up with wonder, and the other half with fear