

Fake Problems, Busy Bees

From the first breath of sunlight, I could hear songs from the trees.
All around the wilderness, melodies directed towards me. But when I sang
along, they all changed their harmonies to hymns of persuasion. I was blown
away with the leaves, and forced to a conclusion about the path ahead.
I analyzed the consequences of the future of my direction.

And I'll go until these bones don't go.

If the sun is kind enough, I'll find a nice place to rest. Light will pour
and rain on down as a song tied to her breath. In her words I could see a thoughtful
line, if these bones don't go on, arrest me for a crime that I've perpetrated,
and I'm who it's against. Living life in constant motion is the only way I'll
be content.

And I'll go until this body does not go.