

Slow Coming Day, A Mere Accident

Shutting my eyes I can see what is right in front of me.
A twisting kaleidoscope in my head of all the things we left unsaid.
If I could make the world go away.
If I could make it all disappear.
distant memories relapse.
Encased in mirrored glass.
leaves are falling.
time for a change.
repetitions are rearranged.
If I could make the world go away.
If i could make it all disappear...make it all disappear.
If I could make these nightmares disappear.
Now it's time to fade away