

Waiting is been
Waiting for a word
I Never heard
A word that lie in
between the lines
Of a poem that died
Seconds before it materialized
Like a foreign sound from
An unknown town
-it makes the earth go 'round and
around

A chair in her room was a tower
From where she was watching
She peeled through the window
And spinned
Opened the door, said;
Come inside

Do you see what you like
Do you like what you see
Do you see what you like
Do you like what you see

Come walk with me for a while
My child
There's a word I have heard
And it's deeply absurd
-The rhythm among you and the
rhythm within, have traveled 'long
the same road while you've
wondered where you've been.
The seed of an old star
Is the beat of a new
The stones you choose to turn
Holds the one's the karma about you earn

And if boredom is joy, you're a
Stranger - a toy in
the hands of the few
Of the one's you once knew

If it's all just a game-
Every day remains the same