

Restoration

My arms are tired and my back is sore.
My fingers are calloused and splintered.
My hands are rough from the sandpaper grit,
Rubbed along the old deck where we entered.
Into the cabin by the lake, where we fished,
Where we swam, where we ate, where we played.
I am proud of my work to restore this old place.
Where my summertime memories stayed.

Life/Death

Life

Fun, Joyful

Praying, Singing, Thinking

Obstacles, Miracles, Fear, Fate

Frightening, Killing, Hoping

Dread, Hate

Death

Hide and Seek

Come back! Don't go! I'm just over here!

I'm so close, but just out of sight.

Warmer! Warmer! No, colder, colder.

I've been hiding here half of the night.

I just want to shout, "Here I am! You've found me!"

But then, I would lose at our game.

So, think really hard about where I might be,

Look here, and call out my name.

I've chosen the best hiding place that I know,

I've chosen too well, it appears.

I quit! I give up. I'm coming out now,

For I fear I may just disappear.

Growth

The sun shines its light

As ice melts away it shows

Green grass underneath

A New Me

I am free today

I am new

The person I was before

Now I will undo

How the veil

Has lifted

Perspective that shifted

With a little truth

I am new today

I am free

The sky above my limit

All else below me

Now on fresh wings

I'm soaring

Easily ignoring

What I used to be

The Self I Know

They say that holy water
Can get you the mend
A sprinkle on your forehead
Might give you a good end
But a still small voice is calling
And whispers in my ear
That those folks are lying
They profit from my fear
And I can be what I want
On any day I choose
And resting on convention
Is a path for fools.

Awake

Awake, still? At this hour? Do you ever sleep?
Wake up, man. You've slept the day away.
About time you woke up. It's almost noon.
Knock, knock. Rise and shine.
Ethan, come on. I'm turning on the lights.

Bird

Like a bird in flight

A large aluminum bird

Soaring through the air