

# Hard Land Of Wonder

Anita Lipnicka

In the 33rd year of her journey  
She hits the hard land of wonder  
That nothing prepared her for  
And the guide books go blank and guideless  
And the guiding lights are holes in the darkness  
And parachutes won't unfold

It's her birthday - the candles are burning  
And the memories keep returning  
Glossy postcards from some other life  
She reopens her box of glory  
But she can only see blossoms falling  
How the gravity brings things down

Am I the river, or am I the boat?  
There's swirly dark water wherever I go  
Am I the paper, or am I the pen  
Possessed and driven  
By some Greater Hand...?

So tired of constant trying  
In the red eye of another day dying  
She sees beauty she'll never embrace  
Stillhaunted by phantoms of freedom  
She turns to the innocent wisdom  
Engraved in her daughter's face

Am I the river, or am I the boat?  
There's swirly dark water wherever I go  
Am I the paper, or am I the pen  
Possessed and driven  
By some Greater Hand...?

So, could it be love is all that matters  
That rough pillow of splinters and feathers  
No one ever can rest upon?  
As she follows the smell of roses  
Is she choosing or being chosen  
Moving closer or farther from home?

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Possessed and driven  
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