

A Tiny Fold

Bishop Allen

I don't know how long I stayed in bed
The day is surely dead
And once again, I'm sleeping with the book I read
And colorfully and candidly
It points the way so childishly ahead

I guess I will make it through the day
To learn I've lost my way
And once again, my heavy heart is made of clay
And distant shores unseen by men
They call to me to set my sails away
To set my sails away
For distant shores, okay

I can't seem to fit where I belong
I tune myself a song
And even then, I can't quite figure out what's wrong
And will I end a broken man whose hands half-filled
Even though they once seemed strong?

I still have nothing to my name
So brightly burns the flame
And even then, I've spent my life so wrecklessly
The stories on the page I read
They make me seem so timid and afraid
So timid and afraid
A tiny fold away

And on and on and endlessly
The promises and the pagentry
And those who live so fearlessly
If I could live so fearlessly
I mark my place, a tiny fold
And once again, I find myself alone