

Busy Bees

Fake Problems

From the first breath of sunlight, I could hear songs from the trees.
All around the wilderness, melodies directed towards me. But when I sang along, they all changed their harmonies to hymns of persuasion. I was blown away with the leaves, and forced to a conclusion about the path ahead.
I analyzed the consequences of the future of my direction.

And I'll go until these bones don't go.

If the sun is kind enough, I'll find a nice place to rest. Light will pour and rain on down as a song tied to her breath. In her words I could see a thoughtful line, if these bones don't go on, arrest me for a crime that I've perpetrated, and I'm who it's against. Living life in constant motion is the only way I'll be content.

And I'll go until this body does not go.