

Caught up

Hot Water Music

How do we get back? away from the grind
that gives no slack. to the frames. the ones
we filtered first. which widened our eyes through
their colours, shapes, and designs. With everything
so brand new and everything so pure and true.
When saving the world could be done in a day.
With a cape and imagination ready to play.
On our hands and knees we crawled and watched
As our elders walked. We soaked up all we could.
Clung to what we knew was good and gazed, amazed
At what unfolded before our face. To find out, we?d
Forget it all. By being caught up in a race that
Isn?t for fun at all. With hands frustrated to do
Instead of willing to try. Living by the clock and
Slowly wasting away in tie. On my hands, and
Knees I plead to see the way that a child does
See. And waltz around aware not drowned. Not
Buried down or cornered slammed. A fresh start
Entity an easy way to be unless you?re past the age.