

Old Owl

Katie Costello

You are one hundred thousand years old
You know everything ever been told
You can map the globe in a millisecond, can't you?
You are five thousand leagues under the sea
You see everything in sight
You don't need binoculars; you have your eyes

If you had hope would you feel stronger?
If you knew how would you sleep longer?
If you did not fear what you fear most,
Would you feel anything at all?
Would you see anything all?
Would you feel anything at all?

You are an old owl sitting in the treetops
Looking at the housetops, you are in the know
Watching newcomers come and go, come and go
You are all alone, cooped up inside
Cold by the fireplace's haunting gold size
You are dwarfed by your own self-loathing, ambitious tendencies

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We all hide from our minds
When the lamplight goes out and dims
We all try to de-rust the hinges squeaking deep inside
Rest now while you're still alive
You will rest more in the afterlife
I can't catch you, and you don't want me to

You read those books all alone
Looking for the home you never owned
You can be whatever you need to be
Don't let that bomb explode, like in the Twilight Zone
Your glasses are still intact, you know