

Watch The Days

Kirsty Hawkshaw

I watch the days go by
But they do not belong to me
I seek to free the blind
Mercury
To the edge where life meets space
To me now, this is a familiar place
I could be the fool
The sun only know from where I came
See the road whirling motionless
Before me
I am not who I think I am
I am when I think not
Torn between fear and safe places to hide
Born decide