

## This Is Mine

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I can bend back  
And reach the days  
When everything was new  
When witches were birds that lived in trees  
When dreams were movies God made for me  
I talked to dogs  
I knew why trees and kids cried  
Why snow was white why people died  
In show and tell  
I talked about the shapes of clouds  
And all the schoolyard angels who protected me  
I am here and this is mine  
I'm everywhere flying in line  
Always looking for a place to rest  
I hid in trees and built my nest  
I made my nest of buried things  
And the roots ran like secrets  
Through six year rings  
I found that secret places were better places  
Nicer places that villains could not find  
I do not lie  
These places are mine  
Now I lean and bend  
To where I begin and end  
I am here and this is mine  
I'm everywhere flying in line  
I am here and this is mine  
I'm everywhere flying in line