

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