

Falling

Pain Of Salvation

Once
I had a mountain of my own
With moss and walls and magic
And a mighty view
A forest of my own
Listening to me
Showing me its secret paths and trails
Green with depths and sleeping sunrises
Thorns that never cut
My feet and face
A pine of my own
Offering a seat in the sunset
Painting windy pictures
Arabesques
Of fortune and forever
Too large to fit
Even in a child's pocket
Now
Arabesques of forgetfulness
Are left to burn holes
In my white tapestry and fangible wallpaper
Once
I had a world of my own
It is still there
Only
I am gone