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