

Nothing

Phish

Nothing's ensconced, nothing's entrenched
Nothing's entangled or twisted or wrenched
Everything smoothly flows right through my head
What I had hoped might linger is swept off instead

Tunnels and channels and chasms and rifts
Shiny split streams and unclimbable cliffs
I see you there ever so slowly being drawn to the sea
As if by some signal that's unheard by me

I stand on a feature, the sheet of blue stone
Then for one instant I'm not quite alone
Your hand is extended but then you rescind
And you, like my thoughts, are blown off by the wind

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