

# The Gate

## Project Pitchfork

White walls.  
Cold light.  
Beeping sounds people gathering around.  
A beautiful tune somewhere frantic voices becoming softer.  
Drowned by the swirling melody.  
Filling my head

Sight becoming blurred.  
A tunnel of light attracting me.  
I pass through a feeling of freedom flows to me.  
Freedom flows through me

I see a lovely being smiling gently.  
Welcome back my dear a voice like chimes.  
I've been waiting for you are you willing.  
I don't know

I still have so much to do.  
I'd like to stay and rest but my children are so young.  
They need me as their guiding hand.  
It's your choice it answers

By now I've recognized the being.  
And look forward to see it again with new energy and a will not  
to forget.  
I make my way back

A flash of light.  
Beeping sounds coming back to me I focus my view on relieved  
looking faces.  
I smile in remembrance