

End On End

Rites of Spring

I've had days of end on end
Where nothing changed cause nothing began.
Restless movement in an empty room,
Gathering shadows of a darkened blue.
And oh- it feels so strange- when it comes again.
Cycles of end on end, edges begin to blend, time
Following time, a pattern becomes defined.
I had a feeling from end to end.
Tried to catch it before it started again.
Pushed it away to force a laugh,
But inside I didn't have the breath.
And oh-it feels so strange