

Now I have always wondered.
How can I stand upon your shoulders,
look around and around and round and not see a thing?
It always seemed confusing.
Your jokes are never amusing.
You can talk, talk, talk and not say a thing.
We could fall below and never make a sound.
The truth is frightening now.
Will we ever get out?
You always try to listen and for that gift I feel threatened.
By the high esteem I hold you, it hurts so much.
I wipe the dust off of my face.
It's all that's left of my dreams misplaced.
I find it hard to believe you could take much more.