

Mandala

The Dear Hunter

I lost my place in the world;
it left me behind.
Now my soul is unbound
and my mind is free to roam
around and around

Thoughts drip down to words on a page scrawled in a foreign tongue.
Circles tending toward the center lead you back to none.
You can cry, you can beg, you can plead, you can pray...

You may doubt it, apathetic,
but you never had control.
You saw what you wanted,
but the rest was terrible.
Pull back the curtain
and reveal the guilty, so
the veil can be lifted.
The well will overflow.

You've been here before.
You've seen it all
but your conscience won't recall.
And your eyes are barely wide enough
to recognize what your heart keeps giving up.

And someday it might win
if your mind's giving in.
Just try to lose yourself;
or do your best till then.