

I PRAY FOR YOU

..for inspiration is my fantasy, my indulgence so wild and free

to dream of dreams that live, to channel light, to dream, to give

My thoughts captured and held sublime, in a secret place which knows no time.

I must go now and pack upon my weary back, my stench and cloak and baggage pack.

The one I formed from birth til now, a hundred thousand ideas,

stuffed and fitted in, somehow.

It grows larger every day, soon my legs shall arch and fall,

soon the human back shall break and on my knees this man will crawl.

But I will myself forward to oblivion, I crawl and ache forward, for you,

I move ever slower, ever more lonely.

Pray for me

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I pray for you.

