

Another Day

Corey Cyr

I awoke this mornin' to the strikes of lightnin'.
I collapsed to the floor as the thunder had crashed.
I hid 'neath my bed till the madness ended.
And me and my mind were thinkin' of the past. My thoughts drifted slowly as the skies were clearin'.
God's teardrops wilted from the grass.
The roosters they crowed a song of freedom.
For the sun had broken through the blue at last. I then set out in search of my meaning.
What's my reason where to begin?
For the leaves have fallen to the grasp of the season.
And my mind was blowing to the breeze of the wind. The fireball was high and time seemed to be seizing.
As I searched for my holy grail.
It burned 'cross my back and my pores were drippin'.
My thoughts had seemed to be as dead as nails. I stride along side the long winding river.
I could hear the ripples reaching the sands.
The cooling sensation of mists a hazing.
Off of the rocks and into my hands. Down the road a tune pierced my eardrum.
The songs of a poet preaching in the park.
As I listened my mind went nowhere.
And before I knew it the sky had grown dark. I had to track back homeward to sanctum.
Tears in my eyes, for the day has been lost.
My mind has fallen to the turning away.
And it held the realm of my future at cost. The midnight hour was a creepin' forward.
As I started to slip to my dreams.
I wondered why my mind has failed me.
But before I knew it I was fast asleep.

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