

Illusion

Gregory Porter

I've been searching all the corners of my room
sweeping dust and memories beneath the carpet that we purchased
somewhere on some cool retreat, somewhere in Africa somewhere I've been trying to catch my breath from the
illusion that I lost it
when you left me I've been checking for the weather and the time
I'm like a bag above that's dropped and drifting in the wind
that blows from hurricanes that comes just after grey clouds fill my eyes I've been trying to find my footing on
the slopes of the illusion that I lost it
when you left me Like bare feet on hot concrete, we have come to some division
based on pain from bad decisions
just like clothespins snapped by wild winds
sometimes you can't hold on to love that never dies I've been planting all the flowers that you like
with the hope that will take root and smell the blossoms
when the wind blows as we sit deep in the garden sipping tea
I look at you, you look at me. I've been trying to find reality
a grip on the illusion that I lost you
when you left me.

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