Displacement

Atheist

The air stirs up the galaxy!
Be!!!.....
The crosswinds of forever become me and place me on
The porch of the breeze
Without my sounds would be silent
No gullible gusts through the trees
Carrying seasons to bring us
The atmosphere we all can enjoy and we destroyThe blur on the horizon disturbs me
It casts a disguise on the sun
In the end it's the wind that will weaken
And the human goes from billions to none
The wind will regain all its motion
And clear the air for the following to...(breathe)
(spoken) The breeze of; a new creation
Moving clouds, from everywhere
Sensing a rainy stare
Smelling the moisture in the air
In the air.The weather can be deemed as deceiving
To predict the unpredictability
The passion that it peels for the ocean
Air and water sharing laughter
A bond between two forces of nature
All to live and breathe
The breeze of a new creation
Breathe
The breeze of a new creation.

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