Karmakosmik

In the Woods...

Waiting is been
Waiting for a word
I Never heard
A word that lie in
between the lines
Of a poem that died
Seconds before it materialized
Like a foreign sound from
An unknown town
-it makes the earth go 'round and
aroundA chair in her room was a tower
From where she was watching
She peeled through the window
And spinned
Opened the door, said;
Come insideDo you see what you like
Do you like what you see
Do you see what you like
Do you like what you seeCome walk with me for a while
My child
There's a word I have heard
And it's deeply absurd
-The rhythm among you and the
rhythm within, have traveled 'long
the same road while you've
wondered where you've been.
The seed of an old star
Is the beat of a new
The stones you choose to turn
Holds the one's the karma about you earnAnd if boredom is joy, you're a
Stranger - a toy in
the hands of the few
Of the one's you once knewIf it's all just a game-
Every day remains the same

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