

A Middle Ground

Gwen Stacy

"Here at the end of my walk,
I'm looking back and seeing clearly
That along with the way my footsteps
Turned lighter turn by turn
From walking every way yours.
I've ruined the choice,
And lost the voice to speak for myself.
Even with these two hands raised
I have no hope for better days.
If truth is written in your hands
Then it's ever-passing from my reach.
I am all but the man you thought you knew from before.
All my doubts and disbeliefs have brought me to this." "Your footsteps grow lighter because I carry you.
So turn around, and run away.
I'll run with you.
Uncover your eyes.
You just have to find a way to let go.
A way to catch your breath.
Uncover your eyes you blinded child.
You're no better or worse than the ones beside you." "Here I am faced with a choice.
It's just so hard to make myself believe.
It's still too hard to fully walk away.
Standing on the fault line torn between two sides."

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