Lawn

Jawbreaker

Man on his lawn, staring inside his house.
And it looks so strange, he doesn't know anyone.
Familiar faces, still none to recognize.
The walk around, in the glass house he fell through.
He sees strange now.
Left behind.
Took off one day, he ran an errand.
He kissed his kids, started walking and couldn't stop.
Wandered for years, looking for the good life.
There's no such thing.
Just life itself.
Still staring in, two children playing.
The knot unwinds, the thaw beings inside.
His wife walks out, she walks right through him.
He disappears, the sky clears.

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