

# Trying

## The Weather Station

I am trying... I am trying not to let words just shake me off.  
They would slip and be gone like minnows.  
Just a silvery flash in the shadows.  
I would be blank like an unlit street sign.  
On the bank just waiting on my line.  
Words would go and then I'd just be sitting there on your floor.  
Loving everything I see and no way to tell you what to look for.  
Then I'd forget - or have I already forgotten - all that I love as all the strings that pull me start to tauten.  
I am trying - for what - I can't place.  
I am trying for some kind of grace.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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