# Falling

## Pain of Salvation

Once
I had a mountain of my own
With moss and walls and magic
And a mighty viewA forest of my own
Listening to me
Showing me its secret paths and trails
Green with depths and sleeping sunrisesThorns that never cut
My feet and face
A pine of my own
Offering a seat in the sunsetPainting windy pictures
Arabesques
Of fortune and forever
Too large to fitEven in a child's pocket
Now
Arabesques of forgetfulness
Are left to burn holesIn my white tapestry and fangible wallpaper
Once
I had a world of my own
It is still thereOnly
I am gone

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