

Returning To The Garden

From Corridors Of Pain

I've a few words to say
Got no plan or agenda
Just here to say what is felt to be said
Let's explore whatever sparks buzz between us
Catch a glimpse of forgotten magic
In the spaces in between
Before the mind clamps down
Paints a cunning wall where there is nothing
So again we can crinkle with laughter
And remember

Have you forgotten already?
Such a fleeting glimpse
Let's try again with more sustain
The impulse of what is desired
From the depths of passions fire
A continuous stream of urgent commands
From a voice that has no independent existence
The accumulation of your sleepy promptings
Catching up and braying on your back door
Crying out , more, more ,more

Did you notice where that came from?
More importantly where is it taking you?
Do you see you created it, every nuance?
The rush, the shiver, the wondering and the wonder
Are you on the best escalator for your endeavours?
Or did you get trickely sidetracked?
Swept onto dingy platforms by silver tongued sleuths
Once pure messages now reverberate distorted surfaces
Noisy & unclear
Don't worry you cant get lost for long
There is a golden thread connecting all
Trace it back from any spot
Patiently, effortlessly
Trust, and you'll easily return home.

