

I'm Hoping, I'm Reaching

by Tim G. Young

I'm hoping, I'm reaching,
I'm scratching the sky
I'm riding the very same roads
Don't always understand why
I'm free as a bird
Caught in a trap
When I lose my way
I try to locate the map
While so many things come and then go
I try to relax
Go with the flow

It ain't easy in the morning
The afternoon or the night
Depending on what you believe
In the darkness or light
Keeps turning and growing
Like a plant in the sun
Drinking the star shine
Doing what needs to be done

All the cycles continue
They don't need to race
They live to continue
They know the right pace
Whether opaque or transparent
Silver or gold
In a moment a lifetime flashes
From young into old

And old takes a moment
Trying to understand

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/tim-g-young/im-hoping-im-reaching>»
Copyright © 2020 Tim G. Young. All rights reserved.

The lay of the land
A touch of the hand
While young visits briefly
As fresh as the wind
But like the flame of a candle
Disappears as it spins

