

# 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

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

