

There's a fire in the air
A flare with the gift of gab
Glued together, torn apart, no different from the start

His shoes pound the pavement
His laces bounce like pillows fluffed
His mind lays still
His eyes bring the world to port
His body thankful for his heart

The sun turns away
The clouds make their way
Time keeps running
The future just sitting
Like a tired old man with all the food in the world
As the hungry mob approaches below

The wall was never talking
Even though you listened
The voices were a gift, but for now...you missed it