

When life grabs you shakes you falls a branch the limb the body heavy  
where to go and how to get there hearts beat slow and steady

No a drop to sip a flower nectar rare she makes a bower nest for  
children not yet born,  
planned a family uprooted torn

Storm sprung winter lashed seafoam coated the salt spray washed hope  
and nothing more than the frost and frozen snow

©?

The hunter cracks the crust is heard we escape, though  
there's no where to go open sky, and too much power is given to fear

Some think old age will free the care, the mind works overtime,  
the vanity, and what's laid bare for those  
who find their lives driven by unseen forces

And at days end we cannot understand what we had done or how it can  
or the thoughts we had when working through what dreams -  
were they ever ours? the mind worked overtime

There is no pride only strive and being pushed on without choice we  
don't we can't stop. Until stopped ....

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