

almost

every thing has its time and space
every thing has its own balance and place
but some times
some things
.....are just..... almost

not quite here
not quite there
not quite seen
not quite heard
not quite morning
not quite night
not quite dull
not quite bright

like time
just hanging
on the brink
on the edge
of the possibility
that maybe
just maybe
it may be something more
than just
almost.....

before

who were we before this thing ate us whole
before the clocks stopped
and the rain fell

who were we before this thing took us
and dropped us off in hell

i'll tell you who we were
i'll sing us to the choir
i'll remember who we were
i'll raise my voice much higher

we were what love was about
we were what family meant
we lived out lives
we made our beds
our dreams were heaven sent

we'd laugh
we'd cry
we'd sing and dance
we held our children long
we took what life
dealt out to us
and kept our faith
built strong

we were you
we were us
we were everyone
we were time
that passed to soon

we were love
and
dreams
and
everyday
things
we were sky
and sea
and moon

but now
we sit

and here
we wait
for all that time could be
and you know for a fact
i would never change
the life
we had
you
and
me

the mirror of lost time

new silence
on the horizon grows
born of cherished dreams
anchored to a sweet season
following in summers streams

the cadence of the wisdom
hurtles through the unclaimed air
into the silence it travels
totally unaware

as a light rope to a hammer falls
silent in the night
the space between desire and always
fills
with a sudden chilling fright

the face inside the mirror
turns away in fear
of losing dreams and memories
always held so near

she used to know her own name
but now she can not find
the reason for the memory
and faces left behind

she hears the music flowing
but it is lost in an echoed frame
she has enough left to recognize
the words are not the same

the waves on distant beaches
rolls away and ebb
entwined in seasoned seaweed
a pillow for her head

so she stands alone in silence
looking for the rhyme
but all she finds are empty eyes
in the mirror of lost time