The wind of forgotten days

I am soaring now, soaring like a bird, forever wandering and remembering
Remembering the trees, through which I passed with glee
And the water, on which I danced lightly for hours upon hours
But that was time gone by, that which I long to once again see

I am in a valley now, one I visited long ago
In my mind’s eye I see a lake, with boats swaying to and fro
Yet what I now see is a maze of steel and glass, reaching on high
It is through this façade of beauty that I now fly

I am on a plateau now, racing and whipping around
Soon I will be joined by my eternal brethren of light and sound
And we will sing and dance across the endless red plains
My sister of light strikes a lone tree, and we all enjoy the short lived flames
And finally we break apart, once again I am alone, the wind of forgotten days.

Riley
Carved in stone

How would you shape the world under your feet?

Not with some hammer you bought from a stock meet.

No, for if we are to shape the world, our home,

Then surely it should be with tools of our own quarried stone.

For what are the tools you use but an extension of yourself,

Should you not make the tools that lay upon your shelf?

What is the point of shaping the parts of the land?

If it is not done with things born of your own hand.

And although these thing will eventually turn to sand

The monument of your craft will forever, in memory, stand.

For people, man and woman alike, make oh so many memories

But to the rest of the world are just whispers in stories

So construct a tale of your life that will last

Be it a tower, a table or whatever else you want, for life is not just one great task

Go shape your life’s story, your memories, into an immortal object of sorts,

Perhaps it would be a great pillar of quartz,

Do not let all those memories that you made be claimed by the sands.

Make your life a monument, and do it with things born of your own hands.

Riley
Time Immemorial

I seek the gift of time
This hourglass of mine,
I hear the church bells chime
The sand is wont to shine
My wish, please think about it
The candles have been lit-

So guide me please,
Through my sor-row
I run- past the trees,
Of my tomor-row
With time im-mem-orial.

I fear - this ruse - called life
That beckons me on
To face all of the strife
Like a little, lost fawn
I hide from the hunter's sight
For he will not hear my plight

So guide me please,
Through my sor-row
I run- past the trees,
Of my tomor-row
For this time is im-mem-orial

Although time will run-out
Although I fear the end
Although life is filled with doubt
Although my wounds will mend
Even if the sky should fall,
Even if I should feel small,
I will not ever stall
I shall for-ever stand tall...

So guide me please,
Through my sor-row
I run- past the trees,
Of my tomor-row
For my time is....

Gone
My Mother

Hey, do you know how much you mean to me?
You are my everything,
Imagining my life without you.
Is like I am alive but with a dead heart,
Is like the walking dead looking their way out to get satisfied.

No morning hugs and good night kisses
No sweet breakfast and night dishes
Even though I have the whole world
But i am living in an empty shell.
Nothing matters anymore

Hey, do you know how much you mean to me?
You are my best friend.
I am used to that lightly roses `smell of your clothes,
The black outfits that you wear every single day,
Nothing specials but it dazzles on your body.
The laughter you make from this sweet place,
The tears that you hide away from the eyes,
Like the The Great Wall of China,
Like the long distance between your sadness and my worries.

Essential of the day you call it coffee,
When the milk mixed in with the Arabica expresso smells hits your nose,
I see the most beautiful view on your face,
Inside your mind hurts like evil punch on with your brain,
When you only have less than 5 hours sleep,
I still see you gets up in the morning and gently wakes the sleepy heads in this house,
But you never complain about this fam.

Hey, do you know how much you mean to me?
The love I have for you is endlessly,
The forgiveness I have for you is infinity.
I will hold your hands like you hold mine when i first arrived to this world,
So now, this family will hold your hands and make you realise how wonderful you are.

Tammy