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Greener Pastures

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Greener Pastures

*** Greener Pastures

When patience and confidence row and open-heart only positive strides can be made
Have rested on bended knees for hours upon hours asking
And hoping that there could be light, that there could be illumination
To the hopes and dreams that rest in this future
Granted by God, they hold the color of the night sky
But these dreams are not dreams on themselves if they do not live life to the fullest
They take chances, take risks and gamble everything at happiness
Because in the absolute end the only race is with yourself.
Some people believe they are against walls
Like a fly under a microscope
But the voice coming from the back of the mind is yours
Like church bells echoing down the rigid hallways of Catholic schoolyards
Water races down streams and lakes
As children play games of cat and mouse with the youth they were raised to follow.
Positive strides are made when those chosen pray to the one who gave them life.
And shed tears of the purest joy
When they find out that their beautiful soul was chosen upon the rest.

Wanderers wander into a spotlight
Lit with the dark bellows of moonlit nights and star shined days
They walk with their head up, tipping beggars as they amble onward
On all seven of their hands, they bless themselves
Through the circle of God.
The angels wake to the sounds of bells and rise for the morning sun
So they may conquer pyramids of stress and light
For they beg at their rusted knees
To be welcomed again
By the warmth of the religious embrace that comforts them.
They believe they know their ways around the world
And soak under the sun in everything they understand.
When the world doesn't work behind them
They contort their bodies and their souls
To fit under the casualty of the moon lit unfit puzzle pieces
For they walk the entire earth only to smell the grass of greener pastures



Samuel Brock