

He sits and he wonders  
Pondering how he got here  
Retracing every step he's taken  
Like a man lost on a journey.

For a while, he ponders where he's from  
And then he wonders where he's going  
Querying each step he takes  
And second-guessing each thing he sees.

This man feels alone and tired  
Aching for rest, but he can't  
He's stuck in his cycle  
Searching for clues in everything.

Love comes his way but he barely sees her  
So do a lot more things  
Slow seductresses, teasing his mind  
Promising him they'd help him unwind.

And slowly he does  
In leaps and bounds, he springs,  
Like freshwater, he flows,  
He surrenders himself to art.

Music, poetry, and colours  
He isn't sure where he's going  
Or if he's on the right part to get there  
All he knows is that right now;

In the moment  
Between his beginning and end  
He must live,  
and so, he does.

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