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Flowing in the Wind

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Flowing in the Wind

Melissa Morgan

Steal me away to where you wish to go
Pretend we don't exist. No place to call our own
Abandonment leaves a bread crumb trail
Yet others have eaten the path away

Echoes off the black cave provoking emotions
Fire's flashlight creates an orange tint on your face
We don't explain, compare, contrast, no tall tales
Only a realization: together is our destined location

Town to town like stepping stones
across the heavy roaring river
Glide over grassy mountain waves
there's always one after the next
Hear thunder calling once more
outstretched arms welcome a storm
You place a dampened flower between my fingers
turning down the wayward prairie

Our brief appearance makes me very uncomfortable
Deep hand painted skies urge us onward
Sprinkle more crumbs as landmarks go by
We fade away never turning around