Sitting on a rock in the middle of the sea, trying to focus on what it is I see.

"Is it an illusion?" "My frame of mind?" "Or is it I'm just lost in time?"

You try to find, you test it out, even if there's the slightest doubt. So off you go, you're on your way, and nothing in the world could have made you stay. You're on your own, you must learn how, there's no way you can back out now. So, through your journey you try to find a piece of mind, and a shorter way to take next time.

"Tangled in confusion?" "No it's not an illusion!"

"A frame of mind?" "Ha, you're wasting your time."

"Because in the future you will find, there is no shorter way through time!"

As you stumble blindly back to your rock, you start to feel the pinch from the shot. When you think you've found what you were looking for, it seems someone ends up closing the door.

Now you're on the shore, looking back, trying to forget about the attack. You'll forget with a cry, and a blink of an eye, as time is quickly passing you by. When you realize what has been done, you'll try to seek shelter, and, run... run... run...

By Karen Ellerbruck