

A Hint of Something More

The trees by the ocean
the silence of the forest
the swish of grass in the middle of a meadow

All contain magic.
A hint of something more,
something foreign
and wonderful

But a hint is all I ever get.
An enticing whiff of
a world I want
but can never have.

The waves may speak,
but I cannot hear them.
The trees may sing,
but it never reaches my ears.
The grass may whisper,
but my ears are filled
with the logic of our age
and its wisdom passes me by.

What I wouldn't give
to abandon disbelief,
to fill my mind with
thoughts so sensational
but ultimately true.

I want to see the
creatures of legend that
hide in the forest.
I want to feel the
tingle of magic
on my skin.

And for the first time,
I want to truly be alive.

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