

## The Crack

A single mark on the wall,  
Like a bush on a barren arctic tundra.  
Slowly up the wall it makes its way.  
Dazed, and in a world of my own,  
I watch it open to a world of mystery  
A gaping hole getting larger and larger  
A black hole swallowing all about it  
It pulls me into a time of tomorrow and yesteryear.  
Silent slumber overcomes me  
Like the wind vanquishes a small kite  
When I smash into reality,  
It is just a single mark on the wall.

## Free

So calm  
So quiet  
Sounds of water rushing like herds of buffalo  
Light and relaxing  
From the sharpest needle to the smallest rock  
And how the squirrels and deer play so joyfully  
Oh, I love it all  
The crackling of the leaves and the beautiful flowers  
That inspire me in many ways  
So I thought to myself, this must be the true beauty of the world  
I never want to leave because now I am always  
Free