

now turning all around and let a moment pass, I think I'm lost, two steps ahead, and there's a wall, I'm walking back, no one to ask, not fun at all, what's going on, don't even find the way I walked before, the wind is blowing cold, strolling a gravel path and trying to the left, to leave those days behind, I'm lying down, I rest a little while, drowsing in silence, then I hear a sound, I move again, suddenly an open space, I try my feet in dance, from the plain to broody lane, from broody lane to wonders hill, from wonders hill around the bend to towards the mirth, the moon is leading on, the sun is leading on and on, when I'm stumbling on the uphill slope to inspiration crest where I can see the path I think is mine, from what I see to what I take, from what I take to what I give, oh, there's a funny little song that follows everywhere, and every day is giving life and locomotion, although it seems the royal road is in between the steps I take, there's a question, there's a gift, a possibility, a sorrow and a longing, and a promise and a goal to reach, a beauty and a love to find, a mystery, a play to play, a play to play, a play to play, a play to play.....