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### **Moments and crowds**

Behold on the edges a shade of a light  
Promises, pitfalls, intrigues and a crowd  
While you are approaching the pages turn white  
And whispers of travels turn startlingly loud

You will find in time that a scene can survive  
With reasons for thriving remaining opaque  
How precious it seems that what keeps you alive  
Is left there to rust by your fear it will break

The curse of the thinker; the curse of the lost  
To wander and ponder and wait for the end  
The cinders we stand with the ultimate cost  
Of wanting to know what we feel we pretend

And yet when the faucets of fate have been sealed  
When cement has covered the paths you have crawled  
You find that the blisters of old start to heal  
And glimpse at the truth just beyond the facade

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