

Everyone talks but so few act

2/28/99

I describe a mountain
or a beach
and people want to be as lucky as me
to travel
and see the world
have exciting lives

they don't understand
you simply find a dream
and live it

the problem is deciding on a dream
and realizing
that every action detracts or contributes
to that dream

some think they dream of travel
or adventure
but they truly dream of being warm
being loved
being secure
when you seek one life, you
forswear another
when you sigh in comfort
you've decided
upon that dream

so don't call me lucky

instead mourn for me that I cannot accept comforts

seeking another existence
I walk alone,
in the cold,
without consolation
except
the power of my memories