



A WALK IN THE FOG

KAYLEIGH PIRS

Schrijver: Kayleigh Pirs

Coverontwerp: Kayleigh Pirs

© Kayleigh Pirs

1 My Little Morning Visit

Softly but gracefully he fell.
Out of the skies as dark as it's deep.
In an awe I do dwell.
Nearly doubting if I were asleep.

In a wonderful place with a beautiful scene.
He stands tall yet unharmed still standing.
From the lengths he had come, tired he leaned.
And no proof of such a brutal landing.

His wings are dusty and the feathers fell off.
He did not at all seem weary or confused.
As if falling so high isn't that rough.
As if he was but merely amused.

He stands there proud and aloof.
Showing us humans how idiotic we seem.
He who knows all, brings us proof.
That he is almighty, soaring the skies like a dream.

And as he stands and walks on by.
While I leer him with open arms.
He does not budge and points to the sky.
Up he goes soaring over the farms.

With a gleam of the morning sun on his back.
His feathers most reflective over the cloud.
The white dove easily watches me over his neck.
While lifting of back on to the south.

2 A Thousand Dreams

A thousand dreams I've dreamed of dreams.
Or maybe even more it seems.
A thousand times I wore out my eyes.
To realise the faintest disguise.

A thousand days I've wondered why,
The thousand ideas that crossed my mind.
Not one of them looked real at all.
Princes, castles and an evening ball.

A thousand sparkles in my eyes as
A thousand tears cried so many lies.
To hear them scream and then to dream
Of a thousand beams of sunlight.
A prince charming ready to fight.

A thousand words as long as ropes that hoses and wets the
same hopes
And dreams as they cry and pry and never really learned why.

A thousand smiles I wore for you, a thousand faces that sore
me too.
For a thousand dreams I dreamed of dreams,
In a thousand dreams, this one is for you.

3 Bridge

Somewhere in the middle of the forest,
a most peculiar bridge exists.
There is no path to it, no lake under it to rest.
It seems rather safe to cross, no dangers at your fists.

It has no purpose to be there, there is nothing on the other side.
When you are on top of it, nothing seems that different at all.
It's a small boat long in size, and three tree-trunks wide.
It's not that high, and the edges will prevent anyone to fall.

It's made with cobblestone and moss.
Nothing too modern or too old.
It showed nature who's boss.
It's been there for centuries I'm told.

When looking underneath, nothing's all that weird.
There's just dirt, leaves and grass to be seen.
It's not to be admired or be feared.
Nobody knows what the bridge is supposed to mean.

Somewhere in the middle of the forest in my mind,
a most peculiar bridge is just standing there.
There is no path to lead you to it, or nothing at all to find.
There is no reason at all, anyone would care.

4 Thinking of thoughts

Captured in an empty forest.
My mind has left me today.
Ran away on its own, alone.
He has fled me, when the sky got grey.

My body, alone soulless.
Never to be found, here in the ground.
But he's off to a better place, my mind.
And I have gotten used to it, the sound.

It's the noise of madness that keeps pestering me.
Silence is lonely, but can ease me at times.
My mind now in a lush pink cloud.
While my body is stuck with rhymes.

But when he got back, my mind.
He was in for quite a shock.
He would never have expected.
Chaos, disaster, as timed by a ticking clock.

Being back to reality as if awaking from a dream.
But the dream not ending but becoming a nightmare.
And your life is filled with monsters.
The judgement, the disappointment, a dead stare.

As if everybody can live your life better than you.
Yet they still prefer to live their own lives.
And my mind being numb, not knowing where to start.
While others are still on a pink cloud, thinking of their strives.

If there was a better way to live my life.
Don't you think, I'd live it that way?
I'm not as masochistic as I seem, you know.
I do not prefer things this grey.

I know what I'm doing, and know much is wrong.
But many of the thing I do, the things I've done.
Where only when I got pushed against a wall.
Or do you think I did it all for fun?

Captured in an empty forest.
My mind will leave me tomorrow
Run away on its own, alone.
Leave me again with my own sorrow.