Open Parenthesis

I woke on a cold December morning Or was it June? I stepped outside my warm red house, my eyes to the sky The bluebird sang louder than the world. It is silent.

I shuffled my way through the snow much colder than the world But just as bright.

Where must I go now? I don't have the time To stay. Why go at all? Is it not as reasonable to sit in the snow and listen To the bird?

Life is moving but Moving isn't the only way To live.

(life is in the parentheses)

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