Real World

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I seem to be slipping from the real world
the world of making money and paying bills

I've grown uncomfortable with the ritual
of going to and fro
unmindful of the journey
the play of grasses in the wind

I seem to want the solitude
the earth upon my hands

the stillness of the water
the quiet of the night

I seem to be maturing
a fruit ripening on the vine.

http://www.heartsoundspress.com/realworldovermire.htm