

TRUTH IN TOUCH

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Mornings come and sunsets leave
Sometimes, I like to take a break
From the ever changing world
At night I venture through my house
Warm carpet under my feet
The cold air washing over me
Attention entirety
Night's energize recognized
The static shift of my clothes
Body electric turns 3D

I was staring at the couch
In its classic brown tweed brilliance
Splashed with warmth in the sunlight
I could see lint, bright and fuzzy
What a room endowed with light!
Uncommon lovely things around
Through the window I see trees
With radiant shine and rich brown
You could miss it already
"Oh, if only light stayed!"
I hold dear the truth of touch
Giving me a space to be free
Reach out with your hands and see
Tweed's lint is always fuzzy