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Ivy

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Ivy

Chris Houck

A gentle breeze caresses my face
As I sit in the middle of an old logging road
That this hillside wears like a battle scar.
Trees creek as they sway back and forth,
Spreading their pine needles and leaves
Across the forest floor, like a blanket.
Everything that surrounds me is natural,
So raw and exposed
It leaves me feeling superficial.
But the trees, they tolerate me, and
This hillside that provides my seat
Leaves me with a sting,
The kind which a bull provides when
It strikes you from behind, but
It tolerates me, too.
If I sit here long enough
I think they all will.
The dirt, rocks, brush, moss,
Bugs and even the ivy.
Oh, the ivy,
Give her enough time, and
She'll consume my very existence.
The same way she did the old dog
I laid to rest a few yards beyond my perch.
There's a busy world pressing on
But inside this vortex, time
Slows to a crawl.

You see this place. It seems surreal
And leaves you with the illusion that life
Goes on forever.
But with this cigarette pressed between
My lips, burning my time away,
I know better.
We're all just rats trapped
In the delusional maze
Of our own minds,
While our bodies aimlessly walk
This life on the blind.
For every second that ticks by,
We get deeper into the maze,
And the ivy, it creeps closer...
There's a few bucks in my pocket—
A lot of good it does me out here.
Yet we spend over half our lives
Trying to attain it.
Instead of trying to retain
What's in this moment.
Perception isn't the key,
Or maybe it is.
Or maybe we're just
To see things for what they are.
Either way, there is meaning in time,
And I'm sure I'll find it, deep within the ivy.