

Mind Wander

Paul

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To stand on the edge.
At the end of mind's ledge.
To feel the fall flowing.
To a depth for some knowing.

Embracing Ms Complex,
This way and that.
For somewhere lies synthesis
Of feeling and fact.

Reality affirming.
Of water and rock.
A moment's epitome.
No time to take stock.

There's Mr Riddle.
Turn left but look right.
And wander my mind
To second-guess me all night.