

Poetry
by Papi

Suddenly We Ride

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Suddenly we ride this direction somewhat familiar, because of all those longstanding marquees
Wondering whether this choice was another's but knowing this undertaking to be fully our own
With no certainty nor reluctance the very love of this life accompanies this ride through the breeze
And this lack of preparation becomes a haunt that causes a forced detour, and one, to be left alone

When disunion revealed subtle intent, escape was set in motion, and the very love by the very haunt
dismissed itself to turn aside, and caused concern to bow its head, and prattle forth, to find the loss
That unfamiliar terrain and the laws of directional impulse is advantaged to those there, who taunt
And the search is futile amid this seam of changing force, and in her return, any joy, is now set to toss

No doubt, preparation holds a key, for perhaps this detour could have been taken a certain other time
In the search of personal accumulations, to seize something in vain to carry but not that - exact need
And when the lock is snapped shut upon that pathetic search, one takes notice of the continued bind
Suddenly we ride this direction very unfamiliar, and all who help or hinder have left one alone indeed