

The Wizard

Last night there was a wizard flying above my head
presenting me with potions, delivering me from dread
The path on which I wandered, switched back and forth to home
But the wizard kept me moving, kept me moving on my own.

One potion made me free to laugh
to laugh and dance about.
The rhythm in my body
exceeded the words I wanted to shout

The second potion opened me
to a voice; A voice from the universe
telling me that “life is a present.
The presence of **now** is it’s course.”

By the time I turned the corner
there he sat in wait.
with his cloak he took me in
and delivered me my fate;

A look into the future with a potion red and white
A light from within my dreams eliminated night.
I looked and searched to understand where I sat and why.
The answer was clearer, the one I would hurt
and how it would make us cry.

But the wizard he’s smart
His magic is brief.
He left me in pain
His cloak at my feet

All I have left is a headache severe
and the answer of action;
the one that was so clear.

I remember the wizard
though night is now day
and hope that in my confusion
he may again come my way.