

61-1000  
keen and alert

there are times when i'd rather that my thoughts were  
adrift in the atmosphere  
no attachment or perseverating  
no need the ship to steer

there are moments when i wish did i didn't care  
my teeth i did not grind  
by a need to hold on tight  
i was not confined

but i remain ever  
keen and alert  
i sleep above the covers  
fear i cannot avert  
ever anxious  
my heart pounds  
vigilant to all  
sights and sounds

there are nights when my grip on things  
relaxes just a tad  
i remember those fleeting times  
as the best i've ever had

and this why i always claim that days of youth  
were such a delight  
when unaware of horrors  
my spirit could take flight