

Youthful Spirit

Piles of cotton trying to conceal the youthful blue spirit
Up high it waits for it's turn
But, I am just down here
Trying to catch up, and laughter
The sand only impeding on my progress
The promise of waves, and voices, and the sounds of gulls
And when I'm old
And I whisper my last breath across my lips
I'll recall that I lived that moment.
- Tony Caroselli

