

You wake up
You wake up and you get up
But you can't find your shoes
So you leave home barefoot
You wander until you find some people who treat you kind
Some of them wander off
You wander off
Some of them follow you
Sometimes you follow them
One of them is very kind to you
You tell them all of your darkest places
And they tell you about your light
After awhile they wander off
Or maybe you do
You get cold and look for home
But you can't remember what it looks like
So you try to build it with your hands
It doesn't feel right
But you light a fire
And after awhile you call it by the same name
You go out every day to look for something
You see people
Some of them you know
Some of them you don't
You wonder if any of them are what you're looking for
Sometimes you bring one of them home
Sometimes you eat something bad and you don't go out for awhile
Sometimes you don't go out even when you don't eat something bad
Lately you haven't been out at all
You build things you think are beautiful
And you look at them
One time you see someone who was once very kind to you
You invite them in and they stay for awhile
Sometimes it's cold and sometimes it's not
Sometimes it's dark and you have a harder time finding your way back than you used to
You still see people
But you know less of the people you see
You are less interested in the thing you were looking for
Sometimes you wonder if you've found it
Sometimes you wonder if there's nothing to find
You light a fire
It's colder than it used to be
You get tired
You find a place you want to lie down and you do
You think about the people who were kind to you
Their hands
Their faces
You wonder what your own face looks like
What it looked like to them
You think about the place you are
You think about the place you built
You try to think about the places you were before that
You think about it for a long time
You go to sleep