

What's on your horizon?

Morgan

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"Tin Soldier"

Have you ever been a tin soldier in time,
who marched to the tunes within my thoughtful mind?
Tink-tink, boom-boom, crash-crash, "ABOUT FACE!",
the marching of thoughts proceed well paced.

Step by step, pace by pace,
shoulders erect, displaying proud grace.
I grace thee Tin Soldier, with awards from my thoughts,
awards of grace upon your shiny tin face.

Your orders Tin Soldier are quiet, between you and I,
no rhyme or reason . . . "You must march through my mind."
Each step a thought, each thought a mile,
a mystic message found on a thoughtful smile.

Getting lost in a thought is authorized,
and peeping around corners is ok; you're a credentialed spy.
When you return, a full debrief you'll give,
of the thoughtful mind in which I live.

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