

MY REALITY

I close my eyes and watch
The sun set o'er the Firth of Clyde
And hear the murmur of the evening tide
As it gently rearranges on the shore
The pebbles it arranged the morn before.

I close my eyes and see
The distant mist enshrouded Ben
Or hear the stillness fill my Lowland Glen
As the radiant moon begins her silent flight
And the gloaming softly yields unto the night.

I close my eyes for then,
Then what I see is what I see
And what I hear is my reality:
This gift from God my restless mind sets free,
Transporting me to where I'd rather be.