

Monte Jones

The Mind, a Balloon, And My Mental Flight

Words are the fuel and writing's the flame that, heating, expands my thoughts, concentrated. The mind, a balloon, and my mental flight. When the words, I write (the fuel, a liquid), there must be a flow before there's a flame. (And the flame needs a spark, inspiration: the light). With the flame comes the heat, and expansion – dispersion. And the rise for a Reason (I'm not letting off steam).

I see from the clouds, deliberately, having lighted the fuel and written the flame. And now my mind, the balloon, does flow over the landscapes: the marshes; over the deserts; over and over the people, the mirrors, reflecting the landscapes, refracting the light. The mind, the balloon, and the rise and the Reason.

The rise and the rise, and the rise and the Reason. Precarious perspective but the vantage ascendant, for perceiving the scenes lends thoughts objective. But rarely will ever result be the Reason. The balloon seeks the clouds not to escape the horizon – the flame caused the heat caused expanse and emersion, forcing the mind to seek new dimension. Igniting the fuel, the Light is the Reason.

Escapee

In this place, I've been thinking lately
That in this place, I'm suffocating.
The weight's upon my chest.
I'm still not breathing yet.

This time cannot offer me what I
Must have to be complete.
I'm only half a man.
How am I to stand?

This place is crippling me and in
This state I cannot breathe.
This world cannot feel it just
Knows none but to steal but I
Hold on cause something's real
And I'm holding on to my dream.

So I'm running away -
I'm getting out of here.
Asking me to stay,
All the things I hold dear.
But there's something more,
There's something real.
I'm flying farther,
I'm falling faster,
I'm getting out of here.

I leave this place to set me free;
I go to the clouds to live deliberately.