I Ran Out Of Room

I ran out of room
Or should I say it ran out on me.
Once encompassed by four walls
Now I wander free.
Unencumbered by weight and limbs
I float on astral clouds
Of rainbow-colored lights
The shape of liquid pearls.
You wonder where I am.
Well, I just ran out of room.

Almost There

I thought I was there
But the endpoint moves
And always away
Never towards.
I think I'm there
Until 'there' changes
And seems forever changing.
Am I just chasing a wild dream?
Ah, now I see it.
It's all a dream,
A changeless dream,
And when I feel that
I am there,
I am here.

Writing Backwards

I've started writing backwards
Though maybe it's not me at all
'Cause I don't know the future,
Or do I?
It happened one morning
At my writing desk
When it seemed the pen took over
And I just watched, finally letting go.
And I was surprised that the pen
Knew everything I was going to say
And started writing backwards.

Still a Moment

Still a moment slips away,
I cannot get it back.
Maybe sitting still
A moment more
It will wander
Back my way.

T I M E

Kevin Keough

The First Poem

The first poem is gone
But wasn't it just a moment ago?
I can't remember a single word
Or even the essence of it.
Maybe it was only meant for me.
Whatever the reason
The first poem is gone.

4 More Pages

I've set a goal
But will that just get in the way
Of being
Spontaneous
Of living
Free as spirit.

Or are the muses playing
Games with me,
Making me think
That I must write
4 more pages.