

# Heart of a Child

Poem: Tied First Place 2014

Jacob Coleman

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The sun in my face,

Dew on my feet,

While the morning blood

Beats at a snail's pace,

My existence.

I crawled out of bed

At two till seven,

Bowing my head

Lifting my hands,

Praising my God—what a lie!

Yeah the birds they don't try to hide

The music from heaven.

That freedom in men has long since died,

But the song lives on, they say, in the heart of a child.

Chin up. I'll take a sane vacation

From my adult brain.

I'll visit the present tense

Every once in a while, for the sake of the wild,

And see what it's like to be fleetingly free,

Just for the time it takes for a child to smile.

So I left my post in the hall of nameless dreams,

Took a ship to earth and settled in my skin.

Just got acquainted with the sun. "Hello sun."

The soft light flickers from the backside

Of the summer leaf-laden trees.

I think I'll follow this warm breeze

Fleetingly free, fleetingly free.

It's not that far till I make it to Nowhere.

Honestly I couldn't care either.

Calling on Pan

Leaning on Peter.

It's not that far till we make it to Nowhere,

But it's up to Him

After we get there.

It's not that long till He takes us to Heaven.

Officially free, fishily free.