

## A Taste of Honey

The air it tastes of honey and I don't know why,  
There are smiles in the ether and it fills the sky,  
The light is blooming life from the rainbow's end,  
Like the trees in the breeze of a long lost friend,  
The ups they seem much upper as the phoenix stirs,  
There's a rhyme in all good reason that weaves the years,  
The cycles spinning spirals around the roundabouts,  
Carving fiction out of factories to rise above the shouts.

Like a windmill of windows putting moments in time,  
And so an echo will answer somewhere down the line,  
Inspiration in an instant and realisation for life,  
There's a picture of progress going under the knife,  
There are footprints in the clouds beneath my feet,  
A diamond in the dustbowl concise and discreet,  
Raising the fires of instinct from the smoke rings of doubt,  
Will the focus of energies have roots that will sprout.

The tide is for turning through the veins of belief,  
Of grasping the moment with a sigh of relief,  
There's a horizon full of visions and its walking this way,  
Seeking out the contours of each new day,  
The feeding of a force like a beacon of light,  
The free-flow of gold dust burning so bright,  
A foundation of learning rooted deep in the earth,  
With the teachings come yearning the age of re-birth.

Mylo Hawk Elderin