

Weather

I've grown a lot since then,
Which is a lot like now,
Outside, at least.

The same chill in the air,
The same look of the trees,
The same sound of the leaves as I walk here and there.

If only I trusted my lungs,
If only I trusted my eyes,
If only I trusted my ears on daily affairs.

Trust is the problem,
Or it was, anyway,
But I've grown a lot since then.