

## *Music Writing*

I run and run  
along the beach I see the seagulls  
diving after fishes and  
the waves breaking at the rocks

I run and run  
through the dark forest on  
cracking wood  
I can hear the birds chirping and  
the mice flitting

I run and run  
over the bright green meadow  
see the flowers grow  
yellow, red, blue, violet  
see the grasshoppers jumping  
from one blade of grass to the other

I run and run  
through the city and  
see hasty people with  
telephones and frozen faces  
see the old man crossing the street  
slowly and carefully

I run and run  
never knowing what's next