

Ben Connolly – Paradise on Earth

A 5 hour brawl with the car
Traveling down the inevitable, endless highways
Leading to our uncharted destination
A valley drenched, flooded and damned
Paradise on earth

As we pitch our portable home
Made of memories, late nights and cold mornings
We gaze into the water she smiles back
Canoeing, Fishing, Laughing

The fire dances in the breeze
As each piece of wood adds to the unique flame
Although, a campfire isn't made of wood
But of the people, the place and stories

As far as the eye can see, the greatest gift presents new opportunities
Each individual beam of light contributes to the mosaic.
The blanket of stars act as a gateway to the past
Founding unorthodox concepts about the unknown.

She comforts me
She fulfils my needs and wants
She is home.

Yet I seem to stray away from her
My relentless dependence on technology suffocates my brain
My so called kingdom awaits my arrival
Which I return to as soon as I find the curse to wear the crown

I lay in my unmerited bed, dreaming of her
Content between four miserable walls
As the ceiling suffocates me

My desire is outweighed by predestination
An education, a 9 to 5 and a colossal mortgage
Conforming to what is considered a fulfilling life

Night washes over my home
The silence comforts me
My eyelids helplessly collapse
And there she was, waiting for me patiently.