



When the sun rises  
feel your warmth.

When the sun goes down,  
night  
when the cold winds blow  
pull your blankets over yourself,  
feel your warmth.

The true self is w/ out desire.  
The true self rubbing up against the world,  
the world rubbing up against the true self,  
friction.  
Feel your warmth.

In the corridors,  
in the streets  
the crowd is talking down the obvious.  
Remain silent,  
feel your warmth.

Be compassion  
to feel compassion.

'95

C. Mehrhoff