Goldilocks Zone

Tracks in the snow
blurring air.

Somebody’s coming.
You’re not that somebody.

The children say they come from a crazy family.
They don’t know the half of it.

What we wanted was to find
that hole in the sky.

That hole would lead through the
tunnel to the cave where light was built.

Fireworks, sun flares, comets, lava,
intense light comes from that cave.

We wanted to avoid the goldilocks zone,
everything lukewarm.

Where you don’t know bliss when it’s
right in front of you from man to woman to life.
You’re in a hotel surfing for a good movie, 
The Shining comes on.

You keep going in case there’s something else 
out there in the cold ether, a musical maybe.

Happiness isn’t something you stumble into. 
It’s the intersection between light and water.

We’ve been there, indeed, we’ve been there. 
We just didn’t know it at the time.

We thought we were in the goldilocks zone.