

## Box Seat

My plot [is not too difficult] to sense well before unfolding.

You know Me and [are free] to draw conclusions from the clues that I have placed along the map your finger traces.

[You'll find Me.]

I broke the branch tips along your path and stacked stones beside the river's edge for you to find.

The dew in single droplets stops your thirst [and ends the curse you carry in your head] that you are on your own.

I Am the ever-present granite resting deep beneath your feet.

[I'm hidden in full-sight.]

My tidings [lie complete] between the parentheses of [your first lung full of gasping air] and [the last care on your earthly mind]  
as you thrust from mortal skin.

You've got the best seat in the house and have the perfect view.

For [I will come to you].