

Constellations

Brendan James

Crying inside over man, over country
Disillusioned by the way of it all
Universe grows like a plague, like a flower
No one I know doesn't search for the walls

When I was young I was hope in a bottle
Limited none by the ground or the sky
Water and sun, I would grow and grow
Limited now by the span of my life

What if I was supposed to be
A butterfly on the sleeve
Of an aging, dying human being?
And what if I was supposed to carry
The words she spoke to me
Past the tallest trees, through the galaxy?

I thought my life would have more purpose
I thought my day would come to call
I thought my gifts, like constellations
Were clear to all, to all

Minimum wage for the work of the masses
Stealing their chance with their 8 dollar bills
Falling behind under stress and distraction
Never do find what they're born to fulfill

What if I was supposed to be
An avalanche down the steep
Of an underwater mountain peak?
And what if I was supposed to bury
Treasure no eyes had seen
Since the ship was sunk over lust and greed?

I thought my life would have more purpose
I thought my day would come to call
I thought my gifts, like constellations
Were clear to all, to all

I know when I go I won't ask for the meaning
I'll laugh at it all like a big old bear
I'll laugh at myself for the sleepless nights
The purpose I sought was a younger man's care