

Homesick

Sleeping at Last

You spend your whole life just to remember the sound
When the world was brighter, before we learned to dim it down
Call it survival, call it the freedom of will
Where breath is our own, our compass needle standing still

Our resignation only comes on beaten paths

When the world was flat we dreamt of its edges...
If love's elastic, then were we born to test it's reach?
Is it buried treasure or just a single puzzle piece?
It's poison ivy beneath our brave and trusting feet
All revelations come to us in recovery
Cry wolf, cry mercy, cry the name of the one you were raised to
believe
Cry heart, cry yourself to sleep, cry a storm of tears if it helps you breathe
It helps you, if it helps you breathe.