

Every Sorrow

Joe Henry

Safely in strong arms I lie now,
Torn, the flags, but still they fly now;
Memories of the cold Decembers
Trampled roses, cloves and embers—
Gone the shadows deep divisions
That trade on hopes with steep conditions...
After every sorrow comes a joy,
But every sorrow knows one more

Theives are cornered, smoking lanterns swing,
Threadbare shoulders rolling under wings—
Sliding from her arms, conforming
Darkest eyes to brightest morning,
Stealing back through woods and ditches,
Pulling out the crooked stitches...
After every sorrow comes a joy,
But every thief, he knows one more

I envy the sky its open arms,
Its hidden eye, its howling false alarms;
The way it moves above you trembling,
The day it breaks to pull you in, then
Curtain of its heart descending
Spiriting the sun its ending...
After every sorrow comes a joy,
But every howl hides one more
This may challenge all our senses,
Hold us tight within its fences—
But singing out, her gate stands open,
For all the world, so weak and broken,
A story giving all a framing,
A face that waits but for a naming...
After every sorrow comes a joy,
And every story knows one more