

If I Could

Mineral

She stepped outside into the morning air
To watch the cars go by and let the sun dry her hair
I wanted to tell her how beautiful she was
But I just stared

I sat behind the wheel and watched the raindrops
As they gathered on the windshield
And raced down into the humming motor
And she folded up her fears like paper airplanes
And lost them in the trees

And I know I don't deserve this
The capacity to feel
To laugh and cry and to praise
For that I live and breathe and wake each day
Is nothing less than your grace
In awkward and glorious movement