Everything Is Everywhere

Carrie Newcomer

There were lentils, rice and hot-spiced tea,
The sunset on the Arabian Sea,
Women swayed in yellows, blues and greens,
The finest thing I've seen.

There’s rhythm to the rains they come and go,
I heard Bollywood and Dylan on the radio,
The driver’s quoting Sufi poetry,
There’s ribbons tied around the trees.

Would it be so wrong, could it be that bad,
To hope for a little more happy than sad?
This is more that I can hold or bare,
Cause everything is everywhere.

On Saturdays in Indiana,
There’s a farmer's market in my town,
There's always music, kids and corn and beans,
The finest thing that I've ever seen.

When I was troubled a good friend stopped by,
She brought some soup and then she sat awhile,
Love is love it's here and there,
Everything is everywhere.

Would it be so wrong, could it be that bad,
To hope for a little more happy than sad?
This is more that I can hold or bare,
Cause everything is everywhere.

There is still so much work to do,
Armloads of sorrow yes, this is true,
But I take heart when I despair,
Miracles are everywhere

I like sweet salt, soda lime,
I love the patterns of flowers and vines,
From the train I watch the new moon rise,
The reflection of my grateful eyes.

Would it be so wrong, could it be that bad,
To hope for a little more happy than sad?
This is more that I can hold or bare,
Cause everything is everywhere.

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