

## Converging In the Quiet

Crystal Stilts

I discern a subtle stream  
Converging in the quiet  
Just behind the silence  
My mind has slipped inside it  
I can feel a past being fed me  
A second hand future's misled me  
Second hand futures misled me  
I feel a fate being fed me

To devour my memories  
In a single sitting  
Seems the only means  
The only means befitting

A reunion with my beloved  
A reunion with the sun  
A reunion with the stars  
A reunion with the sun

Though I know  
Endless dawn awaits  
Still I rotate at the gate  
To watch my life escape  
Never turning as it runs  
My reunion with the sun  
Never turning as it runs

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