

Prism Song

Julie Byrne

If you were a carpenter, your hands to the grain
If you'd stayed a stranger and I'd never learned your name
If you were a creature of make believe
If you were the shades of colors my eyes cannot see

I never would have known what you could have meant to me

If you were a mason, your body over stone
If you were a garden with myrtle overgrown
If you were the walls that purposed the room
If you were a prism with the light passing through

I never would have known what you could have meant to me

If you were a child, born new into the day
If you were the dreamcatcher above the bed I make
If you were immortal, with no concern for age
If you were the northern hills that knew not rapid pace

I never would have known what you could have meant to me