Old Circles

Make Do and Mend

I heard you circling overhead calling out for for something,
something dear but somehow out of reach.
There was a sadness in the way you were ready, steady, searchin
g.
Was it something you lost or something you couldn't see?

I said, "It's a feeling so familiar to me."
I said, "There's just some things no matter how we plead,
begging on our knees, we don't get to keep."

You've been circling in your head and I've learned to sense the
 distance.
It's so hard to tell the difference between a setback or the en
d, a dune or an oasis.
I'm truthfully so tired of hanging in.

Sometimes it seems so hard to understand.
Even with me holding out my hand and calling out your name;
you can't seem to land.

For all this is, the years we endured it, were they worth it?
While the doubt can grow like disease in the skin.

You were circling overhead.
Ready, steady, searching for something dear but somehow far awa
y.
There's a sadness in the way the doubt can grow inside you.
It's almost like you never had a say.

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