

An Opening

Pile

Beyond the trees that lean toward the sun
Things'll open up
There we all can get some rest
And be made anew

It calls out and draws me in
Says the same thing each time
I still can't make it out
So

What waits for us is a peace
Beyond what you can hold in mind

Obstacle runner, out there and waving those arms
Looks small from here, but I don't think it's far
Thing will pick up speed upon delivery
Deliver me to, or from, what I believe I need

It calls out and draws me in
Says the same thing each time
The light becomes you
In ways you don't want it to

Does it need to hurt, or does it just need to eat?

Held between a ceiling of teeth
Above and a floor of the same beneath
Hydraulic rescue tool answering prayers
Once we're out of the woods, we can get some air