

Four

Sleeping at Last

I'm turning out the lights
To remember how to see
Until a renaissance takes place
And resuscitates the color of paint and divinity

As if God hid the building blocks
Of every beautiful thing
In this game of hide and seek
I can't help but think that ordinary has swallowed the key

Bodies fashioned out of dirt and dust
For a moment we get to be glorious
Ice sculptures adorned in light
Sand castles built tall in between the tides

Maybe I'm hiding behind metaphor
Maybe my heart needs to break to be sure
One day I'll wear it all on my sleeve
The insignificant with the sacred unique

But I've fallen in love with a ghost
And I lost my balance when I needed it most
This blurry photograph is proof
Of what I'm not sure but it feels like truth

I'm stuck swimming in shadows down here
It's been forever since I came up for air
Flashlight in hand determined to find
Authenticity only poetry could even begin to try to describe

Bodies fashioned out of dirt and dust
For a moment we get to be glorious
Get to be glorious
Get to be glorious

What if we already are
Who we've been dying to become
In certain light I can plainly see
A reflection of magnificence
Hidden in you
Maybe even in me