

Outlines

Sleeping at Last

Hidden in plain sight,
The world is an outline
Of shapes I used to know.

Like pulling ribbon,
All of a sudden
The curtains draw back slow.

Though I've been distracted,
I am caught up in static
No more.

Garden of eden,
Lower your branches
For another year.

I'm dust, unsettled
Until they reappear.

Though my hands are prone
To trial and error,
I'm crossing my fingers
For something to hold.

I can't help but hope for brighter,
Here in the shadows of letting go.

God, may these good intentions
Be the outline of so much more.

When I breathe, from now on,
I'll mean it more than ever I did before.