

Generations wait
Like the river sways,
For a father's blood,
For a mother's love.

Though not the promised land,
Nor any perfect plan,
Along our neutral path
There was a single lowered branch.

What was flawless canvas-white,
What was kindness in our eyes
Is now a blemished masterpiece,
An astigmatism life.
But let's cut right to the chase,
To when the best of us was on display,

Before we tipped the scale from confidence to doubt.
I would hold you now, if only i knew how.

Concentration breaks
Under frivolous weight.
If the right words exist,
May they find our lips.

Let's stay the course
And let the tension make us new.
I don't know if it's virtue,
I don't know if it's just dumb luck.
Would it matter if it was?
What if we welcomed change in
Or opened up just enough
To let it begin?

"the doors will open wide for you."
It was said just like it was the truth,
If we walk right through...