

Timelapse

Sleeping at Last

Only the eyes of owls can be seen here;
They are the stars, they radiate.

And every constellation
Is a fraction of God's DNA
That we were made to notice and navigate.

As the moon commands the tide
To balance the weight of change,
We must learn to follow all the same.

When the northern lights were born,
The color poured into our eyes,
Like tipping a glass with the ocean inside.

Into the darkness,
We will send our symphonies -
A shorthand of existence,
A slowly turning key,
The voyager will leave us
With this modest memory of home.

When the sunlight wakes the earth
From its deep sleep,
All creatures bloom.
And through lifted lashes, all is new.

As a newborn recognizes
It's mother's voice from inside the womb,
May we remember the warmth of our youth.

The overture was written,
Like the calm before a storm.
With hummingbird precision,
We must follow every chord...

Timelapse reveals a slight of hand,
It unties the rules of time and plan.
Stillness is only a state of mind,
A blind spot that brightness has left behind.
Wet paint is a privilege that we will find.

As the wrist of an artist
Pulls the foreground into the frame,
We must learn to focus, all the same.

All these restless conversations
Have tied a string to every living thing,
And our illustrations will draw them near.