

A single perfect dew drop forms
The first pearl of the morning
And as the air surrounding warms
And darkness ebbs away
Another fragile day
She's there observing silently
A witness to creation
She understands the irony
This is her final scene
A picture in a dream
The way it's always been

But it comes as a cost
With this sense that something permanent is lost
That a line has been crossed
An argument to which there's no riposte
That's a singularity
It's your own mortality
It's the punishment and prize
It's the lights before your eyes
Come alive, oh firefly of mine

Tomorrow is un-reachable
Tomorrow is invention
Tomorrow is un-teachable
It's where the answers hide
It's where we don't arrive
How precious is the time we've left
How priceless every moment
We must abandon hopeless quests
This business of forgiveness
This notion of atonement

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