

Glowing

The Oh Hellos

In the end, I'm feeling
More and more
There won't be any end
No ice walls
No frozen firmament

To clearly define
The corners and lines
Of a divine invention
So paper-thin
You see right through it

But I bet
When you can't find an edge
By a map half-written
It could feel like the end
To have to keep going

The inkwells
Of prophecy
And cartography
Dried up long ago
They're hoarse from speaking

Of our studied hesitation
To shoulder the weight
Of our bad-behaving
'Cuz when Atlas shrugs
Whose back is breaking?

And I know
How it feels to the hands
Heavy as the heavens
A weight that could fold you
To keep holding

Well, you'll stand
Like you stood as a babe
Tugging at the house plants:
All on your own
Honest and truly

You'll rise like land
Pulled up at the sound of some strange commandment
A moon of light
Reflecting fully

And I guess it would feel like rebirth
Out of some kind of dying
To see yourself
So glowing