

What do you find within the lines of
Distant suns
And their systems
Where I come up empty?

What have those painted songs of heroes
Or the moon
Herculean
Pulling a half of me?

Are we not threaded from by same weave
Of the wind
Terra firma
And unparted sea?

Whether by accident or fortune
You and I
We are matter
And it matters

I want to spin something out of nothing
Lead to gold
Spring from winter
Story from moted sky

I wanna help mother up an orchard
From a seed
Up through sapling
Daughter phoenix, rise

The way they encourage one another
To push high
Touch the sunlight
Against their tender leaves

They'll be full grown before you know it
And as I breathe
So does she
We are breathing

So let me melt down like mountain glaciers
Break the bonds
I've been holding onto
Let it soften me

Till every part that I am made of
Waters deep
To the roots
Of something greener