

## Windowsill

Tilt

If I'd fit on the windowsill  
I'd plant myself in your direction  
I would use the sun's energy  
To make this place your destination

How dare I hate this space I occupy  
I'm left to my devices  
Turning to the light  
I'm waiting for the cue  
To beckon to the shoot  
And break the crust upon the soil

Lack of light the iris expands  
My eyes absorb a power coming  
From beyond my dim room  
In my den amber and damp  
As if lit up by faith alone  
I've been more faithful than you know