

Penelope

Wendy Rule

So much to say
And what is truth, anyway?
I am wounded today
Like a flower that is fading

Fear unexplored
Is a knife
Is a sword
I am diving today
Like a swallow

All the ways of longing
All of the mythic heroines who line the sea
Counting the waves and scanning the horizon
Caught in a promise
Empty as the night is
Oh how they sing to me
Oh how they sing to me

Hope is sustained
But what is list, what is gained?
Am I dress for the role of the woman who is weaving?
Open I stand
Where the sea meets the sand
And I'm hoping today for tomorrow

All the ways of longing
All of the mythic heroines who line the sea
Counting the waves and scanning the horizon
Caught in a promise
Empty as the night is
Oh how they sing to me
Oh how they sing to me