

Lark

Josh Ritter

The golden ratio the shell
The stairs ascending round themselves
The trees rustle as if to kneel and listen
To the heartbeat of a lark or the lark in my heartbeat

The oxygen in priestly green
The answers dressed in labyrinthine
The telescopes atop the mountains of ecstatic vision listening
To the heartbeat of a lark or the lark in my heartbeat

I am assured, yes I am assured yes
I am assured that peace will come to me
A peace that can yes surpass the speed yes
Of my understanding and my need

The meteoric warp and went
In counterbalance to the spark ever ascending
The arrow time shoots forward though it moves through repetition
To the heartbeat of a lark or the lark in my heartbeat

What is it that drives the driven snow now?
Upon whose temples with I rest my weary hopes now?
The rain distills down steeples fills the ears of lonely church
mice with the
Heartbeat of a lark or the lark in my heartbeat

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