

## The Poets Cry For More

### Being As An Ocean

We are all homeless in one way or another  
Whether we've lost ourselves to lust  
Inflamed passions for things desired; forgotten the other  
Wandering aimlessly, in love with something  
that will only collect dust  
Or perhaps we've been led into the wilderness  
by some radiant lover, just to be left out in the cold  
A distant memory, and the warmth of home  
What are we then to do?  
'Cause in the heat of bliss, we swore we would never love another  
There was truth and dignity in that oath  
Can there be any hope for their retention, in its breaking?  
That even while being disavowed, we recognize humanity  
We have all made mistakes,  
And G-d, I've made mistakes  
But my mistakes haven't made me

Oh fallen acorn, lost and alone  
Can you still be kissed by fire, give up your seed  
And spring up into a towering, mighty oak?

We've been led into the wilderness  
by some radiant lover, just to be left in the cold  
A distant memory, the warmth of home  
'Cause in the heat of bliss, we swore we would never love another  
We've all made mistakes, every last one of us  
And just because we've told a lie, can we not still grow to be  
honest?

Oh fallen acorn, lost and alone  
Can you still be kissed by fire, give up your seed  
And spring up into a towering, mighty oak?

Thrown off kilter  
None of us would have thought  
We'd be who we are now  
When we were still little  
Eyes wide to possibility  
Who could have known  
That we'd witness such depravity