

## Every December Sky

Beth Nielsen Chapman

Every December sky  
Must lose its faith in leaves  
And dream of the spring inside the trees.  
How heavy the empty heart,  
How light the heart that's full.  
Sometimes I have to trust what I can't know  
Sometimes I have to trust what I can't know

We walk into Paradise;  
The angels lend us shoes.  
'Cause all that we own,  
We'll come to lose,  
And Heaven is not so far  
Outside this womb of words.  
With every rose that blooms  
My soul is assured  
It's just like a song I've known  
Yet still unheard.

And every leaf of fire lets go,  
Melting in the arms of earth and snow.  
And if I could hold you now,  
You'd enter like a sigh.  
You'd be the wind that blows  
The answer to "why?"  
You'd be the spring-filled trees  
Of every December sky.