

Sleep

Beth Nielsen Chapman

And sleep I think to myself
For all of us, for all of us
Beating fiercely against the wind
Or lying there with broken hands

Wondrous wings and blinded eyes
That see even beyond seeing
The same heartcrushing sorrow
The same unspeakable loveliness

All at the same time
How beautiful and sad
And peace I think to myself
For all of us, for all of us
Each and everyone alone

Reaching out from endless dreams
With open hearts and fragile souls
Like children always seeking home
Where love is as easy as breathing

And breath is as light
As the atmosphere
All at the same time
How frightening and sweet it is

The same heartcrushing sorrow
The same unspeakable loveliness
All at the same time
How beautiful and sad it is

And sleep I think to myself
For all of us, for all of us
Sleep I think at last
Oh sleep in heavenly peace