Beth Nielsen Chapman

Sleep

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