

Stitch The Hem

Bowerbirds

All the while the sea oats bowed
Against the dunes, your arms stretched out.
And how the shadows glide;
The story hastens by.
We hold on tight.

The drafty night lets the quiet in
And our breath in the same motion.
There's a hope that we have what we need.
Stitch the hem along the edge of these scenes and colors.
Find the form in the patient sea.

The nature is a vibrant quilt,
And all I want is it all stretched out,
Through the tattered edge,
Through the long afternoon,
The sun snuffed out, in the palm of the ocean.

The drafty night lets the quiet in
and our breath in the same motion.
There's a hope that we have what we need.
Stitch the hem along the edge of these scenes and colors.
Find the light in our tiny
Find the damp in our heart's intentions,
At the start of the patient sea.