

The Gladdest Thing

Deb Talan

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

Doesn't each of us have a place
Where we belong?
Could be a sidewalk crack
Or a sad song.

Inside our searchings is desire.
To etch a silent thought in stone
To make a tender heart known.

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when the lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

Everybody wants to be a hero
Or a savior of small things
I want to be champion of evening
To forget not the beauty of the in-betweens.

Every one of us an orphan
Our bodies born from dust of the stars
We can comfort each other in this place
I can look into your eyes
And see my own face.