

# 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.

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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.