

## Let In The Light

Moderat

My spirit rises,  
off the plate,  
in front of me.

And it drifts over,  
to the space,  
where she waits.

She speaks a language,  
distilled by time,  
to nothing more than.

Elbow and wink,  
let in the light.  
But obstruct my view.  
Obstruct my view.

Let in the light.  
But obstruct my view.