

All this to say,
Our future is a blank page
That we chose to pour ourselves into
When God pressed play.

And we'll drag our pens
Into these parallel lines
To record and to articulate
Everything we find.

As decades unlace,
We'll pause and carefully trace;
Our shadows are puddles of ink
That our memory saves.

Layer by layer, the framework was formed
On an epic of paper:
We breathe to explore.
Fast-forward motion
Will gracefully show
The flickering story
That all of our sketches unfold.

Before we were born
God gently told us the truth,
But understanding is something that stops
As our bodies bruise.

So we'll concentrate,
Constantly rewinding tapes.
Was the ghost just a glare on the lens
That our minds create?
Our minds create...
When God pressed play.

Layer by layer, the framework was formed
On an epic of paper:
We breathe to explore.
And fast-forward motion
Will gracefully show
The flickering story
That all of our sketches unfold.