

## Emphasis

### Sleeping at Last

Death is promised to the bee  
Who's sting protects the colony.  
Was its life worth nothing more  
Than honey for the queen?

Life is a branch and it is a dove,  
Handcrafted by confusing love.  
Sign language is our reply,  
When church bells make no sound.

In hollow towers and empty hives,  
We craved sweetness with a fear of heights.  
Was it all just a grain of sand  
In an hourglass?

The smartest thing I've ever learned  
Is that I don't have all the answers,  
Just a little light to call my own.

Though it pales in comparison  
To the overarching shadows,  
A speck of light can reignite the sun  
And swallow darkness whole.

Death is a cold, blindfolded kiss.  
It is the finger pressed upon our lips.  
It puts an unwanted emphasis  
On how we should have lived.

Life is a gorgeous, broken gift.  
Six billion+ pieces waiting to be fixed.  
Love letters that were never signed,  
Sent to where we live.

But the sweetest thing I've ever heard  
Is that I don't have to have the answers,  
Just a little light to call my own.

Though it pales in comparison  
To the overarching shadows,  
A speck of light can reignite the sun  
And swallow darkness whole.