

On tree branches
There are birds instead of leaves.
All at once, they lift through trees
To reveal the unseen.

A blindfold of wings
Held us from perfect sight,
While saving unready eyes.

All will be lost, all will be well.
All will be loved when living is hell.
We'll cry dead leaves to grow.

In broken English,
Arguments igniting fires,
We'll sing in off-key choirs
Of an ageless rebirth.

After feathers disappear,
Our bodies will heal and repair.

Sent down in envelopes,
A white sea of dangerous hope.
Arms overflow with the weightless flood of words,
Perfect ears let truth be heard,
And we will learn to let go.
We will learn to let go.

We'll pull each letter one by one,
Every ribbon comes undone.
Our little eyes and little souls
Will now be strong enough to hold

The divorce of need.
Explanations breathe for us.

On paper waves we sway.
Our bodies get lifted away, outside of space.
We'll send down the envelopes,
The forest resets in hope.