

From The Ground Up

Sleeping at Last

One by one the knots we've tied will come undone.
Like picking locks, we'll sow our seeds beneath the sun.
Our accomplice is the rain,
With patience, that of saints

It grows and grows,
Our home sweet home.

It took me 27 years to wrap my head around this-
To brush the ashes off of everything i love.
Where courage was contagious, confidence was key.

Right as rain, soft as snow,
It grows and grows and grows,
Our home sweet home.

We'll try to document this light,
With cameras to our eyes,
In an effort to remember
What being mended feels like.

We're home sweet home.