

## Outlines

### Sleeping at Last

Hidden in plain sight,  
The world is an outline  
Of shapes I used to know.

Like pulling ribbon,  
All of a sudden  
The curtains draw back slow.

Though I've been distracted,  
I am caught up in static  
No more.

Garden of eden,  
Lower your branches  
For another year.

I'm dust, unsettled  
Until they reappear.

Though my hands are prone  
To trial and error,  
I'm crossing my fingers  
For something to hold.

I can't help but hope for brighter,  
Here in the shadows of letting go.

God, may these good intentions  
Be the outline of so much more.

When I breathe, from now on,  
I'll mean it more than ever I did before.