

You carved our initials
Into these family trees.
But when the branches are bare and broken,
Love is so hard to reach.

We've learned to brace for the worst
And to read the last pages first,
Surrender feels safe.

Maybe the soul is the soil that holds the fallen seed,
Or the light pouring down in between the rain clouds,
Daring life to reach;
Or maybe it's the rings in the trunk of the tree,
A birthmark time will leave
To measure the past.

But we can't dream when we're wide awake
Or fall in love with a heart too strong to break.

Faith is expensive to taste,
And time is borrowed loose change
That's already been spent.

Maybe the soul is the tone of voice
That unearthed the words that we needed...

Maybe the soul is a suitcase that holds the backup plan -
A collection of keys and the patience we need
To start again.
Maybe it's the thresholds that swallow us whole
As we learn to let go,
In spite of the dirt on our clothes