Emphasis

Arp

Death is promised to the bee
Who's sting protects the colony.
Was it's 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,
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 out 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.

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