

Grasping Light

Be'lakor

Just downstream from that dark place,
Where last beats fell and waters churned
A man looked down upon his face...
In reverie, his thoughts did turn:
To follow the river is to follow the arc
It does not drift, it does not wait
Find its course with limb and mind

There walks a man;
There runs his fate
To follow the river is to follow the thread
It does not lie, it does not leave
Drowning stones there as he does,
He comes to think;
He comes to breathe
Something of that ember lives!
He feels it bide, he feels it wake
Looking out, but at itself,
As if to speak;

As if to make
His vision forming, flowing now
In tumbling verse, in melting song
Crafting words there as he does
They echo out,
They echo on: "But a vessel, alive,
For a time, I would thrive,
That was all,
Nothing more lay below it...
But a vessel, adrift,
Not a theft, nor a gift,
That was all -
But a pulse, but a poet"

To drink from the river is to meet with the arc
And drink until quenched
The man did
But a vessel, adrift,
Not a theft, nor a gift,
That was all -
But a pulse

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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