

# 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 fateTo 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 makeHis 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

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