Miserere

The Gloria Record

A disconcerting way to wake: to find everything in place
the world goes on without my faith in anything
to have to drag myself from bed, pull a sweater over my head
(somehow find a way to brave the sun again).
And all of this just as I was beginning to have the most amazing dream.
They rolled the stones away
and let everyone come right in and say hello to me.
They picked me up and held me there
and smiled at my crumpled wings.
And all of this just as I was beginning to have the most amazing dream.
And when you go to sleep at night, don't you ever feel the weight
of all the things that make you happy;
that float around you, pull you down?
And don't you ever want to stand up on the waves and run?

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