

# If I Could

## Mineral

She stepped outside into the morning air  
To watch the cars go by and let the sun dry her hair  
I wanted to tell her how beautiful she was  
But I just stared I sat behind the wheel and watched the raindrops  
As they gathered on the windshield  
And raced down into the humming motor  
And she folded up her fears like paper airplanes  
And lost them in the trees And I know I don't deserve this  
The capacity to feel  
To laugh and to cry and to praise  
For that I live and breathe and wake each day  
Is nothing less than your grace  
In awkward and glorious movement

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