From December (The Randy T. Mix)

Project 86

It's the first day
Since I handed you your final rose
In your house

I'm staring out the window at our tree (We planted below)The heights of which

You'll never

Ever knowYou always

Were there to rescue me

From DecemberIn my minds eye

I see you next to me as I'm on my knees

It's in this place

That you showed me how to ask eternityFor shelter

For comfort

For reliefI see our branches stretching

To heights you'd not believe

One day these leaves will reach you

And there will be no morePainYou always gave me refuge

Unconditional

You always offered shelter

From December's snow

My chin still rests upon you

While my feet they sway

I wonder if you'll look the same

When you embrace me

On that day

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