

Open Eyes

What's Left of the Sun

These blocks bring back memories
of the very gravel on the streets
where a thousand dreams were born
and shattered at young feet
The feeling in the air here takes me on a solemn trip to my youth
Old paths to new meadows

The winds of misfortune are still screaming in my ears
As autumn leaves tuck the wet asphalt and streets start to hibernate
The cold draws in and the rain hits like nails driving into my skull

As I stare at the future
It's looking so bleak but there's a hint of a feeling
and so the spirit grows
When I needed it the most
the seasons started a motion
climate started to thaw
the river flowed out into the ocean
The cloud ran out of tears
as spring turned into summer
the leaves found their true colors,
streets awakened from their slumber
It was the nudge that I needed
to keep my feet from shaking
to endure this endless weather
and to keep my eyes from mistaking
a clearing in the forest,
or was it an illusion?

I stumbled weary and malnourished to the midst of my confusion
To the eye of my storm
Where my head found peace
And I grew strong enough to carry the weight of the world
Kicked out of the nest to stand alone on trembling
legs, dispatched
Courage is the stair all our virtues climb on to, at last

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