

Sounds Like Sunday

Mineral

Time doesn't always heal
It just breathes and swallows memories
Like the seasons change -
Sending showers; beating flowers
Into the mud.
And nothing is forever in this place.
Nothing but the way my heart fits in your hands;
The held breath of hope;
And the sweet lingering taste of grace.
How blessed we are for crying now,
For we will laugh someday...and how

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