Horizons

LTJ Bukem

Lift up your eyes upon
This day breaking for you
Give birth again
To the dream

Women, children, men
Take it into the palms of your hands
Mold it into the shape of your most
Private need, sculpt it into

The image of your most public self
Lift up your hearts
Each new hour holds new chances
For new beginnings

Do not be wedded forever
To fear, yoked eternally
To brutishness

The horizon leans forward
Offering you space to place
New steps of change

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