

Elijah Wyman

"2nd Song Of The Architect"

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Here Iâ€™ve sat for these grueling weeks
watching the days go by,
recounting when paper jumped to pen,
and graphed its own design.

This pen is dead in my hands.
This paper is limp on my desk.
Every attempt at beauty is failure.
I am no architect at best.

Iâ€™ll smile when Iâ€™ve made something so beautiful
the sky cries when it meets her tender lines.
Iâ€™ll smile and Iâ€™ll smile.

The greatest of arches point inward.

The tallest towers stand on their own.
There is no beauty in independence.
Thereâ€™s no romance in being alone.

Well here Iâ€™ve sat watching these clouds sail,
shifting like jelly fish fly,
and thinking these cities look so small
under the big sky.

This pen is dead in my hands.
This paper is limp on my desk.
Every attempt at beauty is failure.
I am no architect at best

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