

Jennifer Kimball

"The revelations"

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The revelations of the worlds' devout -
are but stories from the other side.
Before the wise as prophets burned,
they told their brothers and to sleep returned.

Strange, though, don't you think?
That of the myriad who pass through the dark door
not one returns to tell us of that road,
which to discover we must travel, too.

I'm not afraid to die -
not here, not now
the laden bough.
It's just that there's so much
I have to live for now,
speed the plough.

You and I are here to stay
You and I are here to stay

Even through a wood you know by heart
it's hard to go the same way twice.
Any bird, a stone can be a new path
any love may turn to ice.

There is no vision here but what is seen,
a stillness deeper than the night sky.
There's time enough for both of us,
I am yours, and you are mine.

This is the way I've heard
it's supposed to be, you and me.
A bridge over open sea
a single span, the infinite plan.

You and I are here to stay
You and I are here to stay.

