

Sophie Moleta

"Chapelle"

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It's sunday morning and I have returned
I'm here on the edges with something I've learned
And I'm warmer and stronger and it's easier to smile
And the pain I was holding not only inside
I'm back in this chapelle on it's stone floor
And the lights seems less awesome
And I've visited Helene and washed all my clothes
And it's all getting clearer the simpler it goes
And I don't need as much as I did before
There's somebody waiting my bums getting cold
So I get off this stone floor and hear for the door
And there's no holy water but I'm not dry
And there's things on my sunday list I cannot find
But the oranges are sweet here and the coffee is
strong
And these moments above ground they're enough to
move on
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