

Nichole Nordeman

"We Build"

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It's bigger than we thought,
It's taller than it ought to be,
This pile of rubble and ruins
The neighbors must talk.
It's the worst yard on the block
Just branches and boards
Where walls once stood.
Did it seem to you
Like the storm just knew?
We weren't quite finished
With the roof when it started.

So we build, we build
We clear away what was
And make room for what will be.
If you hold the nails, I'll take the hammer
I'll hold it still, if you climb the ladder.
If you will then I'll build.

On any given day
We could simply walk away
And let someone else hold the pieces.
The lies that we tell
Say it's better somewhere else,
As if love flies south when it freezes.

What I'm trying to say,
In some clumsy way
Is that it's you
And only you for always.
What I'm trying to say,
In some clumsy way
Is that it's you
And only you not just now,
Not just today,
But it's you and only you for always

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