

## **The Glass Child**

### **"Miserere"**

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A disconcerting way to wake: to find everything in  
place  
The world goes on without my faith in anything  
To have to drag myself from bed, pull a sweater over  
my head  
(somehow find a way to brave the sun again).  
And all of this just as I was beginning to have the most  
amazing dream.  
They rolled the stones away  
And let everyone come right in and say hello to me.  
They picked me up and held me there  
And smiled at my crumpled wings.  
And all of this just as I was beginning to have the most  
amazing dream.  
And when you go to sleep at night, don't you ever feel  
the weight  
Of all the things that make you happy;  
That float around you, pull you down?  
And don't you ever want to stand up on the waves and  
run?

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