

Beth Jeans Houghton

"Every December Sky"

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Every December sky
Must lose it's faith in leaves
And dream of the spring inside the trees.
How heavy the empty heart,
How light the heart that's full.
Sometimes I have to trust what I can't know
Sometimes I have to trust what I can't know

We walk into Paradise;
The angels lend us shoes.
'Cause all that we own,
We'll come to lose,
And Heaven is not so far
Outside this womb of words.
With every rose that blooms
My soul is assured
It's just like a song I've known
Yet still unheard.

And every leaf of fire lets go,
Melting in the arms of earth and snow.
And if I could hold you now,
You'd enter like a sigh.
You'd be the wind that blows
The answer to "why?"
You'd be the spring-filled trees
Of every December sky.

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