

## Richard Buckner

### "Rise"

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I go forward with you,  
I'm in all the way.  
Where we're riding to,  
Please tell me some day.  
For a glimpse is enough  
To see I'm tied to this tree.  
Trying hard to make history,  
Rather it makes me.  
So go on with the flow,  
Wherever she'll go.  
I'm tightening my belt  
As my cold heart melts.  
Oh sister. Oh mother.  
You stranger. My lover.  
Raise the flapping sails  
Of your long lost tales.  
As the forest cries to the sea...  
Lover let's make a lovely daughter.  
She will rise, rise, rise.  
Swarming around  
With the underground,  
Big pole painted blue  
Upward to you.  
With a fainting glow  
Wherever she'll go,  
Unfolding a rain  
Signed by thy name.  
Oh sister. Oh mother.  
You stranger. My lover.  
Lay your healing hands  
On the long lost land.  
She'll go smooth. She'll go slow.  
She'll find food and then she'll grow.  
Grow up high above the sky.  
She will cry. She will smile.

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