

Sweet Billy Pilgrim

"Stars Spill Out of Cups"

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When beauty falls it finds me here
In summer's bright and dusty smear
It breaks my heart like photographs

The air is thick with needful things
Alive with final reckonings
And shaken trees drop memories

Fortune fits me like a hat
It spins off like an acrobat
Despite the bliss
It comes to this

And it all falls down around us
To have but not to hold
And it slips a little more each day
Til it slips away

A shallow breath begat the lie
With hands to rule the heart's desires
We'll come to know the letting go

When beauty falls it fills me up
And stars spill out of paper cups
A better guess than happiness

And when you go - go with grace
Try to take it with you
You can't take it with you

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