

The Box

How do we find that place
where dreams go?
Can we build each day
out of hope? I think
they live inside the hunger
of the dying night.
When you plead with
God to turn on your light.

Let me say goodbye
to this old man, and
his February freeze. To take
just one breath through my
bare feet. This is the dream I
want to own. When my hero
packs up and goes home.

Now I know a boy, who
Couldn't take his hope home, so
he built a box, with his collection
of sticks and stones.
He told me not to fight against gravity
while standing on a planet that
insists. He placed his dreams
inside the box, and
closed the lid.