

Believing, You'll See

Emily Bounds

A sky with **no** reluctance,
Filled with silver **matter** of mystery.
Their eyes know **how** to listen
To **your** desires
And the **heart** of the earth.
A tear **is** their call,
To those **grieving** in secret.
Even **if** shadows
Circle **you** like
Corners who **keep** dark secrets,
Light will shine **on** your sorrowed face.
And **believing**, you'll see,

There is **the** magic
Of a child's **dream** and its course.
A passage of time **that** seems too constant
Won't leave **you** in your need.
When you **wish** in sincerity,
Your eyes **will** dry soon
And morning will **come** in a gentle wind,
Leaving your **true** needs behind.

