

In the Light (A Sun That Is Not Harsh)

MINER

The gold you men have killed for
The silver you select
The precious gems you'd die for
Are they things that you respect?

That treasure men have overlooked
Their digging done in haste
You
You
You ask yourself
Your love and wealth?
Your treasure, or your waste?
Waste

This desert wasteland burning
Keeps the present wheels a-turning
But if you're minding
What you're mining
There is time enough for learning

Are you feeding the fires
With your selfish desires?
Or do you stand alone
To find a home
No matter what transpires?

Stop and think
Give it time
What's the fleeting pleasure in a shine?
When all else seems to fail
Do you drive in your own nails
By retreating back into the mine?

The rose
As it grows
Leans toward the light
She lays her head upon my chest
And her hair I caress
In the night

This parched un-watered wasteland
Has its greed that reaches deep
If you value your health
You may need help
If you're rushing toward conceit and self

Do you mind
Standing at the back of the line
Until it's time?
Or are you quick to cash in
The first spark you hit
In the dark
With your pick?

In a pound of worthless rubble
Be it less or be it double
You can shift and sift from dusk to dawn
But what's valuable is gone

You can relax and act as wealthy
You can pray and say you're healthy
But you're not

Removing honesty and sensitivity
If modesty you pan out
There is a rusting from the inside
For the substance all has ran out

In the balances of time
Nothing
Will be weighed and found as wanting

I am the place where the Desert Rose
Now grows
In light
And I've learned to kiss
Her well-watered lips
Alone
At night

Hesperus!

There exists a contrast in this world
Dust and rust with ribbons and bows
I've made my choice known
My heart has rejoiced in our home
Are you still seeking stones?

Are you still seeking stones?

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