

Purpose

There was once a beetle
who washed up on the shore
He knew his life would be so different
from what it was before
Confused by his surroundings
he ventured out to the unknown
If his wings were dry he knew he could fly
but he could never make it home
His legs they felt so heavy
as he dragged them through wet sand
He just wanted to find shelter
in this vast and foreign land
He could feel his back was burning
in the sweltering midday sun
There were no beetles like him here
He would be the only one
As he crawled to higher ground
he found shade under a tree
And laying right along his path
the beetle found a seed
He decided he would bury it
this treasure he had found
He then forgot that it was there
and it grew roots into the ground
The beetle had long passed
but the tree it grew and grew
Fruit dropping from its branches
as life began anew
Just a tiny lonely beetle
who didn't drown that day
affected life on earth
in a most meaningful way

Lay To Waste

I will lay to waste the dreams that keep me asleep
Those that make me weep or cut me too deep
down to my bones and leave me exposed
to the droughts and the storms
Instead of the walls that I build out of fear
I hope you can hear
the echoing sound as I tear them all down
and place those bricks in the sea
so I can watch them all drown
And now in its place there's a wide open space
to find some hope for the human race
I will let go of the hate and all of its weight
that only drags me down and holds me in a state
of blaming anyone else for my fate
On this day and in this very hour
I can build instead a beautiful tower
to hold inside the light and my power
And I know darkness will still come inside
I am only human and cannot hide
yet I know it can't stay because it won't abide
living where it's nurtured and accepted
It is used to being rejected and neglected
and that's how it thrives and enables the drives
that soon we find take over our lives
Keep your enemies closer they say
and yet we push them away or keep them at bay
When the enemy is in us then where do we go
If we resist it persists and this we should know
and if we don't want to see it then how can we grow
I will lay to waste my dreams of perfection
and will see my judgments as my reflection
I must know that each breath is a chance for resurrection

Fight For The Sky

If I was the moon
and you were the sun
I would say you're too hot
You would say I'm no fun
You would tell me I'm too humble
I would tell you that you brag
I would point out who you've burned
then you would say I'm just a drag
You would say you make things grow
I would say I change the tide
I wouldn't get the way you show yourself
You wouldn't understand why parts of me hide
If we could only stop being defensive
and trying to validate our own existence
If only we could shine in our own time
without being met with so much resistance
If only we could share the sky
without having to compete
We might see that without us both
our world wouldn't be complete

UP THERE

There once was a man
who lived on top of his house
The new neighbors assumed
he must be a crazy old louse
He had a tent on the roof
and would sweep off the leaves
He fed a family of birds
nested in the eaves
Each day he'd wave to these neighbors
as they arrived home for the night
And when the sun went down
they could see him turn on his light
He would read his books
until midnight or so
and then crawl into his tent
with his blanket in tow
So one day these new neighbors
saw him on the ground
He said he needed some supplies
and had to go into town
So they asked him why he does this
why he won't live inside
He told them that a year ago
his beloved wife had died
That without her in their home
it just didn't feel the same
And he knows she wouldn't approve
of the sad old man that he became
So one day he went up to the roof
just to try to get some air
and found that even though she's gone down here
he could see her from up there

Borrowed Time

look in the mirror
where you are now
the roads that you've been down
the why and the how
the things you've outgrown
the people you miss
all the choices you've made
it comes down to this
each second each moment
gets lost in the past
you can love it or hate it
but you can't make it last
hold a little bit tighter
it might last one more day
but the clock keeps on ticking
and it will all slip away
there is no point in waiting
to be happy tomorrow
you will run out of time
with none left to borrow
you know as they say
the only constant is change
and you can't have it all
you can only exchange
anything you choose
you give up something else
but life is too short
to give up on yourself