

I Am a Girl That's Made of Glass

I am a girl that's made of glass
Smooth and unblemished when young
When I was born, there wasn't a crack
The sad song of life still unsung

I am a girl that's made of glass
When I was a child I cracked
They said only stones could break my bones
But each word shattered me on impact

I am a girl that's made of glass
I'm shattered and broken each day
Each difficult thing hits like a rock
Life hurts no matter what I say

I am a girl that's made of glass
My edges are sharp and they hurt
But gold is the color of kindness
The color of Heavenly Courts

I am a girl that's made of glass
I fill all my cracks with gold
Kindness is glue for the broken at heart
My life will no longer be cold

I am a girl that's made of glass
I am a web of gold
When I am kind, my cracks are filled
They multiply as I grow old

I am a girl that's made of glass
And when I was young, I broke
I shattered and crumbled every day
The pain filled me 'til I would choke

I am a girl that's made of glass
But now I know kindness can heal
It heals not just me, but also my friends
And strangers and others, I feel

I am a woman that's made of gold
The sad song of life has been sung
I'm no longer made of edges that hurt
I'm whole, and I will not be stung

My Old Bones

I am older than river and stone
Older than towering trees
I am younger than stars and the moon
Younger than the winter breeze

My lungs are filled with the histories gone
My bones are as old as a mountain
The tales of the past live in the wind
Buried in meadow and fountain

These stories that sing and live in the wind
Tell of all those from before
And though they are gone where you cannot return
Yet they will live evermore

They say they are dead, the ones that once trod
On this grass where I now lay my head
Their bones fill the earth and the dust in the wind
On their graves I unknowingly tread

The life of my mother, and hers before her
Is waiting to share and be heard
With each breath I take, and each move I make
I share without speaking a word

They say they are dead, but this cannot be
One only need look at my face
For my bones are so old and the stories they tell
Are of others who lived in this place

These others now rest as their bones turn to dust
The universe thinks to forget
But as I now live and as I now breathe
This is but an unfulfilled threat

And someday my bones will be laid in the dust
And flowers will grow through my hair
My children will carry my mountain-old bones
And I'll live through the stories they share

One cannot die, as long as they've lived
For in living, we immortal become
The bones of our children will carry our tales
We rest, but no true death can come

The Sweet Taste of Joy

We live in a cold, painful world
With anger and hatred all day
We cannot know peace, we cannot know rest
We must fight and be angry always

The world is harsh and cold, this is true
But the anger will poison our souls
As you march on the streets, and you fight in your homes
You fear peace that you cannot control

You want me to cry, the injustice is great
You want me to fight and to scream
But there's green on my knees and pink juice on my hands
And my mouth tastes of honey and cream

The sunlight is warm on my face and my back
I weave flowers through my long hair
I split a sweet orange with a dear friend
Eat warm bread as a sunrise we share

My bare feet are nestled deep in the grass
My fingers are covered in paint
I sing a sweet song in an imperfect voice
And I dance without any restraint

I know that the world is broken and hurt
And these pains are far from repaired
But life is so short and joy is so sweet
To waste it I would not have dared