

The Holes Of Heaven

The faded blue swing creaks as I lower myself onto it
I watch as streaks of blue are smeared carelessly across the sky
 Swallowing up the fiery flames of the sun
I look up searching for them in the inky purple
 Suddenly I see one on the black canvas
 I crane my neck searching for more
They appear, popping up in a scintillating frenzy
 I drink it all in
As the moon gazes down on me, looming high above
 I think of the times that people trusted them
 Looking for them in the sky miles above
 For the answers they hold
 I haul myself up and stand
My feet bare against the cool metal of the swing
 The chains moan in protest
 But I ignore them as I swing closer
 I reach my arms up towards them
 Straining to reach them
 To feel the edges press against my fingertips
 I'm so close
Close enough to taste the musk of age enveloping them
 Yet too far to touch their light
 Too far to be drawn in
 For the holes show us a little part
 Of the place we yearn to go
 Where sorrows soar out of us
Leaving us light without the burden weighing us down
 But the stars have not yet come for me
 To pull me from the tender grass under my feet
 So I wait for that day
Content only when I stare up at the shimmering sky
 At the holes of heaven