

*Pieces of the Soul*

***There is light***

Through the light, through the  
trees,  
There is hope...there is promise,  
The view is clear...  
Freedom's near.

If you hold too many beliefs,  
You'll never be free...  
Let your mind roam and wonder...  
Be at peace...just believe...

Because I am who I am,  
I twist and turn in the wind...  
Dark and light, joy and pain...  
Forever in flight...I'm alive.

The tension amidst crazy and calm...  
releases my mind,  
Moderate...don't tip the scale...  
Be the bright star in blackness...  
Shine, feel the spark...

Because I am who I am,  
I swirl and soar in the wind...  
Dark and light, joy and pain...  
Forever in flight...I'm alive.

Unique by my own right,  
With all of my gifts...  
The perfect mix...  
My life, my happiness...

Forever in flight...I'm alive.

***People like me***

People like me, we always speak the bright side  
Spreading kindness is never wasted time...that's  
what I say  
Yet I live in a constant battle with the tide  
I wish I could be free...to live, to breathe...to rise  
above the sea

We would all be happier, if we could just sail  
Mute the voices in our heads...no judgments, no  
noise  
Don't think too hard, don't hear too loud, that's  
what I say  
I wish I could be free...to live, to breathe...to rise  
above the sea

Live in the present, lean into the future  
The past is bygones, be here for today  
Whatever happened was meant to happen, that's  
what I say  
I wish I could be free...to live, to breathe...to rise  
above the sea

In control, wound up tight...feels safe, like  
perfection  
Take a pause, then release to the highest degree  
Make some peace, then clean the slate...that's  
what I say  
I wish I could be free...to live, to breathe...for all  
the world to see

Forever a little girl, swinging toward the sun...  
Ride the waves, come out high  
I got something good going...that's what I say  
Imperfectly perfect...a gentle twist of dark and  
light...  
I can be free, just me

## ***Shadows***

Do you see shadows, strong and tall?  
Or maybe you don't see them at all.  
Look closely, in the front or on the side.  
They make you feel so good inside.

Sun, shade, jump, run.  
These figures are a lot of fun.  
The pier, the beach, or a city street.  
You never know where you are going to meet.

The picture of you is inside the lines.  
Don't move too quickly, or you'll leave it behind.  
You can discover so much under the mask.  
Maybe even things you wanted to ask.

Dance, sing, enjoy the shape.  
Makes you feel like you are wearing a cape!  
Happy, free, smiling wide.  
It's always beautiful to be outside.

### ***The Universe***

The universe is safely strong...  
Dark and light, believe nothing is wrong...  
Keep my eye on my star, it will take me along...  
As I know in my heart, I will always belong.

Twisting and turning until I am blind...  
The world outside takes over my mind...  
I tell myself, avoid the grind...  
Go back to your star...perfectly entwined.

Sometimes I feel like I am floating away...  
Running from the past...or what he or she would  
say...  
It can be difficult to keep all the noise at bay...  
Yet I know deep in my soul, I can find joy in today.

Because what you see is what you get...  
My bright star in the sky, the only target...  
Remember to fly high and do not fret,  
The view ahead is mine to own, I'll bet.

### ***Tale of a Long-lost Teen***

My father, my star.  
So close, yet so far.  
Always on my mind...never forget...  
My beacon shines bright, my steady target.

Resentment, pain, faint memories, too...  
Hang on to the glories, like precious glue.  
My mind can be fragile...sometimes I can't see...  
Sweet days of the past, they sit behind me.

Art master, writer, chef connoisseur...  
Treasured paintings, antiques, vinyl albums galore.  
Forever my hero...quick witted and loved...  
My guide inspires me, from heaven above.

The eldest, the chosen, made keenly aware...  
To lead, to listen, to always be there.  
"Get to bed," he would say...late night chats gone  
away...  
These hazy moments, within me today.

Journeys to New York, always our home...  
Filled with songs and stories, Dad and daughter, we  
roam.  
Fleeting moments gone by...never starting anew...  
They live on forever, eternally true.