

The Poet

for Daniel Mark Epstein

Poets are magicians, and this song is for one of them.

A winter song for an autumn boy
Snow flakes and dry leaves spin and spray
The poet straps on his pack and heads to the stars
Holding stories of love, of old times
Who we might be, our life lines

Why does it take so long to see what we can't see
Even with eyes of moons and ears of dreams
The poet flies past the wells of all the single cells
Holding glories of lives, of star time
Stories to come, their sweet rhymes

Can we but fathom what lives you have imagined?
Balance of dark and light, beats into rhythms
Dew into glisten, deepest of canyons

We sleep in wells of restless yearning
In wistful dreams we turn
The poet glides us awake to dance with words that fly
Now the sky it beams fire at day's end
Hearts they beat strong, and strong again

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*This song appears on the album, Ride in the Light
cindykallet.com*