

Vapour

Vapour winding; in vapour throng

Vapour twisting; vapour gone-

A weft of life

A thread of song

That vapour fills us all life long.

Oh, life is bright, and pure, and true.

But scars will come and build us too.

Points of breakage,

Points of change,

Points where things-are-not-the-same.

But special one-

Oh, hear me this:

You are no less for life's cruel kiss-

You are growing, flowing, on

You are ebbing into song!

And may you find that all along-

Though Crescendo's tide *does* feel long,

You've gained a strength,

a depth, a grace.

For having had to walk that place.

And through it all I hope you know,
That you will never be alone.
For the scars - they build the story.
But in healing lies the glory.
Twisting up: together tethered-
Bonded through the storms we've weathered.

Oh, we are vapour;
Flame,
And mist.
A fold in cloth-
A light-touch kiss.
A table's dent,
A layered line,
A wrinkle which reminds of time.
Part of one and one of whole;
Yes, We are laughter from the soul.
Alto pitch and Tenor stumble;
Bass tones which reverb and rumble.
That which went,
And will go on
Yes, we are part of life's great song.