

Murky Waters Run Clear

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Murky waters past and present

Fuel the seas of discontentment

Caught between a cross fire zone

Of everything that once was home

The burden's real when lightning strikes

And dark waves crash into the night

Grief, resentment, anger, guilt

Whirlpools filled with grit and silt

Toxic air entraps the thoughts

That cannot breathe, so deep they're caught

In tangled net of sad despair

Try to reach out but no one's there

It's not my war, it's not my fight

But still I'm bound, cannot take flight

Emotions squeezed in jagged muck
Rob hopes and dreams to tear them up

Then morning comes and tide's withdrawn
Sun needs to rise at break of dawn
The shore reveals what's left behind
Bejeweled gifts, clean state of mind

The treasures that are left behind
From murky watered paths entwined

Are worth the thunder, worth the rain
Worth the pain a year did claim

Beachwood, sea glass, coloured shells
Tapestries of sand as well

Forge fresh new paths to be explored
Which can bring forth their own reward

Love finds its way through eye of storm
With gentle grace it is reborn.