

Brittany Kusserow, Names And Faces

There was a girl.
All she ever wanted was to
bring them all together,
all those people tied and tethered
to the world.
They called it unrealistic
so she called them pessimistic
with her fists out,
missing the point.
All her friends were vandals
for a peaceful sort of scandal.
Crack a smile so you can
handle chapter two.
It's called The Revolution
and it's in its final stages.
All we need now is for everything
to come unglued.
In her dreams she saw God in all the faces,
and she trembled, cause she was never
any good at remembering names.
Oh she tried so hard
to try so hard to follow.
But the silence of prayer was a
language she couldn't relay.
She met a man.
He told her to let go
she was a petal, drifting,
helpless to fountain flow.
She held a hand
softer than her own,
she left her callouses behind
and moved ahead.
On to the homestead,
family helped her forget that
she had a dream, she had a goal,
but it just felt so comfortable to stay
where everybody already knew
I said they already knew
what she had to say:
In her dreams she saw God in all the faces,
and she trembled, cause she was never
any good at remembering names.
Oh she tried so hard
to try so hard to follow.
But the silence of prayer was a
language she couldn't relay.
And in her dreams,
God's hands would gently lift her
just to say:
This is my daughter
with whom I am not always well pleased
but I love her
and I love you all the same.