

Deb Talan, How Will He Find Me

If I don't stand out like a star among the moons
if I am always late and he always backs away too soon
I walk the world with a skin so thin
I can wear no adequate protection
everything comes crashing in.
If I'm too wide open for this place
but not enough for him to recognize my face

How will he find me
with no one's arms to gather me together?
How will he find me?
Only held by gravity, faded with uncertainty
no longer young and not that pretty
how will he ever find me?

It never seems to matter, the tears I cry.
There's a well inside of me that never runs dry
from being born I guess, and born in life until we die.
The music and the hope for love keep me alive
still I wonder, how will he find me?

And what shall I do with a drunken heart
with goggle eyes and the troubling hunger
reaching forward to trick mirror men
leaning out and in again.
If love is a game how can it be creation?
And if I'm wasting my time
how will he find me?