

Deb Talan, The Gladdest Thing

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun
I will touch a hundred flowers and not pick one
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes
Watch the wind blow down the grass and the grass rise

Doesn't each of us have a place we belong
Could be a sidewalk crack or sad song
Inside our searching is desire to etch a silent thought in stone
To make our tender heart known

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I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes
Watch the wind blow down the grass and the grass rise

And when the lights begin to show up from the town
I will mark which must be mine and then start down
Everyone wants to be a hero or a savior of small things
I want to be champion of evening, forget not the beauty of the in-betweens

Everyone of us had orphaned our bodies
Born from dust of the stars
We can comfort each other in this place
I can look into your eyes and see my own face

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