

# Sarah Masen, She Stumbles Through The Door

She looks over her shoulder with a half specific glare  
As if it were the past  
An interception of intentions from a once familiar path  
A promise broken in half

On the pages of a memo are picturesque cliches she once called providence  
Fragments of Picasso with running lines undone  
That wrecked her confidence  
Is there any sense why she let go

It was what she thought was right  
Through all the gloom and might of living in between  
And it was like she said  
A chance to learn instead  
Of staying in the lines and never knowing why  
She stumbles through the door

Were the angels fighting demons in the corner of her room  
Or was it happenstance  
That she would catch a glimpse of loving safety more than life  
A faithless circumstance  
So she let go

It was what she thought was right  
Through all the gloom and might of living in between  
And it was like she said  
A chance to learn instead  
Of staying in the lines and never knowing why  
She stumbles through the door

Now her reasoning is theory living out a grand crusade  
Of greater magnitude  
And the consequence of failure is a possibility  
But will it break the truth  
Oh she won&#039;t know  
Until she lets go

And it what she thought was right  
through all the gloom and might of living in between  
And it was like she said  
a chance to learn instead  
Of staying in the lines and never knowing why  
She stumbles through the door  
She stumbles through the door  
She stumbles through the door