

The Honey Trees, Orchard

You were the coal
she was the fire
that warmed your skin
and all within
memories to hold
her trembling fingers
held all they'd known
as she went on
oh, sweet orchard
shade the growing light
holding softly to my weary eyes
thousands of all
hunger inside
these withering eyes
too tired to cry
a face, hiding so silently
burns to know
the love that grows here
oh, sweet orchard
let forgiving strands of light
break my silence
burn the night
oh, sweet waters
flow with love for me inside
cast me quietly unto morning's light
oh, burn through the night, burn
oh, love burn through the night