

Bright Eyes, A Celebration Upon Completion

my grandfather's name was moon
because his eyes were bright and round
and no amount of time or liquor could dull them
my grandmother's name was joy
because it spilled out of her heart
and bathed her precious children in its warmth
and there was happiness in life beyond the sorrow
and the pain
but how they ever found it i cannot explain
i guess time has a way of making everything alright
it's just there is not enough of it
and so we drink and we sing and we celebrate
this lie and hope that it will last
morning is here night has passed
my grandfather was a doctor
he cured the sick with his kind hands
and he taught me how to sail and how to find dry land
my grandmother was all sweetness
and when she spoke we all heard bells and
they rang in such a way that we were comforted
and they held on to each other with all the strength they had
and they loved with devotion beyond what i understand
but i guess fear has a way of making sleep unbearable
and the days seem dark and long
but we cry and we dance
and we stumble into love with perfect, awkward grace
the moon is gone and the sun has took its place