

# Cheryl Wheeler, Underbrush

Let me lift this burden from you  
Let me take this pain from you  
Let me always be the one to  
Hear you, see you, pull you through  
How could I have been so thoughtless  
How could I have failed to see  
Every day's a work in progress  
Every page a mystery  
No regrets, no road not taken  
Nothing I would rather do  
Some days we can lose our faith in  
Every thing we thought we knew  
You're the light on all my pages  
Oh my love, my even keel  
And any words I use to say this  
Pale before the way I feel  
Maybe there's a rhythm here, a sort of ebb and flow  
Every orbit varies over time I guess  
Disappearing down the trail, the dogs kick up the snow  
Given our good fortune, we can do no less