

# Juniper Lane, Grace

Rages pass me, quiet grabs me,  
like a child's gentle hand,  
colors fill me, creases smooth now,  
like an artist's careful plan.  
Sand to soil and rock to seed now  
clawing from its earthly cage,  
burst the tomb and pierce the air  
for grace is finally born of rage.

The air is still, and I will not falter.  
The air is sweet, and I will not hide.  
The air is full, and I will not wilt.  
The air is warm, and I will not wither now.

The peace deferred now overtakes  
and turns it all from grey to rose,  
bank the fire and sound the horn  
finally all of my color shows.  
I am growing from the vines,  
I have risen from the thorns,  
I'm taking stock of what I've gained  
for finally I am reborn.

I will not slumber now,  
I will not waste away,  
I will not hide myself  
in shadows of a brighter day.  
I will not waiver now,  
I will not flit away,  
I will not bloom and die  
the dawn before the bright of day.