

Kurt Elling, ALL IS QUIET

Meet me in a shadow land of quiet.
Speak to me of loving. But speak low to me - in a whisper.
Whispers open magical doors if you let them -
 Opening to hidden rooms full of color -
 In shades like marc Chagall.

These days, everybody speaks of love so loud.
They shout, as if love were something owed them -
 Like something they can order around -
 Like something that comes when called.

Let your body fall away in quiet,
Knowing loving grows over time, like a tree in the forrest.
Your face is as lovely as sleep - faint with stillness.
I can smell the summer there in your tangled hair.
It folds me in a dream.

The reverie of silence - here in the hidden constellation -
Joining the twilight sky, like starry bright -
We're soaring over everything, like birds in flight,
Into the quiet night.

We're allowed (aloud)
for all is quiet now