

Matt Pond PA, First Light

You can find me in the field of ferns
Pressing my head against shaded earth
With my ears open wide
I can listen all night
Sweet soft parting love your pace
Muscles are weak for the force to take
I am finally free
I can finally see
I am reaching
Mild stretches for the shadeless hand
I'll never hold
I can't let go
See this blue sky alone

Unswollen rivers
Current give me breath we're dying
Pulled and pushed deep down
The thick of summer
Grasshops bring me songs from in the trees
at dusk
Now from you sweet hands
I would wait to see if you would serve me
Hearty tea
Oh, I won't leave

You can find us in the landscape there
Our backs rest to the shaded earth
We are facing the sky
We can listen all night
Butlers along the ancient pines
Weight of the world when it lets us go
We are finally free
We can finally sleep
I am reaching
Mild stretches for the
Shapeless hand I'll never hold
No, I can't let go
See this blue sky alone
There's so much I don't know
We'll see this blue sky alone