

# Sarah Masen, 75 Grains Of Sand

Penny's got a new outlook this year  
At least that's what she'd like to hear  
Though I'd beg to differ  
Because all is still the same back home  
Started with the world on fire last fall  
Seems it was the spark of something small  
That grew with conviction  
A personal mission  
And what she wouldn't give  
To hold them in her hands  
Those seventy-five little grains of sand  
April was a night of nothing new  
But holding what she thought was true  
Dawn only backwards  
A sunset to start her day  
And everything she used to choke at school  
Swallowing the whole of untold rules  
Filled with desire all set on fire  
And what she wouldn't give  
To hold them in her hands  
Those seventy-five little grains of sand  
A glimpse of the now  
That would change the then  
Those seventy-five little grains of sand  
And all is falling quite undone  
She's letting go letting go for what's to come  
Hope sometimes can blind the heart  
Calling light what breathes like dark  
Mistaken provisions  
Can lengthen the distance  
And shatter our own visions  
What we wouldn't give  
To hold them in our hands  
Those seventy-five little grains of sand  
A glimpse of the now  
That would change the then  
Those seventy-five little grains of sand  
Mercy sure thing  
The tension is evidence that I'm alive and able to respond To the movement of  
Spirit the good the terrible  
Mercy I cannot see without closing my eyes  
Must be a plot 75