

Tilt, Windowsill

If I'd fit on the windowsill
I'd plant myself in your direction
I would use the sun's energy
To make this place your destination

How dare I hate this space I occupy
I'm left to my devices
Turning to the light
I'm waiting for the cue
To beckon to the shoot
And break the crust upon the soil

Lack of light the iris expands
My eyes absorb a power coming
From beyond my dim room
In my den amber and damp
As if lit up by faith alone
I've been more faithful than you know

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