

PASSAGES

Lyrics by Nicole Kenley-Miller

I. Sky Blue

The earth,
Vast expanse across my world,
Spreading cozily around trees pine
Like old heirloom quilt,
Asking permission to warm the land of God.

His reply, "yes".

Trees pine,
Tallest towers in my world,
Standing at attention toward sky blue
Like half cotton swabs,
Asking permission to tickle the ears of God.

His reply, "yes".

Sky blue,
Vision of another world,
Dancing slow to rhythm celestial,
Like toy kaleidoscope,
Asking permission to thrill the eyes of God.

His reply, "yes".

II. The Flower of Your Smile

The flower of your smile has gently burned me.
It has left its ghost on the back of my hand;
Its hazy, long-stared gaze
On the daguerreotype of the back of my hand.

I feel its electric spirit even now,
Whirring and spinning there
Like the waltz we heard on the phonograph last Sunday,

Dancing there on the back of my hand.

The flower of your smile has gently burned me;
I carry its loving brand on the back of my hand.

III. Unafraid, Ms. Woolf

The visionary has to die,
And thus I wonder, "Is it I?"
Who's soon to give away this health,
Or do I merely flatter myself?

Perhaps if one cannot discern,
There are still greater depths to churn,
And vaster seas o'er which to sail,
Less wasted life expecting to fail.

For in the end, I do not choose.
My life was never mine to lose.
I count not my days by grains of sand,
For they slip unknown through a hidden Hand.

IV. After the Kiss

I am floating.
I am the wisp of a cloud that rises toward the sun's blinding splendour.
I am alive again.
And I see only vistas before me,
Vast with possibility
Of love and beauty,
Of scenes that only appear
When the eyes gaze deeply into one another,
When the lips stumble desperately to find their home
When the hands cup together so earnestly to receive
The good and long-awaited gifts of the Father
To his loving and lovely children,
The gift of open hands,
Open hearts,
Open eyes.

Now I can see.

V. Song of Home

Every day she calls out her echoes
Into the caverns between the white cliffs,
Oh, the unreceptive and white cliffs.
Cries ricocheting, never alighting.
Dissipating under the weight
Of the hot, wet air.
Never finding their home.

One day,
A long, strong moan breaks through!
Slashes through the thickness,
Shards of sound deflecting as it persists,
The hot core burning on strong.

Finally finding its home in some open soul out there
With an open door to a perfectly-open chamber,
Shaped to hold this warm, round sound,
This voice of my heart.
Shaped to accept and to challenge
To resonate unique timbres.
Never to judge, but to reflect,
To spin into a new sound,
A new voice,
But really just the old voice
In a new space
Singing, "Home."

VI. Waiting for Song

I now release the words of those who came before me.
I have read them.
I have understood them.
I have honored them by holding them for a time in my hands.
But they are not my words.
They speak from another voice that is not mine.

And still now, my voice has not spoken.
It has readied itself in silence.
It has listened for its song,
As a wise and quiet one perched on a promontory before dawn,
Waiting for the sunrise to melt the silences of night
That will become the canticles of the day.
So there my voice is perched to receive its song.
It knows that it may not choose the tune,
But with hands open and outstretched,
Must only receive the verse alighting there.
I must receive it.
It is my song.
And I must sing it.
This is my song.