

Shooting Stars and Wishes

Where shooting stars and wishes explode in the sky
And angels in white roses sing lullabies
And apostles lay their pens next to the ledgers where they write
And smile a smile of welcome as they motion toward the light

I never thought I'd get out of fourth grade
The year of my slowest hour
But fourth grade to forty in a flash
Will forty to eighty go twice as fast?

And when will it all end?
And where do we go then?
I think we might ascend

Never reflected on life too much
Took care of business, stayed out of inner touch
But the wake of a niece, a quiet pew
Made me contemplate the answers to