

*Sand*: by Brittany Jean

I am a desert owl—an owl among the ruins  
I lie awake: I have become  
A bird alone on a rooftop—alone on the roof, and  
My heart aches ever to go on

I pray for softer eyes and gentle hands  
May the rain fill my footsteps on this land

There is a house in the distance where I've never been  
A lovely dwelling far beyond the darkest sand  
Little sparrows have a nest there with the winter wren  
So I shake the dust from my fingers as I stand...

To the wayfarer wandering—he's wandering the dunes  
No stranger to a life outside the wire  
In the fever, in the wind with no new moon  
I know a place of blue water and beside

There is a house—the promises are true  
May I stay in the doorway there to wait for You?

There is a house in the distance where I've never been  
A lovely dwelling far beyond the darkest sand  
Little sparrows have a nest there with the winter wren  
So I shake the dust from my fingers as I stand—

And run to the house out where I have never been  
A lovely dwelling far beyond the darkest sand  
The little sparrows have a nest there with the winter wrens  
So I shake the dust from my fingers as I roam  
For the sand is not my home...