

Here Among the Evergreen

Cockrell: Here Among the Evergreen

Ben Cockrell

Most days it doesn't make sense
To turn around at the top
I stop suddenly expecting an answer
And all I hear is silence
Here among the evergreen

A mustard seed they say
Not a river but a drop
So blindly I stumble into the unknown
And all I hear is silence
Here among the evergreen

It's easier with a crowd behind
Or a time to reach it by
I wish my emotions would make up their mind
But all I hear is silence
Here among the evergreen

The wait you aim for is hardly clear
Like a pane of faded glass
There is no fire, no wind, no quake, a whisper
In silence I hear it now