

BREAK OF DAWN

by Fiona Hildenbrand

**The world is too much with us, late and soon,
may sorrow be our truest Friend
and break us with each dawn and rise of moon,
the heaviness of worlds our hearts will bend.
With slurping poison of our own thought
in hope of finding peace in disconnectedness,
played hide and seek and still got caught,
where we found use of less and us in uselessness.
Having enough of trying to pretend,
our wounds are seen, our cries are heard within his ways,
we choose our hearts can heal and mend.
Gain back your life through what you have to face
in time with God let us begin,
receiving peace through love within.**



POSSESSED ENOUGH OF VOID

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may Sorrow be our truest friend,
The heaviness of Worlds our hearts will bend,
and break us with each dawn and rise of moon.
With slurping poison of our own thought,
in hope of finding peace in disconnectedness,
where we found use of less, and us in uselessness,
played hide and seek and still got caught.
Having enough of trying to pretend
Our Wounds are seen, our Cries are heard within his ways
we choose our hearts can heal and mend,
in time with us and God We spend.
Claim back your life through what you have to face
receiving peace through love and grace.**