

From The Brae

by R J Tomlin

You're staring at a lighthouse, and standing far away,
Looming over from the hilltop, looking down into the bay,
The sky is blazed with redness, behind a foggy dew,
As the sun sluggishly rises, signifying a new day,
You hear the wind, it whispers, you hear the seagulls cry,
And as you stand there staring, you start to wonder... why?
What is it that has brought you here?
What solace do you seek?
What questions aren't you asking?
What words doth you not speak?

You're staring at a lighthouse, and standing far away,
Looming over from the hilltop, looming over from the brae,
You think about your life, the decisions that you made,
Reflecting on the things that you would do a different way,
What land did you not venture to?
What sight did you not see?
If you had the chance to start again what is it you would be?
What skill did you not master? Or talent not pursue?
And if you did have one more day, what with it would you do?

You're staring at a lighthouse, with no one else around,
You look into the distance, and listen to the sounds,
The grass, it sways beneath you, the waves break on the sand,
And what it is you're looking for is still yet to be found,
You remember all the times that you let fear restrict your ways,
All the months you slaved away, just to relish for some days,
All the time that you spent worrying, depressed beyond despair,
How it not once ever mattered, how you never should've cared.

You're staring at a lighthouse, and frozen to the bone,
The waves they throb and buckle, a sea as grey as stone,
A coldness sweeps across you, the chill, it bites your skin,
And right now you'd do anything to not feel so alone,
You look to the horizon, as far as you can see,
And search your mind and memories, to find that missing key,
To open up that chest you have that's lost beyond the tide,
The answers that you trapped within, now buried deep inside.

You're staring at a lighthouse, above Poseidon's core,
You hear the waves, their churning, along the soggy shore,
Their white lines in the distance, like cracks on broken glass,
And as you stand, you're yearning, just wishing there was more,
A day to hold your lover, a night to spend with friends,
Just anything that you could feel once more before it ends,
To laugh and drink and dance, with the people you adore,
And note how much they mean to you, when they're not there anymore.

You're staring at a lighthouse, the wind it growls, it roars,
The clouds above you open up, the rain comes down, it pours,
You feel it beating at your face, and soaking in your clothes,
And see the waves come rising up and crash against the shore,
The sky around you darkens, a blackened sheet above,
You think about the friends you had, the people that you love,
Thunder booms around you, and lightning strikes the sea,
Lamenting all the wrongs you've done and how things came to be.

You're staring at a lighthouse, alone and cold and scared,
Every person that you've ever loved has vanished in thin air,
And right now you'd do anything to have them by your side,
To look them deep into their eyes and tell them that you care,
No longer will you see the sunrise break between the trees,
Not the stars amongst the sky, nor the gentle morning breeze,
And in your final moments, a tear forms in your eye,
Because right now you'd do anything to just have one more try.

But you're not staring at a lighthouse, you're staring at a page,
You're staring at a second chance, a chance to change your ways,
And as you read these final words, I just want you to know,
That whatever it is you want from life, it never is too late.

So make the most of all you have, as always, like they say,
Your time is of the essence, don't let it waste away,
Keep hold of all that matters, ignore what never will,
Because everything you'll ever need,
Is here,
For you,
Today.