



Blue Skies

By Denise Bissonnette

Excuse me, what's that you say,
"This interview is finished?"
Pardon me, but I've hardly spoken,
Don't leave me here diminished.
I'm sorry to disappoint you,
To not have the problem you like to fix,
Instead I come with my own story,
With mystery in the mix.

You see, my hope is shallow, my fear is deep,
I have dreams I can barely dream,
But sometimes I can glimpse blue skies,
Just up the road it seems.
So, if you're the kind who likes to keep it simple,
Hey, I can handle that,
But please, don't pass me on
To another bureaucrat!

Is there anyone here who sees beyond,
Who peers behind the smile,
Cuz there's a lot about me you will not know
By opening up my file.
Is there anyone here who cares at all,
To whom I'm more than another case,
Who sees my life's unfolding
Beyond this sorry face?

Is there anyone here who listens
In the rare and tender fashion,
Who'll catch the meaning between my words,
With the net of their compassion?
Is there anyone here who gardens,
Who tends the smallest of seeds,
Cuz sometimes I feel things growin' in me,
Beyond that list of needs!

Is there anyone here who's a gambler?
Who'll back a wounded horse?
Cuz I'll need someone with faith in me
To set me on right course.
Is there anyone here who's a coach,
The one who loves that final lap,

Someone who will coax from me,
Resources hidden and untapped?

Is there anyone here who's a dreamer,
Who sees with faraway eyes,
Cuz my choices are looking rather dismal,
But I'm open to surprise!
Is there anyone here who's an explorer,
Who searches for truth beyond the facts,
Who'll focus on my possibilities
And not just what I lack?

Is there a Keeper of the Flame here,
The one who likes to inspire?
Cuz though my world appears quite dark,
I still feel the holy fire!
Is there anyone here who believes in miracles,
Like the one with loaves and fishes,
Cuz according to you I'm going to need a lot more
Than luck and your good wishes!

Because you see, when I go home today
And my family asks, "How did it go down there?"
They won't be asking about my day,
They're waiting for me to report to them,
"Hey, I'm on my way –
Somewhere hopeful, somewhere new,
Just up ahead those skies are blue!"
So, if that's not you, that's okay,
I'm really fine with that,
But please don't pass me on
To another bureaucrat!

So go ahead, scan the place,
Find the one who's on a mission,
To change the world, one life at a time,
Start with mine, you've my permission!
Cuz my hope is shallow, my fear is deep,
I have dreams I can hardly dream,
But once in a while I can glimpse blue skies,
Just up the road it seems.
I don't need anybody brilliant,
Particularly worldly or wise,
Just send me to that someone
Who believes in bright blue skies!

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