

Andrea Gibson – “Say Yes”

When two violins are placed in a room if a chord on one violin is struck
the other violin will sound the note
If this is your definition of hope
This is for you
The ones who know how powerful we are
Who know we can sound the music in the people around us
simply by playing our own strings
for the ones who sing life into broken wings
open their chests and offer their breath
as wind on a still day when nothing seems to be moving
Spare those intent on proving god is dead

For you when your fingers are red
from clutching your heart
so it will beat faster
For the time you mastered the art of giving yourself for the sake of someone else
For the ones who have felt what it is to crush the lies
and lift truth so high the steeples bow to the sky
This is for you

This is also for the people who wake early to watch flowers bloom
Who notice the moon at noon on a day when the world
has slapped them in the face with its lack of light
For the mothers who feed their children first
and thirst for nothing when they're full

This is for women
And for the men who taught me only women bleed with the moon
but there are men who cry when women bleed
men who bleed from women's wounds
and this is for that moon
on the nights she seems hung by a noose
For the people who cut her loose
and for the people still waiting for the rope to burn
about to learn they have scissors in their hands

This is for the man who showed me
the hardest thing about having nothing
is having nothing to give
Who said the only reason to live is to give ourselves away
So this is for the day we'll quit our jobs and work for something real
We'll feel for sunshine in the shadows
look for sunrays in the shade

This is for the people who rattle the cage that slave wage built
and for the ones who didn't know the filth until tonight
But right now are beginning songs that sound something like
people turning their porch lights on and calling the homeless back home

This is for all the shit we own
and for the day we'll learn how much we have
when we learn to give that shit away
This is for doubt becoming faith
For falling from grace and climbing back up
For trading our silver platters for something that matters
like the gold that shines from our hands when we hold each other

This is for the grandmother who walked a thousand miles on broken glass
to find that single patch of grass to plant a family tree
where the fruit would grow to laugh
For the ones who know the math of war
has always been subtraction
so they live like an action of addition
For you when you give like every star is wishing on you
and for the people still wishing on stars
this is for you too

This is for the times you went through hell so someone else wouldn't have to
For the time you taught a 14 year old girl she was powerful
This is for the time you taught a 14 year old boy he was beautiful
For the radical anarchist asking a republican to dance
cause what's the chance of everyone moving from right to left
if the only moves they see are NBC and CBS

This is for the no becoming yes
For scars becoming breath

For saying I love you to people who will never say it to us
For scraping away the rust and remembering how to shine
For the dime you gave away when you didn't have a penny
For the many beautiful things we do
For every song we've ever sung
For refusing to believe in miracles
because miracles are the impossible coming true
and everything is possible

This is for the possibility that guides us
and for the possibilities still waiting to sing
and spread their wings inside us
'Cause tonight saturn is on his knees
proposing with all of his ten thousand rings
that whatever song we've been singing we sing even more
The world needs us right now more than it ever has before
Pull all your strings
Play every chord
If you're writing letters to the prisoners
start tearing down the bars
If you're handing our flashlights in the dark
start handing our stars
Never go a second hushing the percussion of your heart
Play loud
Play like you know the clouds have left too many people cold and broken
and you're their last chance for sun
Play like there's no time for hoping brighter days will come
Play like the apocalypse is only 4...3...2
but you have a drum in your chest that could save us
You have a song like a breath that could raise us
like the sunrise into a dark sky that cries to be blue
Play like you know we won't survive if you don't
but we will if you do
Play like saturn is on his knees
proposing with all of his ten thousand rings
that we give every single breath
this is for saying--yes
This is for saying yes