

## CALL & RESPONSE

You say it'll be nothing,  
but it's everything—

that it'll be a waste,  
but it's the one joy—

that the dullest dream is better,  
but it's already a dream within a dream—

that no one loves you,  
but every goddamn thing is love—

that none of it makes sense,  
but mystery's the point—

that a garbage pile is more beautiful,  
but it's just as beautiful—

that we need a savior,  
but we're already saved—

that everyone's doing better,  
but each holds a private wonder—

that something's needed,  
but no one needs a thing—

that we should just give up,  
but that's not what we do—

that it's all a bunch of dirt,  
but it's soil for the sunflower—

that everything is a lie,  
but that's how stories are told—

that we only ever suffer,  
but yeah... that's true—

but since we suffer, we make music,  
and when we make music, we dance,

and we dance into the darkness,

celebrating the great trash heap  
on which golden flowers bloom.