

Sunshine, Vol. 1

I hold my mother's hand through a raging storm, and the clouds are a thread of yarn wrapped
like a noose around sunshine

That is to say: Sunshine wraps around my mother's hand, and I am in a raging storm that
threads together clouds holding my mother's doubts

That is to say: Sunshine wraps around my hands and my mother no longer threads together, a
noose made of light tightens around rains instead of clouds and doubt eclipses the stars

That is to say my mother is sunshine

My mother notices all the details on a bright sunny day and is never seen in the shadows, my
mother's smile is worth a thousand fireflies

My mother's sunshine is a clumsy thing, though

In its quest to notice the joy it misses the lines tangled around its feet, and now my mother trips
over her own light rays

That is to say: Sunshine only lasts so long as there's something to reflect it back

That is to say: Sunshine's gotta learn it cannot refract itself into rising from the ground

That is to say: My mother's sunshine trips on a thread of yarn made of dark

Made of doubts

Made of clouds

That is to say my mother is sunshine

And sunshine only lasts as long as the day breathes, as the day lasts

That is to say my mother's depression is a thread of storm clouds

And my mother drowns in daybreak until thunder crackles, until clouds roll in

She's learned how to swim upstream, she told me once

She takes her light and uses the downpour as a canvas for a rainbow

Her eyes were bright then, but I see her in the flood now and know her fight shouldn't be a solitary
one of clouds and rivers

That is to say: I hold my mother's hand

Shades of gray color our faces as she thinks of letting my hold slip, but my mother's love is not
unfounded, we are not family merely by name

That is to say: I am her blood just as much as my mother is sunshine

That is to say: I am made of blood that comes from stars

That is to say: I must be sunshine

For a doubting star, a thread of hope instead of clouds

So that day sunshine spills from my fingers and our hands are brighter than the eye of her
monster's storm

Together we believe in this without seeing any luminance

Together, our hands shine and intertwine and my mother's sunshine does not go out in the winds

After all, sunshine only lasts so long as there's something to reflect it back

That is to say: I hold my mother's hand through a raging storm, and we become stars