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Silas House

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Remember when we were little how we would lie up there
on that ridge and watch the clouds? We had been raised to feel guilty
about everything. Had been brought up to fear the Rapture.
We worried all the time about the possibility
of blasphemy, or that we would be possessed by the devil.

They did not tell us that we didn't know anyone
who wasn't just like us. They did not tell us that there
was a whole other world out there, and other kinds
of gods and fears and joys and songs to sing. We knew not what we
did. We could have never imagined a day like this, a day

a giant awakes from an eight year slumber, fists unclenched.
Bones popping as legs stretch. The giant says aloud, to no one,
to everyone: "Alright, it's time to get out of this bed.
It's time to get up and get started." We could not have ever
thought the thrill of hope such an attainable thing, right

at our fingertips, a little bird that has lighted on our knee,
waiting and ready to be cupped up by our scarred hands.