God Made Me

Shearwater

My children at the end of the line
My children at the breaking wall
The clouds is opening over the earth
The palms a dark and waving wall
And we call back to the old familiar life
Please hide meMy father climbs to the top of the rail
His head above the roaring world
His body burning, his eyes on the waves
And a god below the waterline
And the grim towers along the barrier line
In the cold light of a weakening starUnchain meThrough the last shower
Of fire wheels in the air
I am life breathed in the radiant lie
God made me

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