The Song That Holds Us Still

After The Sirens

"Carry me when my legs give out," he says.
We did not expect this bramble,
this thick of thorns.
You always see us running to anywhere
but where we're meant to,
the belly of the sea.
Breathing in the womb,
the surrogate mouth of divinity.
And we're scraping our hands across
our skinny wrists,
These skinny wrists.We have seen Your labor:
this looming mountain,
this foaming sea,
this endless field of briars.
We have seen You.I want to tell You when I see You
that I've done the best with what I've had
just like You did.We want Your favor
and I'll ask again tomorrow.

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