# held

## Iambia

Two months is too little, they let him go
They had no sudden healing
To think that providence
Would take a child from his mother
While she prays, is appallingWho told us wed be rescued
What has changed and
Why should we be saved from nightmares
Were asking why this happens to usWho have died to live, its unfair
This is what it means to be held
How it feels when the sacred is torn from your life
And you surviveThis is what it is to be loved and to know
That the promise was that when everything fell
Wed be heldThis hand is bitterness
We want to taste it and
Let the hatred numb our sorrows
The wise hand opens slowly
To lilies of the valley and tomorrowThis is what it means to be held
How it feels, when the sacred is torn from your life
And you surviveThis is what it is to be loved and to know
That the promise was that when everything fell
Wed be heldIf hope if born of suffering
If this is only the beginning
Can we not wait for one hour
Watching for our SaviorThis is what it means to be held
How it feels, when the sacred is torn from your life
And you surviveThis is what it is to be loved and to know
That the promise was that when everything fell
Wed be held

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