

Hold Me When I Die

...GOD

I pause and wonder:
am I not sought more than I seek
and are you not the hunter
I the cowed prey
trembling in the dark?

If I could speak my heart
spill my cup of words
scream my wildest wishes
it would all be the same
ever the same banging door
blind windows, the light's energy ebbing
and I, heavy with sleep, turning
to silence, to shadow, saying
"Late, it is late!"
As I pull over my hungry eyes
great blankets of clouds
quilts of soothing snow...

YOU

my hunter
lift me now
ease me out of time.
With your left hand, gather me
make speed to kingdom come
make life, make fire
to spark the turning wheel
They burn, the days, the centuries, ages!
With colors of amber
blues of precious gems
the joyous red of roses
time burns
and a new earth rises
and a new greening.
With your right hand
hold me!