

Song of the Water Lilies

Have you ever watched a Water Lily grow?
They are creatures of the light.

Slowly, they unfold their bodies and offer
their scented song to the world.

Light does that—gently pulls the music
out of you, rendering you (weightless) yet
full as a hive of raw, unadulterated honey.

I am standing at a cliff's edge—
arms open wide like a man on a cross— ready
to be delivered from the weight of things.

Time has worn me like a favorite pair of jeans
and now there are more holes in me than songs,
more air in me than warmth.

I am cold always cold. My flesh has reached
its limit and now cries in the night for the clock to stop
his wielding of cruel hands.

Have you ever heard such a sad song? I look at the birds
and envy the confidence they hold in their own wings,
the joy they express in the finding of a grovelling worm.

But the pieces of my heart are steadfast still— they wait
for the wooing of the light. Soon, it will rise and pour
like a jar of honey over me and I will be covered—
resurrected—
in sweet sticky delight.

My holes will become holy and my cries
will blossom into songs of victory.

Have you ever tasted such a song?
Richer than King Solomon, fuller than the fiery bush
or the ancient land as it wept waters of destruction,
where only faithfulness could save you?

I am young I am weak but I am learning:
the song of the Water Lily only rises
after receiving the light.