

# After The Sirens, The Song That Holds Us Still

"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.

Oh I could not, I could not  
wait to be let out  
I'll ask again tomorrow.  
And I will not, I will not  
be found wanting in Your house.