

# Sam Phillips, Your Hands

I walked to the edge  
stood over breaking ground to hear your voice  
as the earth gives out under  
my soul feels like a stone  
it feels like a star (as Rilke might have said)

as I'm falling  
I feel your hands holding on to me  
as I'm falling  
you're holding on

he said the moon looked like the battered face  
of Jesus on the cross  
then he laid me down  
I wrap this longing around me  
and wait for some sign of you  
my balance is gone