

Four Word Letter (Pt. Two)

mewithoutYou

I wrote a four word letter,
With post-script in crooked lines,
"Tho I'd lived I'd never been alive."
You know who I am - you held my hem
As I traveled blind
Listening to a whispering in my ear,
Soft but getting stronger,
Telling me the only purpose of my being here
Is to stay a bit longer.

Stealing a bicycle chain,
As the handlebars crashed to the ground,
The back wheel detached from the frame,
It kept rolling, yeah, but aimlessly drifting around.

Oh, doubters, let's go down,
Lets go down - won't you come on down?
Oh doubters, lets go down-
Down, to the river to pray?

"But I'm so small I can barely be seen - how can this great love be inside of me?"
Look at your eyes - they're small in size, but they see enormous things.

Wearing black canvas slippers
In our frog-on-a-lily-pad pose
We sewed buttons and zippers
To chinese pink silk
And olive night clothes
If you can someday stop by
Somehow we'll show you the pictures and fix you some tea
(see, my dad's getting a bit older now and just unimaginably lonely).

Oh, pretenders, let's go down
Lets go down- won't you come on down?
Oh, pretenders
Lets go down-
Down to the river and pray?

"Oh but I'm so afraid, and I'm set in my ways"
But he'll make the rabbits and rocks sing his praise.
"But I'm too tired, I won't last long."
No, he'll use the weak to overcome the strong!

Oh, Amanda, let's go down
Lets go down- won't you come on down?
Mama, Nana, lets go down, down in the dirt by the river to pray?

You struck the match - why not be utterly changed by fire?
To sacrifice the shadow and the mist
Of a brief life you never much liked - So if you'd care to come along we're
gonna curb all our never-ending,
clever complaining (as who's ever heard of a singer criticized by his song?)
We hunger, but though all that we eat brings us little relief we don't know
quite what else to do,
We have all our beliefs but we don't want our beliefs,
God of peace, we want you.