

Small

JJ Heller

Cardboard cutouts on the floor
People wish that you were more like what they wanted you
to be
Eventually they won't have much of you at all in their
theology
The walls are closing in on you
You cannot be contained at all

I don't want to make you small
I don't want to fit you in my pocket
A cross around my throat
You are brighter than the sun
You're closer than the tiny thoughts I have of you
But I could never fathom you at all

Broken moldings all around
Broken people hit the ground
When they discover that you're not here for our benefit
You love in spite of us
You use the least of us to prove the strong aren't really
strong at all