

Your Hands

Sam Phillips

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