

Tethered

Sleeping at Last

We were married by the ocean.
We were tethered by the sea.
We tied string around our fingers
To remember our ideals.

I'll be brave when you are frightened.
You'll be strong when I am weak in the knees.
I'll be calm when you have had enough of these rushing waves.
You'll be the oxygen I need.

We'll take turns to untangle the knots,
Though our hands may be tied,
It's all a part of the plot.
Cat's cradle etiquette, we oblige,
As we learn to enlace for the rest of our lives.

You'll be balance when I waver.
I'll be warmth when you are shivering cold.
You'll be patience when I've had enough of this waiting game.
I'll be the anchor cast below.

We'll take turns to untangle the knots,
Though our hands may be tied,
It's all a part of the plot.
Cat's cradle etiquette, we oblige,
As we learn to enlace for the rest of our lives.