

## Words in the Water

Thrice

Standing knee-deep in cold water, swiftly moving  
Somehow I knew I lost something

Waiting waist-deep I saw a book there, in the river  
Waiting for me to find it there  
I tried to read it, neck deep, treading water  
The tide pulled me out to sea

Then with water in my eyes  
The words began to rise from their place  
They were beautiful and dread  
I reached for them and fed on each phrase  
They were honey on my lips  
Then a bitter twist in my side  
I knew they'd lay me in my grave  
"Is there no one who could save me? " I cried  
Sinking down deep through cold water and heavy silence  
Shadows stirring in the gloom  
What things lay sleeping down deep in the darkness?  
Woke then to find me in my tomb

Then with water in my eyes  
The words began to rise from their place  
They were beautiful and dread  
I reached for them and fed on each phrase  
They were honey on my lips  
Then a bitter twist in my side  
I knew they'd lay me in my grave  
"Is there no one who could save me? " I cried

And when I lost all hope to look  
Someone took that heavy book from my hands  
All it's weight they set aside  
After they had satisfied it's demands  
I felt white and black reverse  
And the lifting of a curse from my heart  
Then like one receiving sight  
I beheld a brilliant light in the dark