

## Woven Hand

### "Four Letter Word"

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I wrote a four word letter...with post-script in crooked lines,  
"Though I'd lived I'd never been alive."  
And you know who I am...you held my hem as I traveled blind,  
Listening to the 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,  
And the back wheel detached from the frame, it kept rolling, yeah,  
But aimlessly drifting around.

Oh, doubters, let's go down...let's go down, won't you come on down?  
Oh, doubters, let's go down...down to the river to pray.  
"Oh, 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 could 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...let's go down, won't you come on down?  
Oh, pretenders, let's go down...down to the river to pray.  
"Oh, but I'm so afraid" or "I'm set in my ways"  
But He'll make the rabbits and rocks sing His praise.  
"Oh, 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...let's go down, won't you

come on down?  
Mama, Nana, let's go down...down in the dirt by the  
river to pray.

(A wick to fit the wax...wood to fit the wire)

You strike the match...why not be utterly changed to  
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?  
Though we hunger, 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.

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