

Woven Hand

"Four Word Letter"

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I wrote a four word letter, with post script, in crooked lines,
"Tho I'd lived I'd never been alive."
You know who I am
You held my hem as I traveled
Blind listening to a whispering in my ear,
Soft, but getting stronger,
Telling me the only purpose of my being here is to stay
a
Bit longer.
So I stole a bicycle chain,
The handlebars crashed to the ground,
The back wheel detached from the frame,
It kept rolling, but aimlessly drifting around

Oh, doubters, let's go down
Won't you come on down to the river to pray?
"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 that frog-on-a-lily-pad
Pose.
We sewed buttons and zippers to pink chinese silk
And olive night clothes.
If you can omeday stop by somehow we'll show you
The pictures & fix you some tea.

(See, my dad's getting a bit older now, and just
Unimaginable lonely)

Oh, pretenders, let's go down.
Won't you come on down to the river and pray?
"But I'm so afraid," or "I'm set in my ways"
But he'll make the rabbits and rocks sing his praise
"But I'm so tired, I won't last long."
No, he uses weak things to overcome the strong!
Oh Amanda, let's go down

Mama, nana, won't you come on down to the river and

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 mich liked
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?)
We hunger, but through all that we eat brings us a 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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