

My Epic "Communion"

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Lovers' eyes are meant to gaze
Convey the weight of a poet's praise
And hands designed to hold
To say what lips cannot

Lovers live for embrace
Their forms enjoined as their pulses race
Their forms are steady and sure
And this act, their bond restores
And it's love without remorse

I'm told that you hold all things
And without you that I'd cease to be
Oh my lover I feel alone, and though I know these are
primitive needs
I still need you here to hold me

A cup, a candle and this bread
A table for remembrance
The quiet awe of penitence
The still refrain of broken men

In this moment weakness speaks
I feel the weight of my being
And for the moment you release
The particles in everything

I am undone

I'm told that you hold all things
And without you that I'd cease to be
Oh my Jesus I feel alone, and I know these are primitive
needs
But I still need you here to hold me

But You don't just hold me
You hold me together

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