

## Stuart Davis

### "Alms"

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Take my chest and blow it open  
make a bomb out of this heart  
let what's unseen push my ribs apart  
it's a start

You crack the shell to find the bird  
You part the mouth to make the word  
You shake the sky to feed the sea  
now shake me

You pierce the skin to clear the wound  
You cut the reed to sound the tune  
You split the seed to bring the tree  
now break me

Take my hand and pull it open  
pry these fingers from my palm  
let every fist I make be broken  
into a place for alms

Stretch this thread into Your loom  
pick this rose to scent Your room  
boil these leaves to make Your tea  
boil me

Mold the bones that form this face  
break the dam that holds Your grace  
burn a wick so light can be  
burn me

Take me  
where the sheep are catching wolves  
where the parts are weaving wholes  
where the drop contains the sea  
where You are me

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