

Ws

"Row Him Home"

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(Nicky Mehta)

Across that river through the orange squares of light
Past the streetlamp like a beacon in the rain
You've stopped in all this motion
You're heavy with news too sudden
You're breathing through this undertow of pain

And all your friends will gather soon
And you'll surface then to bring them through
You'll say "it's better this way" and "at least we knew"
But this practice in leaving
All these small moves to grieving
Does it ever really promise what's deserved?

You want to take him in your arms
And carry to the river
Find the boy he once was and row him home
You want a majesty restored
Find the place where love was born and let him go

Many Sundays passed since the day of his first leaving
You stopped asking for the rule to be reversed
And with the grace that follows those who know what
love is
You held his hand and walked towards this strange
rebirth
And as the friends gather round to bear witness
You struggle with the fight to find some peace, to make
it worth it

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