Robin Holcomb "The Natural World"

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Separate the Wings and the roots And the motions of The natural world

Celebrate all high and Private places With what you have made Perfect

And still

How much more
Can the waters hold?
How many more beats
In the "Hallelujah"?
Who can read these directions
For turning around

Who do you know I can confess to? (Who can I confess to?)

Who do you know I can confess to? (Who can I confess to?)

Who do you know I can confess to? (Who can I confess to?)

Who can I confess to?

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