

In This Moment

I come to you empty-handed.  
In this moment  
I am stripped of all the things I never needed.  
Like a dog licking its wounds  
I counted my abandonments.  
When I named them,  
Many times I was forced to call my own name.

Empty and emptier  
I often found myself at the edge with nothing to hold onto;  
I grabbed anything close by,  
The claw of a predator, a handful of dust  
Sometimes I made it to safer ground this way  
But then I was left facing a fanged grin  
Or a fistful of dirt for the wind to scatter.  
I made my peace with nothing

What I offer you now is less than before  
There is little to block my dark soul from bleeding through to the surface  
But it is my soul and I know that you see it, wounds and all

In this moment  
I return by my own choice  
In this moment  
I call your name along with my own,  
Not in abandonment this time,  
But in a hopeful question of love