

Coins And Promises

Margaret Becker

I should know better
I should believe You
But leaves are falling
And I am crumbling in brittle pieces

I should remember
How well You warmed me
But I'm standing in the browns and greys
Of a season's ending

They say everyone must toss the coin of fate
I think it's such a cold, cold comfort for comfort's sake

So I take these coins and promises
And I hold them in my trembling hands
One is chance, one is rest
One I toss
The other I live

I fear the forecast
I know it can move me
Still I close my eyes and try to remember
The sweet words You told me
I am simply so unprepared
So weak and frightened by the whole affair

I cannot stand
But I will not fall
Without Your promises
Nothing makes sense at all
So I dig them in
And I dare my soul to believe