

Words in the Water

Thrice

Standing knee-deep in cold water, swiftly moving
Somehow I knew I lost something

Waiting waist-deep I saw a book there, in the river
Waiting for me to find it there
I tried to read it, neck deep, treading water
The tide pulled me out to sea

Then with water in my eyes
The words began to rise from their place
They were beautiful and dread
I reached for them and fed on each phrase
They were honey on my lips
Then a bitter twist in my side
I knew they'd lay me in my grave
"Is there no one who could save me? " I cried
Sinking down deep through cold water and heavy silence
Shadows stirring in the gloom
What things lay sleeping down deep in the darkness?
Woke then to find me in my tomb

Then with water in my eyes
The words began to rise from their place
They were beautiful and dread
I reached for them and fed on each phrase
They were honey on my lips
Then a bitter twist in my side
I knew they'd lay me in my grave
"Is there no one who could save me? " I cried

And when I lost all hope to look
Someone took that heavy book from my hands
All it's weight they set aside
After they had satisfied it's demands
I felt white and black reverse
And the lifting of a curse from my heart
Then like one receiving sight
I beheld a brilliant light in the dark