

stumble

I keep seeing you stumble, over and over.
I never noticed it before, your weakness
when you saw yourself in the mirror
and came face to face with the future
(finally understanding the road you walk
and beginning to fear the journey's end),
but now it's all I can think about.
You stumbled and fell under the weight
of the death waiting for your heart.

Funny how human that seems to me,
and how your bloody hands flung out
as though to break the inevitable fall
seem more real than any friendly touch.
You have a broken heart and your eyes
call out for a rescue you can't accept
in the words of an ancient tongue.
But you are a god here in brokenness,
a bloody Eden born at your feet.

I keep seeing you stumble, over and over,
and it's funny how human it seems.

~ *Miriam Joy*