

Let Me Make You Sacred

by Jé Maverick

Let me make sacred once again
these crimson scars that roar your grief.
The dark songs that hide in you like angry thieves,
jeering your pale name; crouching
by the thin road of your weakness;
let me cast them out with a ringing reverence.

I long to see you through the cloud of your illusion;
to cover the slim shadows of your eyes with a broad light
and blazing wonder; to re-invent the shape
of your name: a secret murmured by a dove's flown wing;
the lapping of an autumn tide.

Let me make sacred once again
the harbour where your joy docks, and loosen
the bindings of moored sorrows. Let me worship
the rolled olive of your skin; the eyes full
of this pregnant woe; the life you walk with as
a glacier awaiting thaw.

Let me make sacred once again
with lips, as though a force could not be spent,
these crimson scars that roar your grief.

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