

Following

No other man could still the storm
Seething, surging settling down
No other God could step onboard
With eyes to sleep and lungs to drown.
Safer to face the sea's cold embrace than him.

A carpenter told me where to fish
But gave me a catch I could not hold
Shaking I knelt in the sinking boat
And left heaps of fish on the beach unsold.
I've come on the run, but what have I done

To follow?
To follow?
Your burdens are light
But your blessings are heavy, almost too weighty to bear
There's a hook in this meal, to receive is to follow
And you won't always say where
What fool would dare follow you?

Hands that once healed are now spread wide
Tide-walking feet now fixed as one
The Lord of the sea like a fish hangs dried
Stroked by the lash, the taunts, the sun.
Broken to feed a much deeper need than we knew.

What do I have that is not Yours?
Curses and thanks on borrowed breath,
Rowing away with borrowed oars,
Not even alone in lonely death.
A net from the deep is rising beneath me now.