

HYMN TO A LIFE-LOVING GOD

Poseidon—
your storm clouds
over our heads.

Wash us,
make us
new.

Show us
the sea buried
deep within our hearts.

Be our fresh
awakening
of splashing Eros.

Flood us,
drag us
out to the ocean.

Make us
weary, then
wash us up again

in Ithaca,
covered in weeds
and sea scum.

In our filth,
we wait for you
to take us again.

Turning us,
tossing us in the sea,
rolling and swirling about.

You seek
our suffering,
and in suffering we live.

Waiting on the shore
we long for you,
salted and stale.

PHILIP BOLD