

Grace White
Pd 3

wing clipper

i walked far and wide
and for Him
i searched for wild things like horses and eucalyptus in the depths of arctic tundras

i carried the weight of Him on my back as i scaled mountains and swam up rivers
but i could not find

whatever it is that
He wanted
He needed
to quench His insatiable desire for something not even He knew

i called the children and missionaries and foreigners to sing out His name
yet He only told them to sing louder

i brought him jewels and opulence from all over the creation
yet He said to find something bigger...something shinier

i cut the heart of the finest lamb yet He only said
you got blood on my sleeves

and then finally

I arose

the children and missionaries and foreigners sang out my name
and I laughed with gilded joy

they brought me jewels and opulence from the entirety of our great great world and I was lavish
with precious gems and delight

and then he cut the heart of the second finest lamb for me
and I said
you got blood on my sleeves

This is where I rise up
This is where I create my own justice
I once walked far and wide for him
not anymore