

Ways to Love

Jason Webley

Our mother made us into swimmers.
She threw her babes into this river,
Full of mud and dense with weeds, a century of odd debris,
We learned to fight and learned to love-
Our breaths were short we shared them with our brothers.
We learned new games under the covers,
How to laugh and how to grieve,
We learned to trust, we learned to leave.
We found this water's deeper than we-
Guessed we had learned enough ways to love,
Still I don't know mother who we are.

Our minds were sharp, our bodies burning,
We gave ourselves over to learning.
How to break and how to give,
Betrayal taught us to forgive,
We stretched and soaked up everything-
They taught us well, we were first in our classes,
We learned to see through many glasses,
How to sink and how to fly,
We learned to watch each other die
My God, this course is harder than we-
Thought we had learned enough ways to love,
Still I don't know mother where we are.
We thought we were walking the way to love.

Our mother made us into swimmers,
She threw us straight into the river.
Our minds were sharp, our bodies burning,
We threw ourselves into our learning
Dear God, this current's stronger than we-
Thought we had learned enough ways to love
Still I don't know mother who you are.
I thought I was well on my way to love.

Do we have time to take a nap?
The house is on fire, the sky is falling.
Baby get back. Get back. This is your mother calling.