

# Dear Wrinkled Face

Greg Brown

Dear wrinkled face,

Oh, lover friend.

Best enemy,

I love your hands.

That whole fine mind

Every place

I find myself,

Dear wrinkled face

Such midnight love

On this cross hung

Would have scared us

When we were young.

Our sweat flows down

Along this trace

The way is steep,

Dear wrinkled face.

Why should we fear

To say God's name?

We are from here,

And go as we came.

We're part of all

This terror and grace.

Give me a kiss,

Dear wrinkled face.

Though in this deal

We can't always speak

Of what we feel

My legs go weak

When your dark eyes

Light up this space,

We're yours, we're mine,

Dear wrinkled face.