

Believer

Joe Henry

Way down in a low place
Yawning into field
Skirting now the river pushing water, further falling; lower still
Oh, my word
Oh, my captain
Oh, my ghost stepped into view—
My disappeared redeemer's
Lost believer seen in you

Steering wide of shelter
Flung afield and out afar
Under eyes that play and shine and give away just what savages
we are
Oh, my stars
Oh, my dear lonesome

Oh, the least that I can do—
My rearranging stranger's
Finest danger seen in you

Thrown out for the starlings
In air and at your feet
Commanded by a weather to be gathered, one calls 'forward,' then
'retreat.'
Oh, my witness
My revolution
Marching headlong into blue—
My creature now forgiven
My reliving seen in you