

# 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