

Courage

Maria McKee

Sweet Beatrice is rooted to the earth in such an arresting way
A magnetic pulse grounds her with singular authority
And her charge is surging upwards and out
Then cascading down so at odds with her fragility
It is a disarming gift held in someone so young
And so winsomely arranged

And I search her motions
In an attempt to find the primer
To read all that she discloses
Just short of calculating her mystery
I hope to never uncover from afar with a view
Until the distance rocks my body with gloom
And I drift hollow through my days
Blind to the world and all of its
Treasures and betrayals

And I know that she may be the only one
To rescue me out of this
If she were to somehow know
And to find my affection for her ridiculous
Oh but that would kill me

But I will never have the courage to tell her
I will never have the courage to tell her
And she walks by and I must love suffering
And she walks by and she walks by and I must love suffering

I have decided I will not confess
To these words fraught with urgency and longing
I will hedge and I will deflect
And talk of metaphor and broad stroking
Before I give myself away
Before I implicate my undoing
It is nobody's business
If I should hoard this sacred thing among my ruins

And I cannot help but drink in all of her beauty
As it is now peaking
And so much about her
So informs the graceful story I've been seeking
And I, I thought I'd seen everything

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In the Witching Hour, in the night
When the words descend like Manna from the throne
And the pumping at the pedal
And the lingering echo of my left hand drone
I will go down into the pit
And to the edge of any length
Where lies the magic and the wit
And the power to invent
And I'm so grateful that she fell into my vision

Just as she is, so winsomely arranged
And I am working at a fevered pace now
Just to transcend her
And elevate her ways to a context of high art
That will defend her
And I, I pray that I am worthy of this

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