

God Made Me

Shearwater

My brother stands at the back of the line
my children at the breaking wall
the clouds are opening over the earth
the palms a dark and waving wall
and we call back to the old familiar life
please hide me

My father climbs to the top of the rail
his head above the roaring world
his body burning
his eyes on the waves
and a God below the waterline

And the grim towers along the barrier line
in the cold light of a weakening star
unchain me

Though the last shower of fire wheels in the air
I am life breathed in the radiant lie
God made me