

## WAVES (TAKEN HOLD)

The waves that took you away from me  
are trying to draw me in  
I know this—  
when the waves: salty and cold  
wash over my toes  
as if they know  
I'm afraid  
of what's in the water.  
Because they don't care  
whether you are young or old  
I can't let my body be taken hold.

The waves that took you away from me  
are doing my head in,  
they know I'm staring at them  
and they're putting on a show,  
to let me know  
that they have the answer  
to my unspoken question,  
of whether they will take me next?

Their answer is yes,  
but they won't tell me when  
as they feel joy when they see my tears  
because they're aware of my fears,

so they love to keep me guessing.

The waves that took you away from me

soar higher and higher

pointing toward the place

where you watch over me,

where one day you'll come down

take my hand and keep me safe,

when my time comes to enter.

I hope that day is far away,

if it is, I willingly surrender.

But for now I'll stay

and I'll find my way

back to shore,

and I'll keep walking

until I can't take steps anymore.

I can't let my body be taken hold.

Not yet.