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Consecration

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Consecration

by Kymberli G. Ward

Now I must tell you what I did not need
to say before;
our flesh so close
as if to confirm patience and prayer.

I have felt no pain, made no promises.
My past has been prodigal enough with promise and vow.
This is different.

As close as breath, as close as death
you are in me,
as the shadows of the past
are pressed into the future.

Let them open my body when I am dead:
they will find in me a spaciousness
I have called your presence.
Etched more deeply than any mark of mother or father,
in me they will find you and know
that all my days you followed me;
that all the long nights I was faithful.

To you I came as the wild hart thirsting.
“Let us go forth into the desert,” it is written.
“There I will give you my love.”

