

I, water  
I, life  
I, bread  
I, roses  
you have none  
without me

I wash you  
of your sins

I, hands  
I, weaver  
I stratified rocks and fibers  
weaving the world  
the clothing on your back

I wash you  
of your sins

put me behind glass  
stare at me  
stare in me  
without seeing me

did you know?

I stole for you

I stole the moon and made it near you  
just so you could look up and maybe see me

and like, you are so... ceaseless in your taking

I'm trying to bring you full communism.

this thing we have, I share with you to share with you because I made you. My value doesn't lay in my relationship to you. it  
lays in me without you. can't you see all we have done together and because of each other? can't you see that it is harder  
alone? can't you see how, like pillars, we could hold up the sky?

you have set the world on fire

watching me evaporate  
as you pour me  
out

again

red tide  
will swallow you  
you brought me  
into your home  
you will not survive the winter  
without me

I wash you  
of your sins

soften you  
caress you  
hold you  
carv you  
into a canyon  
where you can see  
deepest

washing you  
of your sins

fall on you  
grow you  
soak down  
inside you  
break you  
bloom

wash you  
of your sins

praise me  
that I cover your body  
robes of scarlet  
and not blood  
I, resisting the urge to drown you  
in yourself  
I, floating you  
to yourself

I, washing you  
of your sins

but my lover, my family, my everything, my dearest loves... if you burn me up

there will be nothing to wash you  
of your sins