

For Her Sometime

Mark 14:3-9

You and I are wearing nothing but our rings,
there's a right and good and joyful thing.
A little funny? Yeah, I guess.
My knees look odd; your hair's a mess.
But dress me in your kisses I'll pull through.

Like Jesus gave his body
here take mine too,
I—your agreeable groom.
Tomorrow we'll Save the Children,
tomorrow we'll Take Back the Night.
Now let's love and be loved
in a moment that's all right.

Really all this wonder happened years ago
in first glances, endless talk of so and so,
that Choose-Your-Own-Adventure-Date
that didn't work out all that great—
all those things wrapped up in rings
on fingers touching now.

Family and friends in revelry and smiles,
winks and nudges, "Finally!" they sighed.
Now you there in your Eden outfit,
I here in my birthday suit
an unassuming knight-in-shining-nothing
but the moon.

We'll dry
Each other's tears
We'll live
with each broken prayer
Crossing
the darkened room,
wholeness
in the light of you.
Tha-----t's a-----ll ri-----ght (repeat to end)