

A woman on the edge of a cliff
one more step and she is set free
but she remains rooted at her feet
knowing full well she would be
better off asleep.

It's not that she is afraid nor that
she doesn't want to be free but
no matter how hard she tries to
move her feet, she remains
adamantly unfree.

She reaches out her hand to grasp
at the image of the sea, hoping
a piece would break off and
fall free, making ripples in her
heart for all to see.

He comes ablaze in all his glory
wrapped in cloak of the Holy
Spirit carrying the burdens
and yearnings His arm
stretched out fingers
pointing at her heart.

Come closer my child so I can
see the things you long for the
things that make you weep at
night and hide from those
that wish to see.

In her mind's eye she is moving
towards the tips of his fingers
but the chains are pulled taut
and black hands whisper you
will never be free.

She struggles with her upper
body pulling at the strings
she cannot see the sky is
darkening and His presence
watches her unfree.

Why are you struggling, my child
against the forces alone when
you have me by your side,
the one who has watched over you
since you first fell asleep.

Title: *Tug of War*