

To Hold You

I would like to hold you

The way poets hold small pieces of paper with their hearts poured out in black times new roman lines on a white canvas. Understanding that what you contain in your hands is the most significant thing that you could ever have been a part of, and hoping that after other experience it, they will understand why it is so precious to you.

I would like to hold you

The way a womb holds a life. Because it does so entirely, holds both the hands and feet, both the chest and back, both the heart and mind. It carries this divine burden because it knows that is its only purpose. And what reason for existence is more important than holding a life, a reflection of God himself.

I would like to hold you

They way hope holds humanity. The way we cling to the notion that we will have better lives, and smarter children, and bigger homes, and better jobs, and more love, and greater faith in the years and decades that lie in front of us like rugged mountains we know we must travel. We hold to hope the way I would like to hold to you, knowing without it I might not find reason to wake or sleep in anticipation of the coming day.

I would love to hold you

Because you are worth holding

And I hope you wouldn't mind being held

By me.