

THE RAFT

M.E. Millard

You said, "Come this way."
The only lamp, as need's night grows;
Your trust, the silent shining stars
On this narrow road.

You say, "Come this way,"
With all the mercy of an evening tree;
And in the need of needing I did see
Bird's song, child eyes, winter stars
Crucified.

You said, "Come this way."
You sang it in the mundane song;
And to your raft of kindness
I clung on.