

To be with you

I jump up onto your lap
Bright-eyed, expectant
You welcome me with warm embrace
And place a coloured gift in my hands.
Eagerly, eagerly,
My fumbling fingers scratch at the paper
As I gaze into your clear smiling eyes,
God, spirit-lover.

The long box in my arms opens
- to reveal a sword
Why have you given me a sword?
My breath shakes and my eyes fall.

Wait, child - I have so much more for you.
A helmet, a shield, armour for the fight...

But my fear lingers still!
I am small and soft inside this metal strength.

But my God, my father, jumps from the throne
and enters into my armour.
Skin against skin
You steady and raise my sword-gripping arm
And I breathe your breath
I move at your whispered command

And the joy of being close to you in battle
Is so much greater than the velvet gift I was hoping for.
Oh God! I was made to be with you!