Today Means Amen

By Sierra DeMulder

*Dear you,*  
*Whoever you are,*  
*However you got here,*  
*This is exactly where you are supposed to be.*

*This moment has waited its whole life for you,*  
*This moment is your lover,*  
*And you are a solider,*  
*Come home baby, it’s over,*  
*You don’t need to suffer anymore.*

*Dear you,*  
*This moment is a surprise party,*  
*You are both hiding in the dark,*  
*And walking through the door,*  
*This moment is a Hallelujah,*  
*This moment is your permission slip,*  
*To finally open that love letter,*  
*You’ve been hiding from yourself,*  
*The one you wrote when you were little,*  
*When you still danced like a sparkler at dusk,*  
*Do you remember the moment you realized they were watching,*  
*When you became ashamed of how much light you were holding,*  
*When you first learned how to un-love yourself.*

*Dear you,*  
*The word today, means amen in every language.*  
*Today, we made it,*  
*Today, I’m gonna love you,*  
*Today, the box cutter will rust in the garbage,*  
*Today, the noose will forget how to hold you,*  
*Today,*  
*Today.*

*Dear you,*  
*And I have always meant, you.*  
*Nothing would be the same if you did not exist.*

*You, who were once as small as bouquet,*  
*Who could sleep in the laughs of strangers,*  
*Nothing would be the same if you did not exist.*

*You, who’s voice is someone’s favourite voice,*  
*Someone’s favourite face to wake up to,*  
*Nothing would be the same if you did not exist.*

*You, the teacher,*  
*The starters gun,*  
*The lantern in the night who offers not a way home,*  
*But the courage to travel farther into the dark.*

*You, the lover,*  
*Who worships the taste of her body,*  
*Who is the largest tree ring in his heart,*  
*Who does not let fear ration your love.*

*You, the friend,*  
*The sacred chorus of ‘How can I help you?’*  
*Who have felt more numb than holy,*  
*More cracked than mosaic,*  
*Who has known the tiles of a bathroom by heart,*  
*Who has forgotten what makes you worth it.*

*You, the forgiven,*  
*The forgiver,*  
*Who belongs right here, in this moment.*

*You, this clump of cells,*  
*This happy explosion that happened to start breathing,*  
*And by the grace of whatever is up there,*  
*You got here,*  
*You made it, this whole way,*  
*Through the nights that swallowed you whole,*  
*The mornings that arrived in pieces,*  
*The scabs, the gravel,*  
*The doubt, the hurt,*

*The hurt, the hurt,*  
*Is over today,*  
*You made it,*  
*You made it,*  
*You made it,*  
*Here.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lV-gqLaipW4