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