

a liturgy for when all that comes are tears

creator incarnate,

in the exhaustion of words
and thought running dry
my body pulls at me to cease
through tears outpouring
hindering my frantic search
for ways to explain myself

these tears are weighty
they singe my cheeks
brimming with a slurry of emotion
demanding to be felt

i sit in it with you now to feel it

to feel

my hurt
pain
dismay
sorrow
frustration
fear
shame

as tears flow from body and spirit
i will not fight them
lord help me release my grip
that i would not restrain myself
from the risk of feeling fully

would the truth of your embrace of me
in my brokenness and vulnerability
resonate through my body
as it heaves with the wails of
stories gone untold, pain gone unnamed

as my vision blurs
i call to remembrance
what i once saw clearly
about your goodness
and i declare it still true now
despite the blinding of my tears

let these hot tears fall upon the dust
and be made into healing salve
that my eyes made be opened
to see you rightly
and to see myself rightly before you

that i may live in further freedom
of the fullness of life that you offer me
and hold the words of love
you speak over me
as gospel