

Free Will

Joanna Horton

Who writes a letter anymore? It seems
Too obsolete, self-conscious, even strange.
Why write, when I can see your smile, your dreams
With no delay, wherein your dreams might change?
I write the things for which I have no words,
Held back by thoughts of what your dreams might
bring:
They might leave me behind. If so, like birds
In separate trees, though parted, let us sing.
A coward writes a letter, and so, I think,
Does God. A longing prompts Him, yet He stays,
Calling, not forcing, all to come and drink
The sweet distilled water of His grace.
Is God a coward, to give His own no fetters?
But pleads and waits, as I, for them to read His letters.