Manuscript

by Anna English

the pages of my heart are scribbled with your name
you leak beyond the endings of the chapters
the theme of love and grace of God has pooled between each word
but still you’re present in the punctuation
still you’re present in the punctuation

the paper crinkles when I grasp its edges
the corners bent and worn with introspection
too often I go back to read beginnings
for there is where your name is written down
there is where your name is written down

the messy syntax of my life does wonders
when I look at the places I’ve misstepped
this book cannot be edited in hindsight
but it’s been written by a holy author
it’s been written by a holy author

so take these words and know that I am grateful
for the blots of ink you left behind
you can be found within the very binding
and I believe there’s more of you to find
I believe there’s more of you to find

my fingers run across the beaten cover
when I close up the book to look ahead
as yet it has no title to define me
but nonetheless I’m waiting for the end
nonetheless I’m waiting for the end