

# 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