

Red

You stopped my ramble with a rose;
my feet became like lead.
I met Your loveliness that night—
cool, and fresh, and red.

The crimson cup in front of me
reflects a sober light,
says, “Drink, my dear, and you will live.
My red will make you white.”

In weakness now I try to give
You all You’ve given me
but fall in wonder and in fear,
and offer two red knees.

