

All Of Everything

By Ken Woodley

I will remember

the corner

of your smile,

God.

That is enough for me.

Communion even in my weariness.

That first upward curve of your lips

will remind me of everything that you said would come next,

me believing in the sky and the waves

that I saw from the mountaintop in your eyes

when you planted me

in the skin of this earth.

But I wonder still,

alone now in this deserted place

above the Sea of Galilee,

after the crowds have gone home

with their healing and their scars,

how I can possibly grow all that is needed

by those praying

that my harvest

will be all of the love

that you promised them.

All of the love

that I want for them.

All of the love

that you have given me.

All of that love

I will give to them.

In the end,

I will give all of my all

and leave the rest to you

because all of it

is all I have to give

and

after

all

there is nothing left ungiven.