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Two Poems

by Erika Meyers

Definitions

Circles are the context
of repetition
Words without shape
lose their definition.

Folded into Submission

Dear Heavenly Father
whose perfect ways
are pure like the snow
we pile higher than ourselves,
forgive me.
It has been three
weeks since my last
confession when I forgot
all my sins and told
several lies instead.

Dear Lord
unclench these hands
folded into submission.
Bring feeling
to kneeling knees
waiting to be unbent
so I may stand
as you have stood
equally on opposing
sides of the same entry

Oh God
grant me the vision
to see you as you are
and not as others
would like you to be:
propped up with
open arms
in one direction
like a scarecrow.

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