

Holy

Thylyn Moore

I shrunk myself down
to give you more space.
I starved and destroyed
the one gift He gave
so that you would want me.
Is that not holy?

I fell to my knees
after every heartbreak.
I gave you my all,
it was all I could take,
before I started trembling.
Is that not holy?

I don't think God wants me
after everything I've done
to try to be more worthy of love.

I drain myself dry
for every lost cause.
I have and I hold
and you drown in my flaws.
So I strip myself down
'til I'm just barely bones
and scream after your lies,
a false city of homes.
No, they won't mark my faith
in their overflowing tones,
but I will be holy.