

# Crosswinds Poetry Journal



Volume X ~ 2024

## Spirit Sing For Me

Spirit sing for me  
when I lock up my tongue with fear.  
Spirit push this shame out of my face  
and spirit give me small talk balls  
to pick up and crush in my hands.  
You tell me, but let me roll on  
and dribble freeflow thought  
right out of me where it needs to go  
and show and make brown rivers  
in the dust and stirred  
with a philosopher's finger  
while the world decides  
who should be the first  
to throw the first stone.  
Spirit make me laugh  
with Canadian pennies  
in pocket and look back  
on a tiny stage fright possum  
with the compassion she deserves.  
I learned to push, perform  
and I want to do it  
without flipping into numb.  
I want to do it  
with a genuine crust  
baked in the oven of experience  
and God with your steps and sights,  
let me rhyme, time, jive  
and say your name  
despite the rules and pretend.  
It is tortuous opening up  
but break me open  
with your power –  
or coax me open  
with your heat.  
I am so much braver now,  
but I want to be braver still.

Miranda Barfuss