

Agape

"Will you let me stay with you?" she asked him, her real questions ringing through the silence between them like the sung chords of an ancient and distant music.

Will you let me offer you soul's solace, rang the song beneath her words, will you let me cosset your heart, will you let me reach into what is dark and give you back what is blood and life, water and holy, vital and true?

Will you let me shelter you as the tree protects from the rain, will you let me shield you against the world's scorn and teeth and fracturing, let me guard your joy, screen its candle-flame against the wind?

Will you let me be near you when words fail, let me hold and lift and support you, touch your grieved face with my hands, rest your weary wild head on my breast, harbor you in the cradle of my arms, accepting only what you choose to give? Will you

Let me companion with you, be to you as the dim light of stars in the dark of midnight, the familiar voice greeting you in the dangerous wilds, be as the emptied and waiting hut to which you return after journeying? Will you let me

Give with both hands, show you abundance after long years of drought, let me feed you the bread of laughter, salty broth of games, sugar of music, meat of camaraderie, will you let me nourish your bones and breath and secret heart?

"Will you let me stay?" she asked again, singing full-throated and whole-hearted the words she hoped he heard. Will you let me give, will you let me accept both what you give in return and what you take, what you share and what you withhold,

Will you let me choose your happiness over mine, let me dive into the river knowing there may be no shore, will you let me choose you again and again, will you let me love you, and stay?