

# Amen

Hanging down, a low starry sky,  
moon dripping in silver sways.

A gentle shadow that speaks back to me,  
connecting without words but through silence,  
a feeling of comfort that speaks volumes—

Volumes not measured by a disconnect between,  
but a connection all around.

Maybe I belong.  
Maybe I don't.

My faith in you descends  
just as quickly as the moon leaves me.  
Is it faith, that stole my peace of mind?  
“God will guide you” they tell me  
but is it wrong to feel mistreated, misguided?

We used to talk for hours,  
a familiar fluorescent light would greet my face,  
talking to the moon where I sit  
searching for answers.

Pushed down to my knees surrendering,  
I remember who tugs on the strings of life  
In the far distance rings a too familiar chorus  
“How precious did that grace appear”

Shyly I hum along,  
foolish girl.  
I will not again be bitten.  
I no longer look to the dismal sky,  
its silence covers my eyes.

If I were to scream Amen,  
would I then be a better woman?

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