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I am Jonah

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I am Jonah.
The ship a rocking mouth—a man is talking in my ear—the God I do not fear is calling.
What reed or mountain be my guide—to bring myself up to the door to die—why pray? Why lie?
The darkness follows me from the outside—even darker than the inside.
The flesh upon the coat of sea—and fish—is me—I fall—and then I will be gone.
Oh whisper—whisper in the air—one day the people meet the King I will not follow and I jeer.
My heart in black pieces will be stomped—the worm—the wind—will peak this dying day—I pray—to never be again.
Oh God I be—Why?
A final vine—a death to grow upon—myself—the shadow of myself—to be upon the ground,
this broken ground that takes a beating—as my soul becomes—to know what danger lies inside—I hide and then I’m found.