



Like Jonah turning from the whispered call,
We drifted far from shores we'd once made home,
A storm of words rose up between us all,
And I was left to face the waves alone.
The great fish pulled me down,
Nights inside the dark of doubt and fear,
Yet even there, your memory wrapped around,
A quiet proof that grace was still so near.

Then mercy split the waters, calm and wide,
The currents changed and carried me to you,
Spit out upon a beach where hurt had dried,
With space to start again and make things new.
Now every tide that crashes on our shore
Reminds me: we survived the deepest sea,
That love that once went running, scared and sore,
Returned with softer hands, still learning how to be.