

Baptisms for the Dead

The God who divided the waters from the land,
Who made a dry path through the middle of a sea,
Rests today
On the boy in the font.
He forgot to make his bed today,
Played Brawl Stars with his buddies the whole drive here.
He has cross country tryouts and girls on his mind
And—heavier still—doubt like a riptide.
Is he fast enough? Funny enough? Smart enough?
He worries more about street cred than service,
But today, God will make a savior of him.
When that hand raises to the square
Something rises in him,
Straightens his shoulders,
Strengthens his voice.
And with that ancient power, he parts the waters,
Senses who he really is:
More God than boy.

—Stacy DeLange