

I wonder if it will take a lifetime
For me to really get it
The way you look at me
How you describe me
You say I have stolen your heart
I wonder how
You say that I am a garden locked up
That I am a spring enclosed, a sealed fountain
I totally get that I am locked up, enclosed and sealed
In so many places of my being
And I thought, in the beginning, that to open up those places
I would find terrible things – better not to look
But a garden to be restored?
A spring that is pure and fresh?
A fountain of beauty?

You hand me an ancient key
Of course, I want to see these places you have described!
Welcome you into it all
Why not?
For if I am your sister, your bride
Then you are my brother and husband
And would not lie to me

Song of Solomon 4:9 & 12

You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride;⁽¹⁾
 you have stolen my heart.
You are a garden locked up, my sister, my bride;
 you are a spring enclosed, a sealed fountain.