

Boomerang

by [Steven Peterson](#) in the [September 9, 2020](#) issue

What I throw out to those I love
Returns unreached to me, to me.
Bow stubborn knees to God above?
I do if prayer turns round to me.

Slow whirling in an empty sky,
Whoosh whooshing almost soundlessly,
Sole focus of my ear and eye,
It all comes back to me, to me.

Yet selfless love I've read about
And once or twice I've even known.
A miracle, as it turns out:
Him swapped out for my blood and bone.

Of grace I have the hope for some
And harken for that final bang.
O almost-soundless Savior come
And break in two my boomerang.