

If I could be baptized again,
I would select a hectic time
in my ordinary life, when strife
and stress compress my patience
and confidence and compassion,
then I would lean my head beneath the
redeeming drops of All Shall Be Well.

If I could be baptized again,
I would draw all my loved ones
around the font of my essence,
each saturating me with stories
of what it means to be alive in
a community striving to rise to
the occasion of their human grace.

Come. Be baptized with me again,
lay down at the gentle river of rebirth,
bow to the sacredness of every seed
and mountain and shadow, float
along the surface of fear knowing
all of us are near, saints of our one
wild and precious life, and drown with me

forever in God's love.

If I Could Be Baptized Again

If I could be baptized again,
I would first be immersed in fiery verse,
in poetic language of rebirth,
then doused with the ineffable affection
of God and my parents dripping
affirmations of the glory of my
one uniquely extraordinary self.

*Tell me,
what is it you plan to do with
your one wild and precious life?*
Mary Oliver



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Baptized Again
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