

Spiritual Musings

Prayer

Broken words
Scatter into empty space

Tempered Silence

Bated Breath

I wait

And hope.

For an answer

Or a whisper.

Open Arms

Open arms wait,
Strung out like branches
Waiting for spring to come.
Expectant hands spread wide,
Hopeful and accepting.

Open arms wait,
Flung wide like school doors
On the last day.
Longing fingers stretch out,
Hopeful and accepting.

Open arms wait,
Split open like the heavens
On the first day.
Warm embrace reaches far,
Hopeful and accepting.