

*A SONG TO SING THE WORLD*

*I reached for a song to sing the world,  
what I found were the stars  
counting themselves across the sky,  
and a half full moon dancing her way to the sun.*

*Thirsty roots drinking below my feet  
falling up to branches stretching for  
the space where heaven and earth meet.*

*A union whispering;  
belief and mystery,  
a compass for destiny.*

*The rhythm of remembering  
where past and present forget their names  
and infinity cares enough to come back and count the seconds;  
keepers of the secrets to  
perception's artistry.*

*I reached where silence speaks  
Loudly on his throne.  
Lecturing on  
the generosity of shadows,  
the courtesy of seasons,  
and the intellect of dawn.*

*Here I reached a little more,  
to where the soul turns  
and the dream has proof  
It has awakened,  
and found at last  
No song that I alone, can sing.*

*MYSTIC*

*I feel it on the tip of my tongue,  
this great eternal quest of the mystic.  
To achieve definition of devotion,  
articulating the dance  
between trust and creation.  
To walk so closely  
as to feel the very  
breath of the untranslatable.  
To stand naked in its sparkling heat.  
Unattainable.*

*NIGHT*

*God, be with me in this long night  
Assure that tiny flickering flame  
Buried deep within my chest  
Be not snuffed out by  
These merciless winds of change.*

*Be with me as I plummet through surrender.  
This infinitely vast void.  
Shepherd me to holy mystery*

*Take my hand through death  
lead me past it's rot.  
Let me not linger in it's seduction  
but be my courage towards a dawning.*

*MADE*

*So much tenderness  
you have prepared by your precious hands.  
The devotion and toil  
of your life.*

*Do not sit before the kingdom you have made and weep.  
Rather place those perfect hands  
upon the belly of this earth  
and give forth absolution-  
the sorrows and the joys,  
dare to make them all the same.  
Feel the soil beneath you  
and hear her thank yous  
for all you have made.  
No need to linger  
as Heaven's doors beckon you enter.  
And pause not as you take flight  
into the promise of the future.*

*LIMITLESS*

*Tethered to peace  
anchored to grace.  
Expanse of joy beyond the confines of my flesh.  
Winds blow misty foam off illusions of a limitless sea.  
The ocean and the sky matched in colour and the edges disappeared.  
Oh flesh, meet God.  
Oh God, meet flesh.  
The wind picked up its fervour on my skin.*