

Home

Your hovering comes, sometimes like sunshine shoving 'round the edges of my window blind.

[Sometimes in the brimming quiet.]

All my [whys] are satisfied by Your whispers.

I know that You are there.

But I am only [here] today [and probably tomorrow].

And there is sorrow in this prequel.

Suffering rises every morning.

All who spin upon this wondrous coming-of-age planet feel the pain of waiting [in between] the last sorrow and the next.

I long to [screen myself away] from trouble.

But I often fear there is [no real-time rescue] from this world's thumbs down.

And I am weary.

[What if relief dangles only at the end of a non-retracting pole measured the exact length of my living?]

I am flagrant in my whining, this I know.

But sometimes [a feeling of forsaken] sinks inside my tired bones.

So come to me and bring Your peace.

Make this make-shift house here on the campus of Your grandest plan [a Home].