

Inside Job

You're looking out, but [I Am] in.

I'm [sum] and I Am [substance.]

I'm flowing [in the sweeping breeze] that blows across the lifeless stone that's home and safety zone to creeping creatures of all kinds.

I lie [inside the thriving and the drying bones] of everything that breathes.

I'm [in] the ripened mango squeezed upon your tongue.

I'm [in] the bitters of the bean pod and the candied syrup from the sap of sugar maple trees.

I swim with ease [within the seed fruit] clustered heavy-headed on the stems of upland pasture grass, waiting to pass through as [buttermilk for you] or [cud for them to chew again].

There is nowhere that I'm [not].

This is an [inside] job.

I'm [in the blood vein of the armored shellfish], dispensing deep magenta for your lavish silks and woolens.

I'm [beneath the cells sloughed off] each evening as you pass through sleep.

I keep the extract [in] orange pekoe tea and the essence [in] the primrose; eager to consign its intoxicating finery to your nose and pose the answer to your most exotic questions.

I'm [in your head].

I'm [in the midst of dust] that spreads around the clock beside your bed.

I'm inward; I'm enclosed and [I Am] in between.

[I Am] the most unseen.

I'm under wraps [within the thinnest melody of ease] that frees you to the leisure of a summer nap and wafts you off to dreaming underneath the leaf-laced sun.

I'm [below] the water that you skip your [deepest wishing] stones across.

My kiss is [in] the scent buffet that drifts into your inhale and floats wide along the fence between [you] and [the Mystery].

I'm [behind the closed doors of your best guesses].

I'm waiting here [within your limbo] to attest what you are hoping that [I Am].

This is no improvisation.

It's a conspiracy, Beloved, to bring you near to Me.