

## Mind's Eye

It is feeble, I agree, to peer through my fragile [often propped up] hope to see [the Face] that can't be seen.

But what am I to do?

For I was born with Your vapor [draped 'round about me] like a shadow on an x-ray.

I dwell here in the mud from which my broken bones arose.

And I stumble on the sticks and stones thrown by relentless sirens from the jagged shoreline of distractions and amusements.

The crystalline curve of my [higher eye] has grown opaque and I'm in the midst of walking trees.

I only see an arm's reach.

I'm wading through the swirling, waist-deep tide of finding my connection to [the Name] that can't be spoken.

I am poised to feel the exhale from [the Breath] that can't be heard; [the secret cipher that comes rustling through the grass or gliding on a moment's passing stillness].

I close my eyes and set my mind to sketch an image in my head [of You hovering ever nigh] and press it close to coax my thumping pulse into a coasting rest.

For I am falling through eternity in just this flimsy skin.

And without You I'm alone among the billions.