

Mouse

I feel strange as a 2-year old clutching to [and hiding just behind] its mother's knees.

Please come and fill the space between [who I am] and You.

Put coffee to its drip and let the [incense] of your Presence wake me up and pull my lips to sipping.

Bring my hand to cupping 'round my ear to hear Your pin drop nudge.

Budge me from complacency.

Stop my filling of the sand bags that hold back my jumping [in].

Take me by my clammy hand.

For I am awkward as young, [unsung] love rehearsing in the mirror.

Nearer.

[Nearer.]

Press to me until [I know] instead of merely [feel].

Steal my restless mind.

Breathe me back from [aimless] flat line.

Pour me gorged, that I might lie awhile and let You slipstream to my marrow.