

## Tissue Paper Poems

The words I use to [press You to the paper] are too frail. One sigh from Your hovering attendance whisks my pale paragraphs spiraling toward the floor.

I need more signs and symbols added to the alphabet. My syntax and semantics are poor marksmen, for I can't get to [a rendering of You] with more mastery than mere hazily constructed phrases. There are no pictographs from [this world's cradle walls] that can ladle up but a cupful of Your sum and substance.

I live and die here in the fringes of Your whispering disclosures.

Most of what you breathe to me wafts past what I can grasp and is [lost in translation] among my clumsy consonant-and-vowel combinations. Even though, I linger in the sacred scent You leave. It envelops me.

And in my own peripheral, I [almost] see.