

Divinity

This air is thin
but You are in it,
in my lungs
in my blood
in my being
in my house.

In this picture
on the wall
of a red tulip
You are cupped
within the flower
within the picture
within the frame
within my eyes
behind my eyes.

You read through my reading,
feel through my feeling,
flow through my flowing,
beat through the beating
of my heart which You own.

In the silence
I hear nothing
but You
if I but listen.
Nothing needs to be heard,
and the You in nothing
especially needs to be heard.

You in me
and I in You
are sufficient
for the now.