

Prayer of Being

Oh Nameless One,
if I, as I, am not
meant to be,
then how could I
sit here writing
a prayer of thanks
for my being and
for the far reach
I am from dust?

My prayer only asks
that, to the sea of
goodness that I feel
all around me, I might
be allowed to add
my anonymous drop.

Today you overwhelm
my most lovingness
by how strangely deep
you go into, through,
and around me.

Waitingly, doingly,
goingly, searchingly,
my heart offers back
to its Source a hum that
sounds as much like a
Bach Prelude as an OM.

Amen