

Not A Word Machine

Quietly I'm waiting Lord,
I've turned my mind to Thee,
Waiting for the words to come,
To write this poetry.

Nothing's coming forth right now,
E'en though I'm in my peace,
Perhaps I should return to bed,
Wait 'til your words increase.

I know you're there right with Me,
I feel your Presence here,
And yet the words aren't coming,
No theme, nor message clear.

I'm not going to try to emulate,
'Twould be an empty rhyme,
An so I'll let this writing go,
Until another time.

Randi, I'm right here, dear,
Don't give up writing yet,
Patience is what's called for,
Alignment 's not yet met.

Remember we're in relationship,
With all that this implies,
Though spiritual, I'm real dear,
Don't treat Me otherwise.

I'm not a word machine, dear,
A switch to churn a poem,
I am your dear beloved,
In Mind, we are at home.

Lord, I'm truly sorry,
Thanks for reminding me,
You are my true beloved,
My joy, my ecstasy.

You are the very substance
The light, the love in Me,
Without you I am nothing, Lord.
Without you, I cease to be.

To bed I will return, Lord,
You righted what was wrong,
My life, now joined with you, Lord,
We'll sing our Oneness song!

