Just a Touch

Hope and mercy shine through the threshold of love everlasting
The eyes of ever born grace
Just a touch
As she crawls through the mass of shuffling feet
and the cacophony of voices.
Eternity kisses the distance
between normal and divine.
Speaks the woman:
I have heard of you.
I don’t ask for your embrace
and yet this act is selfish
(I believe)
I long to stretch toward the hem
of Almighty Wonderous Cross-bound God.

And now another one is reaching through the crowd on hands and knees…
Another spiritual beggar-
The one who writes these words.