

# 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.