

Excerpt from "At Good Samaritan Hospital"

when I dropped the blanket I saw
a face immensely young
a voice like gravel
calling from the depths
he cries out

Please help me
I am not a drug addict
all my life I have been in pain
and I lost my wife
in the worst way

There but for
The Grace of God

We are broken and repaired
over and over and
again in the dark
we fragile beings of Infinite Light
made in the image of a Creator
who whispers in our dreams
You are holy.

#####