

MY BALM

I close my eyes and sigh, and here I am
Lying in the hammock in my heart
moving gently
with the softness of my breath

When I fall
from my head
past my words
I'm caught lovingly
by the hammock of my heart
and rocked to its rhythmic beat

It is my peace, my rest, my quiet
cradled in the hammock of my heart
It is constant, it is safe
to be held in the hammock of my heart

No place to go
Nothing to do
Nobody to please

It is my altar, my blessing, my balm
here in the hammock of my heart

JANE O'SHEA
wordremedies.com

