

*One forever*

*Spirit moves deep within me in a new and profound way.  
It is the same Spirit that moves mountains  
and makes a tiny seed grow into a mighty Redwood.  
It is the same Spirit that drives salmon to splash their lives upon rocks  
for offspring they will never live to see.  
For within me Spirit stands tall and confident, when I let it have its way with me.*

*The moon and the stars bow down to Spirit,  
and it embraces them in a tender loving way.  
I look deep within another man's eyes, and I can see that Spirit is alive and well.  
It is in there, yes, I can see it there.*

*When Spirit moves me, it's as if I'm floating in heaven,  
dreaming and watching events as they unfold.  
But if I dream too much, then suddenly the fear of Spirit, the fear of feeling the flames  
of passion and perfection, erupt inside and I no longer listen to Spirit that just was.*

*The sweet fragrance of Spirit, ah, but if I only ponder and wait and listen.  
There it is. I sense its presence again. Floating and coming in waves,  
until it reemerges itself upon my barren soul.*

*And as I hear its whisper,  
I can't help but wonder what it will share next ...  
I hold my breath, but then Spirit leaves again.  
Spirit loves free breath, deep, refreshingly free breath.  
Why can't I remember these things, things that are but a glimpse of Spirit?*

*I long for the days when Spirit will reside in me.  
When it claims its home upon my heart and soul.  
When the earth around me shakes and trembles and cannot drive Spirit from me.  
For then, then will I know; know deep from within that God and I are one ...*

*... one forever.*

*My Jake*

*A little water, a little food  
It wasn't much at all.  
For all the love that I got  
After my great fall.*

*His breath was slow, his world had blurred.  
Only God knows why it came,  
Upon a creature warm and kind  
Who looks from picture frame.*

*To touch, to feel my heart again  
So simple yet so strange  
This pain of mine I'm hiding from  
My world to rearrange.*

*This hole that opened from inside  
Consumes my every thought  
Of walks and talks and belly rubs  
A warmth that I had sought.*

*And now he's gone and seasons turn.  
My grief will bring me back  
To people, places, feelings, things  
Buried deep within my pack.*

*An urge for others, here it comes  
That feeling to just plug in  
It's different for each one of us  
Various levels from within.*

*An understanding which I seek  
Of why and where and when,  
A gift He gave me all the same  
To cure us of all sin.*

*I'll cry for you my furry friend  
Your pain and suffering gone.  
Sleep well my angel in HIS arms  
Until we run again.*