FROM A SOUL THAT MUST

Our father where are you? Who are you? Who am I?
I have spat words and words, added opinion until I cry.
I have pursued things and people, selfish, imaginary wealth.
I have believed I was the orchestrator,
the giver and taker of health.
I have ignored the call and fall from birth to tomb
Whoever, whatever you are?
I fall silent.
I have ran out of room!

Floating ember fairy lights pin up the sky

While, shooting falling teardrops, break up and cry
to spread across a black hallowed darkness of empty space
And flash a vast peaceful picture, through almighty grace.

Tiny human, looks on, as a slight, delicate, speck of dust
yet releases a powerful silent whisper, from a soul that must,
Find it’s place within this vastness of all things unknown,
Just a human and this thing called universe, innocently, quietly,
all alone.

She falls silent

and gently, beautifully, she slips home.