

Holy is The Hallowed Ground

I see the face of my beloveds before me, one
merging into another until
they are all the face of god.
My lungs expand audibly
to accommodate the goodness that takes over me.

I am all the female saints touched by
the hand of God.
The Holy Spirit takes over then
I am the Holy Spirit and

Every

Thing

Is

Holy.

I become the sacrament.
I am being anointed.
I am the chosen of God who gifts to me a
language soft and gracious,
like a lover I whisper
adorations to My God.

It is God's fingerprint that is the dip in my sternum.
Beauty overflows into rivers down my face.
I am blessed among women.
I am blessed among women.

Holy is the hallowed ground of body and breath.
Obeisance to the all of alls.
Holy is the hallowed ground.