

Prayer from My Morning Meditation, by Jan Phillips

I have no name for you
coursing through my veins, feeding me
like sun feeds the tulip and rain feeds the rose.

I can't call you Father, Mother, God
I'll call you mine, I call you me.
We are entwined and not a molecule
separates us.

This bond of seen and Unseen
Infinite and finite,
This ardor—O Unnameable Mystery!
Words of gratitude fly from my mouth
Like starlings.

Every nanosecond you swirl through me—
Breathing me, lifting me, lighting me—
I blaze across your sky like a runaway comet.

Rain from your thundercloud
Saturates my desert—
the sound of your hail
awakens my joy.

Yes! I am a star birthed
in the big bang of you,
spiraling toward the black hole of you,
all ravenous and voracious,
craving your emptiness.

Nothing exists but the breath of you
breathing us day and night.
We call ourselves seekers
though wherever we look you are there.

I proclaim you in verbs and nouns.
I wear the skin of you,
dispense your aroma with every move.

The splendor of your graces the world
When I walk by
(so casually)
radiating your Fire.