

The Kingdom of Heaven in the Heart of the Child

Strange voices of love
coo in my ear,
beckoning me closer, drawing me
to the One I hold so dear.
Angels surround us,
 light as feathers
they guide my roving hands,
delivering me with a kiss
 into the promised land

into the sanctuary of her heart.
She is a Goddess
the full embodiment of bliss
with rose hued lips.
I blush and relinquish the grips
so that I may float in the night
to be held within her arms so tight,
where we may nuzzle under blankets of fuzz
with our bodies glowing
 and warm with the buzz of love.

Humming softly I sing to her my truest tune,
as it comes from the depths
 like a seed that has bloomed.
I offer her this gift of my voice
in a moment of ecstasy when all the stars rejoice
and all the Saints rain their blessings from above,
Heavens Kingdom descends swiftly as a dove.

We are licked by the soft caress of morning dew.
Halos encircle us.
We are embroidered into the fabric of God.
We are all children cradled in every fold
with helping spirits for our hands to hold.