

It is here that I stand

When I think of You it is as the breath of life.
Flowing in and out,
Rising and falling,
Constantly present by constantly moving -
coursing through blood and flesh, connecting all life.

It is here that I stand -
Breath into blood, and blood binding life...
Breath into blood, and blood binding life...
A holy rhythm.
A difficult dance.
These bones are mine to move.

It is here that I stand:
Familiar bindings slip,
What supported now confines.
Today must fall toward Your tomorrow,
Still, these bones are mine to move.

It is here that I stand.
Thinking of You -
Full of breath, and blood, and rhythm;
With bindings, supports, and future beckoning.
Change moves the living onward
Yet it is change that I fear.
These bones are so hard to move.

Now here I stand.
Thinking of You as the breath of life -
Flowing, coursing, connecting breath, blood and flesh.
Constantly present by constantly moving
Through this day, the next, and each and all tomorrows.
Yes, these bones are mine to move and,
Move them I shall.

Diana Hansen
May 2, 2018