

Creation

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Hands.
 My hands can do so many things.
 Out of something, something else.
 New,
 With traces of the Old, but still something altogether
 New.
 Fresh.
 So much within.
 Pregnant.
 Birth Pangs.
 New Creation...
 With traces of the Old, but still like nothing before.
 Expression,
 From babble to speech.
 Formless to crafted.
 Brain Storm—all thoughts and feelings a swirling tempest. Chaos.
 Chaos taking form. Chiseling, then laying aside.
 Time. Space to breathe.

Breathe.

Idea Incarnating.
 Shh: being becoming. Mystery as of yet.
 Womb of mystery.
 Creation.
 So much more than the sum of its parts.
 So much more glorious.
 Stand back and be awe-struck.
 Idea Incarnating Infused by Power—power
 to mean,
 to transform,
 to lift to new depths,
 to blow the darkness away.

I am beautifully and wonderfully made.