

Mere

by Filipe Palma, MSPE

An urge to live
To love and climb high
Over the cloudy Halls
Of the world fly and serve
A spontaneous inspiration of the Divine
To run blindly over a thin line
Of faith and Oh Almighty God I surrender
I supplicate for another bit of your Presence

So tender...

Tender and enlightening
In the darkness of my bedroom
Of my emotions, thoughts, patterns and tune
And I'll join you, oh Lord I swear, I'll join you soon
Still I scramble beneath the fumes of life
But grateful for the virtue of existence
Mere existence they say...

When it's all we have anyway
Mere, just a word...

A mere world.
A mere poem, prayer...

From a mere soul to his Savior!"