

Windows of the Soul

It catches me unaware:
At first a faint tingle,
A hairline crack,
A thing forgotten.
Dormant but never dead,
It will not be denied.

A primal upwelling
From the deepest part of me,
Insistently surging
Through the veneer of the known.
Emotional eruption,
Searing with implanted truth.

And from the eyes,
Those windows of the world,
The tears emerge.
Illumined windows of the soul,
Telling of the great
I AM within.

Speaking of all that is pure;
A holy kiss,
Beyond joy or sadness;
A gentle touch,
Above understanding,
Surpassing thought.

This flow of Love,
Baptises from within.
A Love that never left,
And now revealed;
Unstoppable,
Unbidden,
Sacred.

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