

Lines on the page

Time to the Eternal

is like a squiggly line on a page.

Looping and repeating

branching and then disappearing into dust.

He sees the beginning and the end

and all the breaths inbetween.

He sees where we go,

in our secret hidden hearts.

Along with the porcelain

smiles to the gallery.

He sees what is best for us,

when all we see are mountains.

He tells us which way to go

if we would but stop and listen.

M. Green, March '20



Note: part of the lent series, the image is taken from the web. The full pattern of our life can only be seen from his perspective, so trust and love.