

My Balm by Jane O'Shea

I close my eyes and sigh, and
here I am lying in the hammock in my heart,
Moving gently with the soft air of my breath.

When I fall from my head past my words,
I'm caught lovingly by the hammock of my heart and
rocked to its rhythmic beat.

It is my peace, my rest, my quiet,
cradled in the hammock of my heart.

It is constant; it is safe to be held in the hammock of my heart.

No place to go.

Nothing to do.

Nobody to please.

It is my altar, my blessing, my balm,
here in the hammock of my heart.

~*~

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