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Anxious Faith

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Anxious Faith

by Michael Schultz

By being prepared
to walk the coals of consequence
I trapped one lucid moment
in my heavy hands
The trick was not to search
through records full of
moth’s dinners and rusty memories
but simply to accept surrender
to the gossamer wrapped present
The clarity of bells ringing
a morning call to worship
chased out the inner demons
Loitering among the angels
the infinite within me
stripped bare,
my life before
a question mark
Soul-searching for the cause
but now encompassing the creation
I remember arms stretched out
a molecular rippling as the universe
poured its secrets in my soul
I remember the spirits of life
sparkling, as if infected with stars
whispering the barriers to union
with the divine
But it was not enlightenment, no . . .
but only a glimpse of the infinite
The consciousness that contains all else
also known as God, and His consequence
to my hyper-state of consciousness
was to watch and feel it
slowly drift away from me