12-1-1999

What Have I

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What Have I

Your touch upon my mind is therapy
I am able to release these doubts inside of me
What have I but you in this world?
Who have I but you for hope?

Therefore my praises ascend
Like the evening sacrifice
Toward your heart does my soul bend
Yet my fingers are bitter cold as ice

I have nothing without you
But I look for everything
Out beyond the fading blue
What have I but me to bring?

I offer this doubt, this pain, these rags
filthy as my righteous acts
But all you ask is what I have
This is all I have

Tim Winterstein

The Dancer

At the heart of my being, I'm a dancer.
I listen to the rhythms of life
Till I've learned them by heart,
Then I dance.
I start very slow,
Testing unrehearsed steps as they come,
Then I fly.
Covering new territory.
Using what I've learned,
I adapt my dance to the new situation.
The dance slows down.
Puzzled, I stop and look around me,
Catching my breath and noticing the changes.
Finding my new steps and a place,
I start again, slowly.
In my mind, everyone's a dancer.

Karen Thompson