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A Student's Psalm

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A Student's Psalm

This longing in my heart, my soul
My empty head is a vacuum,
a black hole of ignorance
I am humble and in awe
and I hunger for the richness,
the fluidity, the majesty, the glory
that is knowledge

What I know I am slow in accepting
though by this knowledge I am made
complete and whole
I wallow in self-pity and
self-condemnation
and am a scourge to my own soul
for not pressing in

Fill me oh God, my heart, my soul
my every thought of you
Grant me strength to
press into your presence
and the glory of reflecting
your perfection in me

Lindsey Grant

Poetic Sensuality

Devouring poetry,
Naked words
Kiss my lips like
Velvet
Champagne;
Sound and Syntax
Intoxicating my
Senses.

My muse-
The ink-smearred
Pages of
Cream,
Pressed-rose
Loves
And dog-eared
Secrets.

Rhythm and Rhyme
Drift in,
Drift out;
A honey-tongued
Bard
Slips verse
Into my
Soul.

The poets of old
Whisper sweet Caresses
In my yearning
Ears; their
Songs slowly
Move against my
Skin.

An intimacy
Few experience,
Fewer perfect.
This
Is what these
Wise sages
Have
Shared.

The book
Lies open,
I close my eyes;
With pen
In hand,
I relax,
And ...
Sigh.

Katy Zelinka