

Snowing is milky rain Grandma! - Ros Roscoe



God's Spirit Pours down on us
Lightly tingling my skin.
My hairs stand up on the back of my neck
I scrunch my toes to stop the tears.
Bathing in the light
My heart is full, soft, tender.
Tilting my face
I bathe in the warmth.
The gentle, powerful music
swirls around my ears
An inner seed of hope is released
The misty mirror clears for a moment.
The divine umbilical pulsates, revitalised.
This marks a shift in my consciousness
A visceral marker of God's love in me.
My eyes are opened – I begin to see
But dimly yet as a new kitten.
Give me the eyes to see Lord
To see your vision in this world
Co-creator with a Father God.
Make the sap within me flow.