

## Mouse Poems

Kathy Bunn

### SPARROW

I have found favor in your eyes,  
You have looked kindly upon a small sparrow . . .  
From among all the eagles of life.

You have given my heart to wisdom . . .  
You have lifted a veil from my eyes.  
You have made me walk in holiness,  
and mercy holds my hand.

I have eaten truth that was bitter to my soul,  
So you change my soul and now truth is pleasant.  
You are all things My Lord . . . and this one more:  
You are sweet. For you have taken an orphan,  
and have made her Your own.

I am under your wing . . . and I cling to You:  
"My Father" Among a multitude of noise . . . I was a small  
squeak.  
You heard My God from Your home,  
You thundered through Your realm And took me to your arms.

You have placed me in Your heart,  
And your love shelters me.  
You feed me on your loveliness,  
And wipe my mouth with tenderness.  
You teach me from your mouth,  
And expand my brain for understanding.

You encourage me to grow.  
For all of this I Love You.

AMEN.

### The Winds { part 1 1980 }

There is a story to be told , a story heard and held like gold.

A story that is true to all your hearts,  
of the pain that is felt when lovers part.

O the winds of time seem to say,  
to the sand it scatters away,

"Nothing in life will stay the same,  
all things will part the way they came."

And all the people everywhere,  
let the winds blow them where it dared.

But the mighty winds I fought alone,  
and stood my ground . . . a heavy stone.

The winds blew and love passed me by,  
strong I stood though for love I cried.

Then out of heaven a kind voice came,  
and all the mighty winds were tamed.

Love came and love took my hand,  
love took me far to a peaceful land.

The winds still blow and I do feel,  
for all those who have nothing real.

For love may come and love may go,  
but a life with out love is a life of woe.

### Song of Love

My heart to you does hum the song of love,  
for my heart is wrapped within your embrace.  
O my Lord, O my God, O my Presious One,  
how soft my heart has become towards you  
How the spirit within does sing . . .  
How most loving you are to me  
that the thought of you brings tears to these eyes  
and the most joyful smile to this face.  
Peace has become a ring on my hand  
betroved to you my love and My God

### **Preachers and Teachers**

Lord everyone wants to teach me,  
Everyone wants to tell me how things are.  
Everyone wants to instruct me,  
To lead me to places that seems so far.

Truth be known . . . they lack much,  
Their Wisdom is all man made.  
Standing with such honour,  
But in Your light they all fade.

To look at me I guess,  
In their eyes I seem in need.  
Requiring their instruction,  
And taking their lessons in heed.

To me they are all the same mislead,  
Seeing not what wisdom is.  
For wisdom walks the humble road,  
A kindly hand it gives.

Wisdom talks with kindly words,  
It steps so softly on the mind.  
Wisdom teaches and is never proud,  
With Love it leads the blind.

## BRIDGES

Two separate points are brought together,  
it is the lane way of coming home.

Unattended bridges,  
that are weakened by forgotten stones.

A river of fearful cold water ,  
hungers for the bridge to fall.

The wind rocks the bridge to and fro,  
beams howl a squeaking call.

It promises you safe passage,  
but this you cannot believe.

Memories of bridges that did fall,  
prevent you from listening to it's plea.

As you stand undecided,  
the river increases its flow.

To swell and blacken with memories,  
its devouring fear you know.  
It was passageways like this one,  
that you fought and your trust was lost.

You remember one thing is true,  
to return home this bridge you must cross.

You proceed in large steps,  
to journey as quickly as you can.

As you come to the middle,  
the bridge begins to bend.

There handing over the water,  
knowing that beneath the waves,

Is a lonely place that numbs you,  
Devouring the would be brave.

You also remember its clutches,  
how it doesn't let you go .

Escape sometimes is impossible,  
forever trapped in woe.

Determine to succeed,  
you reach the other side.

You have gotten safe passage,  
the bridge did not lie.

Someone you do not know,  
is now welcoming you home.

Telling you of bridges,  
like this one he has known.

Two separate people are brought together,  
talking about what they did.

Making a lane way of understanding,  
attending and strengthening a bridge.

*Jesus*

## The Bible

Great tenderness . . . your love is not seen.  
Among all the words . . . we do not know they mean.

Hidden secrets. . . right before our eyes.  
We claim comprehension . . . but the meaning flies right by.

Beautiful Spirit . . . your wisdom is not embraced.  
By human understanding the meaning is all but erased.

Simple truths . . . that a child could understand.  
Seems to run through our minds like fingers grasping sand.

Lord of Simplicity . . . Your secrets cannot be known.  
For human understanding cannot suffice alone.

God of the humble. . . one lesson remains,  
the mountain of human wisdom is loss and not gain.

## Garden of My Heart

So tender is my love for you;  
O Lord... it is you I yearn for all the day.

Into the depths of my heart;  
O Lord... is where you have traveled.

I see the evidence within the walls of my heart,  
"My Beloved has been here."

The fragrance of you lingers in the air,  
the flowers you have noticed, burst with bloom.

A soft warm rain has watered this garden...  
life nourishes all I see.

The beauty of you lingers on...  
after your touch has stopped.

Bend down to me; O Lord...  
and upon your cheek I will place a kiss.

For your sweet kindness...  
For you have taken the garden of my heart;  
and you have made it Your own.

## Us

On the road of life to death  
There is the Lord and I  
Down rock-strewn paths and troubled ways  
Together and with each other . . . we abide.

On the wings of hope and dreams  
There is God and I  
Far above the turbulent world  
United to each other . . . we fly.

On the waters of sorry and plight  
There is my Savior and I  
Drifting amidst the storm and waves  
He lifts me up . . . and as one . . . we ride.

On the bed of joy and bliss  
There is my Creator and I  
Tightly woven within our embrace  
Drenched in love . . . and in silence . . . we cry.

On the coals of fire and passion  
There is My All and I  
Consumed with all that is he  
My soul gasps . . . and together we sigh.

## FATHER

Again my father you have poured your love upon me,  
Again my love I find myself within your embrace,  
Again my heart rejoices in your bosom,  
Again my soul is flown to heaven.

My father's love is so delightful,  
Upon my essence it is lavished ,  
And I find myself in a lovely place,  
In my father's nest I awake,  
Within my father's heart I snuggle,  
Within this love I squirm.

Joy upon all joy is my father to me,  
His love and happiness my only concern,  
He is a desire that consumes me,  
A hunger only he can fill,  
Rejoice my soul for your father . . .  
Is pleased to fulfill your desire.

AMEN.