

A poetic blessing for the body.
Read it - speak it - sing it in the morning.

POEM TWENTY SEVEN

Grace meets me in the morning
Shines my spacious spine
Heaven bound
While my toes and heels
Feel sacred ground
Wiggle in for a firm foundation
Getting thankful
While my ankles
Give me a standing ovation

Spirit hovers
Her cloud of love above me
Sees to
My knees
Spring
Showers my limbs
With gold glitter dust
So my sparkly joints must
Jump with joy and elation

My cells yell
Wellness

Daily, my circuits restored
Connections are clear
I hear more and more

Everything sings
To me! Of me!
About me! In me!

I am

Fluid and flowing
Each sunrise still growing
No matter what year I am in
I can
Be new again



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