

Heaven Within Me

By: Laura Zievis

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I've been searching for you in subways
Scanning breezeways for your smile
Eyeing faces behind windows of cars that pass by
Trying to find a warm heart in strangers' eyes

There are silent empty stares at the grocery store
Frigid glares of people who don't know as little as my name
It's hard to see if dismally they're looking at nothing or at me

Why do I look for angels,
Living in the dark?
When tears of people drown the ground,
I ask you, God of the flood and Noah's ark
Are you enough for us to fix our gaze on you again?

Everyone stuck in the wheel of their mind
Going around in circles, trying to turn back time
wishing we had taken different paths so our location in life would look different now
But you tell us to be present, not in tomorrow or yesterday

I'm climbing and I'm calling,
You hear me crying with faith, believing your promises
My soul cannot sing without you-

Even though sometimes I feel no one can see
I still feel you glowing in the holy spirit's light
Flowing into my heart in the lonely nights

You love me when I feel weak
Call me by name, when I forget who I am,
You walk on water toward me,
when I'm too fearful to stand
I am not alone, Lord
your love is Heaven within me

The Sand

By: Whitney Hanson

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POETRY BOOKS written by Whitney Hanson: *Home Climate Harmony*

In English we say, we never know how much time we got.
In poetry, we say, they told me to imagine my life as an hour glass.
Sand slipping through my hands
But I've always found this idea out of reach
And hard to understand.

Don't get me wrong. I have a great imagination I can see the glass if I close my eyes.
The problem is that I can never see how much sand it has inside.
I could have years or months or moments left.
I could catch tomorrow's sunrise and it could be the last one I see.
I could look into your eyes and it could be the last time that they meet.

So tell me, how do I manage my time when its measure can't be known?
What do I do with this life? The only one I own.
I could have years or months or moments left.
A century with you or just a second to hold your hand.
Tell me how to make the most of my little bit of sand.