

Windows of Heaven

By Merrijane Rice

*When the sky was blue,
My heart was brittle,
Dry to blistered souls
Seeking drink.*

*So God hung black clouds low,
Let loose His floods,
And poured forth more
Than I could hold.*

*I sputtered and choked.
He wrapped a hand around my heart
And wrung out sustenance
For others.*

*The sky is gray,
But my heart is soft.
In drier days,
It would have
Crumbled.*

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