

## CONFESSIONS DURING A QUAKER MEETING:

Some reflections on religious experience

God – I have tried to ken Your Greatness in silence  
& contemplate Thy Wonders with this little brain  
but often all I'm left with  
the pettiness of my small thoughts  
and dry, fossilized feelings of disdain.

Sometimes however  
all "I" evaporates  
and on hard oak wood benches  
& shuffles of the instant disappear:  
then and then only does silence make sense  
And Your Blessed Spirit Seem Near.

When there is no "self" to contain  
or contend with or profane  
The Burning Bush of Thy Glory  
outshines the blatherings of this day:  
only then is there worship.

Alas, dross that I am  
this realization invariably fades  
into the blades of the gristmill of consciousness  
yet sometimes a few kernels remain.