

HumUSanity (TLC)

Now I know
why "humility"
is rooted in humus.

When dancing with the
unsayable it is best
to take off one's shoes;

not only out of
respect for the
fire that could consume,

but also that you
can feel the squishy
dirt between your toes.

When gazing through wondrous
mystery it is best to
let words fall to the ground;

not only because
of their paling inadequacy
in the light of the ineffable,

but also that the words
might die in exchange
for the fertile new to emerge.

When called to speak
holy things to make us holy
it might be wise to be silent;

not only because what once
felt like truth flowing effortlessly from your lips
now feels like ruminating on mud pie,

but also that out of the soil of unknowing
words of salvation might cleanse
the breath like heavenly mouthwash.

I pray that I and you too
should you choose to join me
may have the courage

to walk humbly with
God-Earth-Me-You-All
sayable and unsayable

that we may dance
together, barefooted
in the dirt of our humUSanity.