

## **The Swing**

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Alone sways the simple swing  
Floating back and forth on the gentle breezes.  
The leaves above bustle with excitement,  
Greeting the wind and sharing its joy.  
For they know it is here the Spirit abides,  
Blowing to and fro without a sign  
Of where it comes or where it is going,  
But the blessings it leaves are never unknowing.  
The swing it rocks back and forth  
Waiting for someone to explore.  
The ropes are sturdy, the wood is strong,  
But no one sings its sad song.  
"Come and play, I beg of you, or else my love will go unused."  
So I gave Him a push, just Him and I,  
Sharing a love that nowhere else can we find.  
That swing was a vessel, a portal to His soul,  
And now it is with me, forever to hold.  
Now like the swing am I,  
blowing in the wind with Him as my guide,  
I in Him, and Him in I.