

Sounding the silence

Sounding the silence by a lake in Hayes,
Still and travelling in a quiet place,
My mind is busy whilst my spirit prays.

Touching the depth in these few summer days,
And sinking fathoms deep in inner space,
Sounding the silence by a lake in Hayes.

The last few weeks were rush and crush and craze,
Mobile phones and satnavs set the pace,
My mind is busy whilst my spirit prays.

Swallows fly across a misty haze,
Their fleeting passage brings a pilgrim grace,
Sounding the silence by a lake in Hayes.

Yellow flags and rushes meet my gaze,
Dewdrops frame a spider's fragile lace,
My mind is busy whilst my spirit prays.

I'm lifted unawares in silent praise,
My heart is opening to God's embrace,
Sounding the silence by a lake in Hayes,
My mind is still now as my spirit prays.