

The Intimate Deeps
Howard Brockhouse Page 1 7/22/2024

I swam with Her in the deep waters of intimacy,
Accepted, loved; Her and me were relished and free.

Little fear in the midst, much love abounded found,
Creatively, my life flowed and my judgments were sound.

Open to dream, alive and inhibited only by truthful time,
Oh, how I long for those days of youthful rhyme.

Shattered into the shallows of dark vain hallows,
She left me or better said I was taken from her; all the same,
Sudden shock as They in the Garden, I first experienced shame.

Waves wove and mounted swiftly and then gently as ripples upon my Lake,
The Adversary roared and pounced upon me as easy prey to take.

Now and looking back three decades amidst patchwork tears,
The Intimate Deeps lie beneath the murky shallow hallowed fears.

Skin deep only conversing and conveying of surface events,
Alone, consumed, and fumed in darkness-my heart screams in rents.

Ripple upon ripple and a fleeting stone skipping back to The Deep,
Arms link only, stay at the cuff, stay outside and away you must keep.

As the sands of the shore, so many futile Attempts I did know,
But, alas, only ending as slight as a dip of the toe,
Yes, I was horrified and hurt and it hasn't completely let go.

As of late, though, I ponder and know how it went,
Feelings of awakening, and yet Parts still vent.

It was long ago and now I at least see the infested sliver,
Pluck, Suave, and dressing as the Lord faithfully does deliver.

I forgive Her, I forgive Me, I forgive the Remover, I finally forgive We.
Move on, press forward, and closer toward, ever closer toward being set Free.

Swimming steady, maybe even quickly back into The Intimate Deeps,
For the Lord does promise, and His Promises He does keep.