pictures of You

*by joe disabatino*

but how would i know You

except for my pictures of You

they hang on the walls of my house

and the walls of my heart

yes, there You are

the Eternal Friend beaming down

i’m safe and secure

Your smile boring

right through me

reassuring

my pictures of You

and over there, on that wall,

that granite look of displeasure

meant for another

yet somehow meant

only for me

i become nothing with nowhere to hide

and on this wall

the ancient Father

indulgent and wise

eternally forgiven, i need look no farther

than my pictures of You

and on this wall

You’re God the Mother

tender yet pained

like Mary

to infant Jesus

i become Your only son

the one You’ve been

waiting for

i’m special

so open the door walk me through

my pictures of You

they’re all there

the whole spectrum

of my feelings, my unspoken needs

tucked and buried deep inside

my pictures of You

they’re not really You

they’re my own creations

they’re just my

pictures of You

if i could just let go, release

i’d find the permanent peace

the underpainting, the eternal ground

of my images of You

i’d find the Deep Love

the Master’s brush that paints Your smile

i’d find the InfiniteTruth

framing that frown

yet i cling to my

familiar pictures of You

they’re how i know You

and how i keep

from knowing You

it’s my usual waltz--

i’m awake, yet i sleep

curled up next to my exquisitely true/false

pictures of You