

Luke 8:43-48 – Well

By Enola Stevenson

My wretched heart wrenches
Clenched teeth
Reaches, restless
For the untouchable One

The crowd parts
Shouts
My weary heart doubts
He is there

Eyes half shut
Not daring
Trembling fingers finding
His hem

My world unraveling
Blood stops
Twelve years ending
In Worship

The throng swirls

"Who touched me?"

Faith only
Him only
The Maker makes me
Well.