



BOB STEYN

Infusion

By Wayne Visser

You infuse my mind -
With poignant truths
And reminders of harsh reality

You infuse my imagination -
With luring myths
And shadows of lives inspired

You infuse my heart -
With wrenching ache
And afterglow of "love and blessings"

You infuse my body -
With subtle inflections
And sense experiences relived

You infuse my vision -
With impish looks
And silver surfer's hair untamed

You infuse my breath -
With smoky scent
And soothing rhythm of conspiracy

You infuse my hearing -
With tinkling laughter
And sighs of too many burdens carried

You infuse my speech -
With turn of phrase
And attentive frown-mirrored listening

You infuse my writing -
With calligraphic care
And sacrifices of honest expression





You infuse my preaching -
With oversoul presence
And whispering echoes of inspiration

You infuse my emotion -
With jagged sadness
And thrilling precipices of glad expectation

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