

Your Father, Who Sees What Is Done in Secret

In the deep heart of my heart

In the inner room

I seek out the occupant

And in corresponding temple

Clouded in glory

My Father sees, knows, rewards

And hear hymns, psalms, Spirit songs

Hidden springs of praise

Quietly calling "Come"

Smell incense offered, thick smoke,

A sweet aroma

Prayers: "Help!" "How long?" "Holy, Holy,
Holy!"

I see the Word resting on

The shew bread table

Memoriam Aeternum

And feel the roughhewn cedar

shaped through suffering

Into a holy altar

I Taste the fruit-full vintage

New covenant wine

An offering, life for life

In the holy place behind

The curtain of stars

The Spirit waits to commune