

Seen but not seen

But why should I appear  
When I am not even here  
To see Him is to see me  
He is all of my identity.

In this I am satisfied  
To be His rib hidden in His side  
To feel His Heart and know His Mind  
Hidden in another for all time.

And when Your hidden words fill my mouth  
And burn in my bones  
And constrain my heart,  
Then out of hiding I will come  
So they may see the Holy One.

But I will never leave my place  
Hidden in You, beholding Your Face.