



Closer than my breath

Inspired by Psalm 34:18

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I carry a weight that has no name, no bruise, no scar to show,
just a heaviness in the chest that wakes with me and waits.
I pray, not with boldness, but with questions I barely speak—
is silence still holy if it feels like being left behind?

You don't arrive with light or ease or instant healing.
You stay—without words, without fixing—just stay.
Faith, I'm learning, is not about rising every time.
It's about not disappearing when nothing makes sense.

Some days, I believe You are closer than my breath.
Other days, I only hope it's true, and hope has to be enough.
Still, I find You not after I've recovered,
but in the cracked and quiet spaces where I wait.

You are near to the broken. That's what You said.
So here I am, not strong, not whole, but here—
and somehow, so are You.

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