

“Skirting the abyss” *

“A very small and desolate mite with tumbled hair and troubled eyes”
Caught my attention as I walked and took me by surprise

“A very small and desolate mite” yet as sublime as heaven’s kiss
Reminds me, with a look, that we’re just *“skirting the abyss”*

“Skirting the abyss, skirting the abyss”

**Say what we already know – it shouldn’t be like this
Give me all the reasons that I’m prone to miss
And rock me with the truth that we’re just *“skirting the abyss”***

“A very small and desolate mite” with dusty limbs and muted stares
Arrested everything in me and took me unawares

“A very small and desolate mite” – a fragile life in chrysalis
Compels me to do more than merely *“skirting the abyss”*

“Skirting the abyss, skirting the abyss”

***“That’s all you ever really do,”* I hear the serpent hiss
When we could be transforming some squalor into bliss
God save us from the horror of just *“skirting the abyss”***

“Skirting the abyss, skirting the abyss”

**Say what we already know – it shouldn’t be like this
Give me all the reasons that I’m prone to miss
And shock me with the truth that we’re just *“skirting the abyss”***

**I hear the serpent hiss, *“You’re only *“skirting the abyss”*”*
I hear the serpent hiss, *“You’re only *“skirting the abyss”*”*.....**

(* Amy Carmichael quotes in italics)

