# Luke 8:43-48 – Well

By Enola Stevenson

My wretched heart wrenches  
Clenched teeth  
Reaches, restless  
For the untouchable One  
  
The crowd parts  
Shouts  
My weary heart doubts  
He is there  
  
Eyes half shut  
Not daring  
Trembling fingers finding  
His hem  
  
My world unraveling  
Blood stops  
Twelve years ending  
In Worship  
  
The throng swirls  
  
"Who touched me?"  
  
Faith only  
Him only  
The Maker makes me  
Well.