



Right before my Eyes

Posted November 24th, 2015 by [R.J. Moritz](#).

I look out the window and see
What is right before my eyes
There is nothing more to see

I see the red geranium
Hanging in the cool morning air
I see the spotted fawn
Jump gracefully into the woods
I see the squirrels
Scamper from tree to tree
While the hummingbird
Flashes through the breeze

I see the beauty and wonder
Of all you have to give
I see you in the stillness
Right before my eyes

In these moments
These fleeting moments
I am one

R.J. Moritz is a second year Ignatian Volunteer in St. Louis, MO. This poem came out of his reflections at the IVC Annual Retreat and from his meetings with Spiritual Reflector Fr. Ralph Huse S.J. "The Mississippi River flows beneath the bluffs of the retreat center and thanks to Fr. Ralph's advice I like to sit and watch the waters flow by and see what happens," Moritz writes.