

Yet I Walk

I walk the deep waters—

Faith rising to the surface—

Fear treading across my breasts—

Yet I walk . . . walk . . . walk.

The waves of life crash about—

My steps falter, my soul aches—

The wind rises as a mountain crest,

Yet I walk . . . walk . . . walk.

I run hither and thither—

Charmed by delights, won by none—

I stare fitfully at what might be,

Yet I walk . . . walk . . . walk.

A hand reaches for mine—

Scarred by hate, welcomed by love—

I grasp what many turn away,

And I walk . . . walk . . . walk.

Mighty Your Hand

Mighty your hand in the heavens—
The stars twinkle your majesty,
The planets orb your destiny,
And the expanse shouts your glory.

Mighty your hand on the earth—
Crops feeding the poor,
Good winning against evil,
And the new earth emerging yet.

Mighty your hand in the body—
Organs teaming as one,
Eyes searching for beauty,
And hands grasping for neighbors.

Mighty your hand in death—
Closing the eyes you opened,
Stilling the soul that searches,
And ushering the spirit to eternal life.

From My Seated Chair

From my seated chair,
And tattered porch,
I watch your rays crest the pines,
Delivering warmth to the waking fields.

Birdsongs rise to meet your call
And echo across the fallow land.
What have they to sing about,
Yet they praise with loudest tones.

Creatures large and small scamper
Some to their daylight thatches—
Others to gather for their kin—
But all pause to bathe in your light.

And from my somber perch,
I wonder at it all.
What will the day deliver,
And how many will miss your beauty.