



The Art of God

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; 4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? 5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. 6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: 7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; 8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. 9 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! (Psalms 8:3-9)

I wander down the silver strands
that line the endless seas.
I feel the warmth of crystal sands
and cherish all that breathes.

My heart, a solitary stone,
that knows no joys or griefs,
Except the touch of briny foam
that bathes the fragile reefs.

The purest star of evening fame
illuminates the shore.
The western sky is all aflame,
the toil of day is o'er.

The mystery of celestial lights
that gleam from East to West
are signals from immortal heights
adorning Angels' breasts.

The artful Hands, divine and dear,
that form the hallowed scenes,
are hands that cause the heart to cheer
with love's sweet gentle beams.

I never knew a better time
to thank the Lord of Love,
Or call to memory's fading mind
The gift of Light above.

The Eastern wind a tribute pays
to distant lands and tongues,
and I stand all alone, amazed,
at God's eternal suns.

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