

my mind infinite
life lines of green
wordy prophet, you
make poets and they make
thier noise back to you

Hail to Thee

hearer of my prayers
stiller of my tears
numberer of my days
seer of my ways
calmer of my storm
sheather of thier swords

Hail Thy

many colored names
of evil doomed lightness
compassion boundless
to the breadth of human
compassion

Hail to Thee filler

of my life with
dreams of thy face
and her face
and her face showing Thee
to me

Hail to Thee

filler of my veins with
red and plastic blood
lighter of the brain's
connections, arranger of
my words