



TOWARDS PRAYER

Distractions
tumble through my brain
and words go free-fall
into space
 seeking place
for silent prayer,
 but none is there;
'til Jesus says,
 "Be still.."
..I turn to him and know
that through his peace
 my prayer will grow.

NATURE'S CONTRAST

A hostile wind with icy breath
 wreaks havoc
'mong the sleeping trees.
Yet in next summer's
 scorching heat
this brute becomes
 a cooling breeze.