

Blossoms

Lord,

Your blossoms make me smile.
Such a soft and pretty thing:
Opening on the branch,
Blanketing bare limbs.

You catch them up with wind -
They float upon the breeze.
Dancing, spritely beckoning
Bright laughs in Your creation.

Alone, I'll join the dance.
With others, smile and laugh.
Your gaiety is infectious,
May I practice it wisely.

May I spread it when appropriate,
Value its presence when not,
And always may I meditate
Upon Your works;
Upon Your glory;
Upon Your grace;
Upon Your love.

Amen.

~Jenari Skye
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