

## Poetry

Equations of words woven in verse,  
Rhythm and timing to form the dance  
Of visions passing through your mind's eye  
To tickle your fancy and emotion.

The silver pen flashes upon the page  
Forming lines and meter in stanza.  
Who is to say where the path will lead  
But the Author of language and rhyme?

All things are for Him and through Him and to Him,  
And by Him all things were made.  
How can my soul write of such things  
Without His mention in reverence?

It was His creativity that formed the art -  
His plan that put it to action,  
His power that gave it wings to fly  
From thought to page to heart.

So pen your expressions, thoughts, and ideas;  
His children will ideally reflect.  
For He is alive within your marrow -  
A part of your very being.

Rejoice in His gift, this Giver of all,  
Lift high His name and His statutes.  
I thank Him for this medium  
To bring Him His glory and praise.

~Jenari Skye  
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