

I think to like the heavens as if looking to the sky above,  
Where my eyes meet God's and constantly fall in love;  
For eyes and skies are Gods skies and eyes, as he looks down on me,  
And I look to Him with a heart and eye, that meets the skies to see.

I love the heavenly creation where skies meet eyes in heaven,  
Where clouds drift by in timeless motion from eleven into seven;  
With sleepy mornings being in bed as the sky changes out my window,  
My eyes are tired from long late nights and the weather wonders whether.

Long hard days, with skies of old passing from the noon till after dark,  
Where eyes meet eyes under skies above and the love begins to spark;  
I look at hers and she at mine and their eyes intertwine beneath the skies,  
As the fruit of passion in selfish sin, lusts hard and cold beneath the skin.

And looking up and looking back I wonder God just how you'll track,  
The missing point of selfish love, uncovered by the old skies of black;  
And where the truth has been and gone and when it returns from where it shone,  
The world turns round from day to night, when eyes meet eyes and skies are on.

I look to where the love of His have found her there amidst the tears,  
Of crying pain from skies of love, to wet the weary dreary ale of years;  
And there they are in floating awe, of wonder where the skies do pour,  
And two of them that eyes do meet, become the dreaded wretched poor.

And now why I look to God above is for His patience and His love,  
As she could not satisfy the gap, that filled with His turning tap;  
That feel into my wanting lap, from the luck of the Gods whose eyes a trap,  
To attract her to my waiting eyes where skies are hers as crying eyes distract.

Signed,

Is God in Heaven?