

God where are you, are you listening to me,
I hear the birds whistle in the trees;
As the wind disturbs this peace, still and quiet,
The sun slowly fading out into the night.

What could be more lovely than this,
The still and the quiet in twilight's endless bliss;
The mood of the air, so still and so quiet,
Breaking only for breath as it enters the night.

But still I do worry and listen and search,
For the answer to life till Sunday at church;
Day after day I look to the skies,
But the truth is all tattered and covered with lies.

Let us go back when I was a youth,
The question not asked but discovered as proof;
I now have a place of my own with a roof,
And the still and the quiet is now my new truth.

A few phone calls today to keep me in touch,
With reality as it and truth as is such;
But the still and the quiet is a beauty to cherish,
The peace of God's mind as is something to relish.

Well what's left to say in the verse I do rhyme,
Assessing the cost and discovering the time;
The world still a place with beauty to behold,
On an earth just maturing and becoming very old.

Signed,

Peace be with you