

I get up each day before dawn, Of a glorious new day and beautiful morn; I said a prayer for  
my one true heart,  
With hope and faith and love impart.

To know each day what Christ has in store,  
Is worth all of heaven and still even more;  
As the eternal light shines down from the sky,  
The thought of God leaves me with a breath of air on high.

And when the time comes to get on with the day's work,  
My pen and paper write each line and each word;  
And as each phrase becomes rhyme and verse,  
The poem lives on in the mind and nerves.

On the other side of the earth the night grows dark,  
As the world turns around and reunites the spark;  
So these lines go on and flow so free,  
In the hearts and minds all eternally.

Rising early I'm blessed with the sound of the birds,  
As this poem goes down in a transformation of words;  
And it I look to find where you are,  
You're there in the mirror reflecting a star.

So ponder a new and know who you are,  
As in the distance you travel arise from afar;  
Back to the place in the back of your mind,

Where trouble and torment are perfectly kind.

Signed,

Out of space