

So be it then as I sit in the quiet,
In the soft slender stillness and peace of the night;
As my soul draws near to the knowledge of God,
And mankind has drawn near to what is kind not odd.

Stillness is beauty except for the beat of my heart,
The wind builds up gently and the breeze no just start;
In this quite tranquil moment in all of our lives,
Is it the strong or the h8mble that in this life survives.

As I take in a picture and the stillness abounds,
It's like a poem of prayer echoing sweet delicate sounds;
In all of creation is there anything like stillness,
Like a planet without water breathes death and does kill stress.

Now I'm not so bold to address this without thinking,
As their logic in stillness while others are linking;
As time passes by and goes in its way,
It's stillness that seems to end up our day.

I'll sit down inside and listen for Gods words,
As in the stillness and solitude I hear a faint bird;
I know I'm alone but I hear the traffic pass by,
And I transcend in to space and question not why.

So stillness is then like meditation without movement,
And through this slow process there is an improvement;
I feel deep inside that I encountered anew,
And found out from stillness what is right and is true.