

From place to place the breath of God drifts,

As the spirit of the wind persistently blows and shifts;

In a channeled course of direction it seems as goes,

To follow the meaning of the good and bad things it knows.

Sometimes as a terror and without any forewarning,

It just takes itself up to gently scare without warning;

Sometimes as a gentle breeze and sometimes blowing a gale,

As the trees bend and shake as their frightened from grave.

And the spirit of the wind is like the voice of the grail,

As sailing ships fought and right around the world did say,

When the calm of morning is answered by the sound of the birds,

In the stillness and quietness the wind will wind down in words.

And a hurricane can blow off the roof of the house,

While people sleep silently like a quiet little mouse;

For the spirit of the wind is guided and directed by God,

Who leads with his heart where the lungs breathed out odd.

Now God has the reigns and sees and hears when we call,

As the helm of the salvation is like the root of the earth ball;

And the possible answer to the quest for true love,

Is revealed in the heavens when the wind dies from above.

For we know in our hearts, we are all still safe and sound,

As the spirit of God breathes as the wind above goes around;

Like the noise it does make is comforting to those with faith,

But the dead live in hell because of the words he did sayeth.

Signed,

Wherever she goes