

Creation Ballad

Poetry

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Bethel Temple A.G., Baton Rouge, La.

14 lines

I see it on the mountains where the snow shines white
And deep in the valleys to which clings the night.
It dances on the prairie when the sun rises hot
Reflecting from the pools that the rain has brought.
The whisper heard faint when the wind blows the trees
Is the worldwide chorus rattling through the leaves.
It eddies through thick mists that swirl
On damp mornings, when it reaches to grip your soul.
I heard it as the echo of a distant lion's roar
Then I shrank and hid before wanting more.
Cold waves that are tossed and thrown
In deep oceans with emotions unknown.
From soft sweet earth like a flower springs
The praises of God which all creation sings.