

Father

Farmer's prayer

(c) 2021 Don Poss

Thank You for bountiful blessings upon these crops we hoe, and eyes to
marvel at Milk Way's dust that fires the heavens glow.

Swept pure of flaws by Your quill of fire-dots and everchanging dawns; colors
— we dare not gasp a breath, lest our worship chase away such wondrous
hues splashed across morning skies.

Accept our praise and love in songs now raised in offering to You,
And thankfulness for choosing us before stars first gave light. And for Your
light our created sight.