



Everywhere I Look

Such wondrous beauty surrounds me . . .
In the sky an arcing rainbow;
A butterfly floats on a breeze,
True art form of God's Ebb and Flow.
In the distance snow-capped mountains
Reaching, reaching toward azure sky;
Greening trees below the snow line,
Sentinels watching time go by.

A lone bumble bee buzzes by,
Then comes a gust of wind, then rain;
Everywhere I look about me
I hear music, God's Sweet Refrain.
Comes sunset, the muteness of stars
Celebrates the magic of night;
The moon appears in silvered glow,
Beauty around me . . . true delight.

I shall never grow old, I'm told,
If I look upon beauty's face;
God's Artwork beyond description
As is His Wondrous Touch of Grace.

Henry W. Gurley