

## THE POWER TO PRAISE

How could I glorify almighty God?  
He has a psalmist He anointed king,  
Has chroniclers and choirs of angels shod  
In fire-tongued sandals, has a star-strung ring  
Of sun-robed saints. Their worthy lyrics bounce  
Off planets, carom off magnetic poles  
As all of Heaven's harmonies announce  
His majesty, His omnipresent roles.

I am, poor poet, bound by common words;  
No Herbert, Hopkins, Donne, I'm hostage to  
Banality in everything I do.  
And yet sometimes I'm borne as if by birds:  
He leads me, lets me make a worthy choice  
Of verse-- to honor Him with my small voice.

--Glenna Holloway