

A LONGING TO PRAISE

How could I glorify my God?
He has a choir of angels shod
In fire-tongued sandals, and a ring
Of sun-robed saints; their lyrics prod
The dullest tone-deaf soul, they sing
Celestial harmonies to bounce
Off planets and magnetic poles
As heaven's choruses announce
His greatness, His majestic roles.

I am, poor poet, bound by words,
Banality in every phrase--
Yet sometimes borne as if by birds
Beyond the scope of earth-bound days,
He lets me make a worthy choice
To honor Him with my small voice.

--Glenna Holloway