## 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 wooden words; No Herbert, Hopkins, Donne, I'm hostage to The commonplace in everything I do. And yet sometimes I'm borne as if by birds: He leads me, lends me unexpected grace— A Word that makes a difference in this place.

--Glenna Holloway