

PRAYER FOR THE FOURTH DIMENSION

Beyond my own allotted span,
I futuristically beseech
Your blessings, Lord. And if you can
Store up my prayers, reserve for each
Progressive decade something they
Will need: New light for those who teach
The sciences, a new array
Of knowledge, skills for those who reach
Toward unknown limits-- pioneers
In ocean depths and those who breach
Disease's walls, and planetiers
And daring engineers who beach
Strange craft upon the outmost place.

Oh, give them tongues of fire who preach
Beyond my hold on time and space.
By twenty-twenty lend them speech
Derived from diamonds, cleansed with snow,
Subjected to the Son to bleach
Away impurities. I know
New generations will impeach
The gods of hunger, need. Give man
The strength to tame war's bloody leech,
And get on with the Master's plan!

--Glenna Holloway