

Pressing Through

Brian Coatney

Your drops of dew surround
those who give up the fiery fight.
Your golden rays penetrate
those who see through dark night.

Your grace opens up my heart
like petals toward the morning sun,
in full color, fragrant in scent.
How easily your work is done.

Always I see enough,
as my eyes look, open now,
hesitating at times, but certain
of completion, though only You know how.

BC/4-14-05