

Burst of Love, inspirational poems

A sliver of a book
by Skipperdoodle Productions

Thank you, God, for the Changes, v.2

Thank you, God, for the changes.
That rouse us from our daily Somnombulance.
That rearranges.
Our perception, where we have a chance.
To marvel at your immutable magnificence.

The wooden flute, v. 2

On a trip to Tampa/ Saint Pete,
My parents sought to distract me,
With an art fair in the park.
I lay in the pavilion nursing a migraine.
Eventually feeling good enough to explore the closest booths.
Mom and I encountered a twenty-something lad who asked if I'd like to walk farther.
I did, and inexplicably,
my mother assented.
As the stranger and I walked,
He said, "Ya know, you've Got to honor your mother and father."
"Uhh, huh, I know," I timidly muttered.
I started to sob.
We returned to the pavilion.
The lad asked my dad if he'd buy a made-on-the-spot flute.
My Scotch/Irish father shockingly assented.
The workman rubbed the bamboo body with shoe polish, accented both ends by encircling them
with brown string, and attached a leather holding thong to one end.
The final flourish was achieved with an etching tool.
As we got back on the highway,
I mused on the powerful oddities of the encounter.
Before noticing the inscription:
Gabriel '84.
And that explained it:
Gabriel is God's messenger angel.
To this day, the flute is one of my most cherished possessions.
Gratitude, not pride, v. 2

He said,
That's a beautiful picture.
But instead of me giving credit.
Where it is due.
I basked in the compliment.
As if I had created anything.
Had done anything more than awaken early.
Rising from the bed.
In the home, in the body,
In the sunshine, in the world, in the universe,
God has provided.
To point the device at the scene
Both of which I'd no part in making.
Armed but with the appreciation.
God has given me for the transcendent beauty of amazing nature.
For, after all, we create Nothing,
But merely rearrange the set pieces
Our Almighty stage director has provided.
So, it is with humbling shame,
I realize my response should have been.
One of gratitude, not pride.
Gift after Gift

The miracle of your creation.
But then a protector and Savior.
Yet still not finished.
Your daily bread and all good things.
And a steadfast love throughout your life.
All capped by an eternity in Paradise.
Forever.

It spoke in a language ears can't comprehend, That only the soul can know

It came to me unaware.
No, more accurately,
I became aware of what was always there.
But not consciously known.
In the same way that you right now feel your left pinky toe.

We are righteous

We are righteous.

Only because We are clothed in the robes of our Lord.

We can stand before the almighty,

And demand our inheritance.

Only because We are clothed in the robes of our Lord.

We are saved and free of fears.

Only because we are clothed in the robes of our Lord.

Only because we are clothed in the robes of our Lord.