

THE CALL

I am but a spark
in this web of life,
a wave of memories
calls me to
become
a child of the earth
and scent of the moon,
one with the stars
called to be light.

I shall think of
my days
as a song of the wind,
a soft refrain of
fleeting rainbows,
the hymn of
praise
of graceful butterflies
and golden daffodils.

the universe beckons me
to be a haven
for our common home,
a delight
on sunless mornings,
a ripple of
hope
for this wounded
world.

who am I
if not for the Seed
that was sown?
if not for His love
and mercy;
sewn with sacred strands
by the Divine Maker
I am called to
become
God's earthen vessel.

-Marietta Lea B. Rosana
COLC