

Life Becomes a Simple Prayer

Life has mostly simple moments
Like the rising sun each day.
The times of truly great excitement
Seem like clouds that drift away.
Plans and memories are tainted
With the hopes and fears of thought.
When the many dreams have faded,
The only peace begins with God.

Then in the moments by the river,
Or walking through a crowded mall,
Simple thoughts of God can linger,
And nothing else exists but God.
In this moment thoughts have ended,
And the spirit fills my heart.

Then the peace of being present
Overwhelms my inner talk.
But just for a short pause only
Does the fleeting moment last.
My eager mind returns and slowly
Thinking fuels by selfishness.
Yet in these quiet simple moments,
My heart perceives that God is near,
Without the rush to trust emotions,
My life becomes a simple prayer.

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