

I Heard the Rocks and Grass in Prayer

I heard the rocks and grass in prayer,
blessing God with silent song.
An eloquent communion share
with He whom all things lean upon.
I heard the streams and rocks at play,
in splashing water interchange,
proclaiming God in their own way
beyond all thought in words arranged.

And as our voices fill the air
with babble to God's ears assigned,
we think ourselves to be at prayer
as thoughts with words go unaligned.
While laughing children in the park
without a thought to proper phrase
are joining with the meadowlark
to sing a worthy song of prayer.

Within the essence of itself
creation with its God communes.
From stone to continental shelf
all to the balanced love attunes.
Thus from the essence of our souls
may we so find the inner sight
to see ourselves creation's whole
and hear the language of God's light.

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