

Walking on God's Good Side

O rarely will the thing you most
need rise to your hand.

O rarely will your love come to
you on your darkest day
with the precise counter-spell. O,
friend, why do you sit
and wait for the bell? Rise now
and open the drapes. The
man or woman outside has a
word for you. It's only a word to
start the conversation. But O,
friend, you too are made of earth.
Alike, you are made of breath, too.



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