God

Grace Nguyen

*He greets me with light*

*every morning,*

*I open the curtains to see*

*His beaming smile,*

*I pull the windows open*

*to breathe the air He gives,*

*I am ready to conquer*

*the day in His name.*

*when I stumble and trip,*

*people will glance-*

*ask a quick “are you okay?”*

*but they leave,*

*taking more value*

*in the illusion of Earth,*

*and forgetting about me.*

*but He is unconditional love,*

*the love you will never receive from a human being,*

*the love that gives you more power to do*

*whatever you desire,*

*the love that sets you free from the barriers,*

*the chains gripping your wrists and legs,*

*holding you back.*

*not only unique,*

*but eternally merciful is He.*

*nothing is more important*

*than your praise towards Him.*