

FATEFULL HANDS

Of fatefull hands which made your face
and sweet intent that spawned your grace
made busy forming ever bright
this sould of laughter love and light.
These hands so skilled in wirk so fair
Created one designed to care
For all things equal, not to judge
Nor speak with malice or hold a grudge
Your very bones are made of love
Your soul's of sunshine, your heart above
All else is pure for all to see
You speak your Truth your spirit...free.
What hands can make a being so true?
I thank them for creating you
For I am ever in their debt
For bringing you into my life and yet...
For all creation celebrate
Of myriad beast both small and great
For grass and flower plant and tree
For wind and rain and sun and sea
For rock and ice and snow and sand
All things are fashioned by this hand.
Bit fairest work and finest skill
Are saved for one whose heart you fill
With love enough to spread to all
To heal their hurts, catch those who fall
One who's intent is a mirror for you
So all can see inside themselves too.
One made to reflect the bluebells in May
The perfection of snowflakes on a winters day
Or drifting clouds in a Simpsons sky
The opalescent wings of a dragonfly.
These awesome hands that made your face
Have made this such a wonderous place
And for that and for this and for them and for you
And for me and for thee and for all that you do
And for star filled nights and for scorching hot days
It's the least I can do to offer my praise
And my thanks and my thoughts and a smile every day
For good fortune that gives me the freedom to say
How lucky I am to be here and to do
All the things that I do and to also have you

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