

A Prayer for Faith

Karen Mikkelsen

Approaching Thee, I am too circumspect.
By turning first toward man, whose lesser sight
Is limited to a mere terrestrial span,
I refract into many light of One,
Diminishing Thy glory. Through a glass
I let, eclipsed, Thy Godhood darkly pass.
A crown of thorns but dimly can predict
The scintillating corona whose light
In piercing magnitude reveals to man
The glory of the resurrected Son.
Ah, let Thy mercy melt the sounding brass
To change my heart from sod to sea of glass.