

God's Spirit Dwells

God's spirit dwells
in private hells
where broken dreams
cause curdling screams.

Our souls God lifts,
and of His gifts
the most obscure
cause cleanest cure.

We rant, we rave
for God to save,
but God saves all
who prostrate fall.

Away by Christ
our sins were sliced;
now His great reign
rids Death's domain.

Dear God, we pray
that all we say
and all we pen
be Thine. Amen.