



### Who Is This Artist?

No mortal could paint such pictures,  
Each one captures artist's sure hand;  
All forms painted to perfection,  
Obeisant to brush's demand.

Cirri-form clouds trail endlessly  
From the deep azure skies below.  
And in the brush of artist's hand  
The crystals afar glint and glow.

The sun, the moon, the stars recessed,  
The alien worlds we can't know,  
Images that we think we see  
Outlined by auras of His Glow.

Who can be this Master Artist?  
There's no reason we should not know.  
He's our God Who made everything:  
In splendeded artistry aglow.

Henry W. Gurley