



Out There Somewhere

In colors only God could blend,
Embraced by them it fades away.
The beauty of its slow-paced death
Belies the ending of the day.

In disbelief as I stand there,
I watch the golden sun sink low;
The palette that remains in place
Still has many colors to show.

And show it does as they stream out
Painting a master piece divine;
Awe and wonder capture my heart
And I muse 'This is mine! All mine!'

I'm blessed that sunsets come each day
To announce that nighttime draws nigh;
Out there somewhere, Someone directs
Golden sun to bid me goodbye.

And I am recipient of
A divine master piece in place;
All I have to do? Look westward,
View His Art, sense His Touch of Grace.

Henry W. Gurley