The Grand Design: An Artist's Prayer

a song by Kay Pere

My heart is a parchment, my hand holds a quill.
I dip this pen, quivering, afraid the ink might spill.
I long to draw you to me, Great Mystery within.
Move my hands, move my heart, guide my pen.

Though I try to sketch the future, only your hand turns the page.
You erase the stains and smudges of my past mistakes.
So I ask, please, grant the wisdom to know where to draw the line
And provide a clearer vision of your Grand Design.

I could never pen your portrait for I've yet to see your face,
But I know you from your likeness in the beauty of this place.
The pattern of your stillness rests upon my open book.
A still life of your spirit shines wherever I might look.

Though I try to sketch the future, only your hand turns the page.
You erase the stains and smudges of my past mistakes.
So I ask, please, grant the wisdom to know where to draw the line
And provide a clearer vision of your Grand Design.

Great Artist, you arranged the stars
and fashioned each small flower
My heart and hands are yours to move
in the quiet of this hour.

So I ask, please, grant the wisdom to know where to draw the line
And provide a clearer vision of your Grand Design.

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