

Miracles

The power of love is never contrived
Nor is it some specialized talent.
It doesn't create a comfortable life
Nor is it some secretive magic.
This wondrous power can never be caught
Nor can it be pictured in nature.
It has no address but never gets lost
And knows every subtle direction.

Sometimes this wondrous grace appears
Like mist overwhelming a mountain.
Yet when it's gone the proof is so clear
That only a cynic would doubt it.
I can't apprehend how God answers prayer.
But once I was lost and now I am here.

By John Frederick Zurn ©January 2014

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