

Prayer 1

These few words, O Lord,
Are all I have to sacrifice.

I ask Thee, Lord,
Can white smoke rise
From such a feeble fire?

I ask Thee, Lord,
Can flames so cold
Express my soul's desire?

I ask Thee:
Can words so far from me
Still tell my love for Thee?

Yet, O Lord, this voice
Hast Thou given me to use as mine,
And truly, sir, in humble measure.

Return my straining words,
O Lord, I beg, with Thine.
Thy word will be my treasure!

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