

God

I am the gentle evening breeze
Which stirs the desert sand;
I am the softly sighing sea
Which washes on the sand.

I am the thought which comes to you
In the middle of the night;
I am the elation you feel
When your hopes and dreams take flight.

I am a new-born baby's cry
And an old man's final breath;
I was before the world was
And I shall be, after its death.