

While We March

While we march
between encounters,
plodding on
o'er hill and vale -
what thought
escorts our journey
in the lulls
of each, our tale?

While we're waiting
between the days,
in the silence
of the night -
what hear we
in quiet darkness,
filling empty
ears with light?

And who keeps watch,
while we sleep?
What allied angel
protects our breath?
In what savior
do we trust, invest
to bank our saving
from tears and death?

Our shadow's challenge
fades beneath the cloud
and the question
voiced in silence,
thunder answers loud.

What measures distance,
destiny and design,
fortitude and fortune,
descent and climb?
What supports our footfall
leading through the maze?
What ensures our safety
as providence unfolding plays?

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fades beneath the cloud
and the question
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thunder answers loud.