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## An Orison

O God,  
Here kneel I in Orison on Priedieu  
Desireth to be a poet.  
To lay bare my mind  
With the language of stars, seas and sand  
'pon modern papyrus.

O God, Ominiscient  
Thine servantly desireth  
To paint things, places and people  
With golden words so choiced,  
Far apart from a tirade.

O God, Omnipresent  
Let thou me to be thine quill  
Writing 'pon tablets of many hearts  
Without chimerical thoughts,  
But communicating sublime thoughts.

O God, Omnipotent,  
Help thou me to stain up to a tome  
Until thine servant's poems  
Becometh chef-doeuvre.  
Thou art my cicerone.  
Thou art my source of inspiration  
I don't resort to the greek's Muse.

Geno: 2/6/2k

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