

**And Then God** by Elizabeth Pratt

And God took  
star dust and gases, time and imagination,  
and created a world of abundant life  
and startling beauty.  
And God took love and compassion  
fashioning for himself companions,  
gifting them with imagination  
and a sense of gentleness  
to tend with appreciation the wonders about them.

Then with revealing courage  
God bared herself to loss  
and breathed into her children  
the gift of choice.

And then God cried,  
tears mingling in drops on human cheeks,  
as they struggled with their freedom.  
And made mistakes.  
And allowed their heads to become  
more important than their hearts,  
and their cleverness to be of their own making.

And God waits  
with outstretched arms,  
with longing heart,  
with gentle eyes,  
while creation groans  
and grasps for breath.

See me, cries God,  
spreading a palette of colour  
across the evening sky.  
Hear me, the sighs gently from the treetops.  
Love me, he pleads,  
looking deeply into our hearts  
through the eyes of the homeless.  
Come to me and know my peace.

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