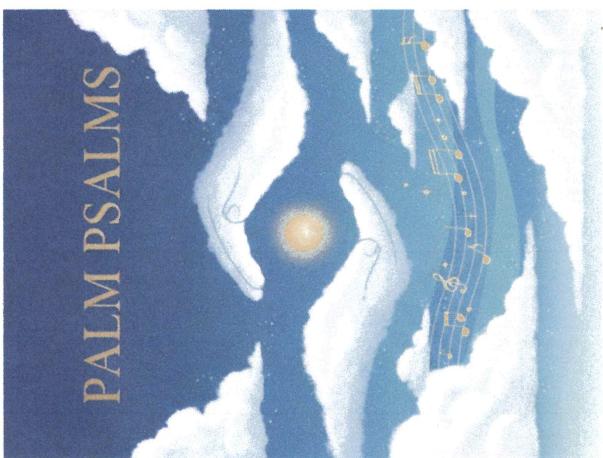


# JK Miller

Return to me, O Lord!  
I cannot live a part from you.  
From your jaded landscape.  
My soul has been cut  
dust to dust,  
Ashes to ashes  
Run to meet me!  
running over.  
Passed down, taken together  
Give to me your good measure.  
In the heavens  
you squeeze light from vapors.  
In the newborn stars.  
Do not hide  
in the rolling nebulae  
of death.  
See my affliction  
Dont stand so far off.  
Be gracious with me, O Lord!  
and carry me from the gates



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All that is upon the Earth  
is Yours. You are in all of it,  
even the man-made garbage.  
There are some ugly things  
we have wrought: the plastic bag  
stuck in the top  
of the maple tree –  
the wind can't blow it out,  
and its molecules will not break  
apart, and it is perpetually singing  
"Save Big Money", and the chain  
link fences and cement, too, for  
example, but You are in us, the  
creators of this garbage. We are  
your most precious creation. So I  
know that someday we will do  
better.

Praise in the highest to my God!  
He looks out over the cities—  
the strings of abodes (houses,  
factories, warehouses)  
that we are busy  
laying out over the Earth  
in our ordered way –  
while he arranges  
in the expanses  
of the universe  
winding nebulae,  
gulches, stars, mesas,  
rocks, black holes,  
mountains, passes,  
dust, sierras  
and tables before us,  
Praise be to my God in the highest!

Though I waste away  
and day by day inch  
closer to my grave,  
yet You comfort me  
and fill me with joy.  
Your hands hold me.  
Your fingers gently lift  
my head  
and wipe away the tears.  
I praise you  
day and night  
I praise you  
dark or light.  
Blind of sight,  
I praise you.  
I praise you because  
you are so very good  
to me.

Bless the Lord of my soul –  
All that is within me.  
Bless your Holy Name.  
You make my skin tingle  
in the cold fall air,  
my breath surge  
like breaking waves.  
You make my fingers feel  
prickly seeds of Musk Thistle  
which will stick around  
even for the grandchildren  
of my children,  
in other words  
after I am long forgotten  
their fingers will be pricked  
and bleed.  
You set my heart to sing  
at the Mystery of Your Ways!