**Sometimes I Sit and Look at Life**

*1979*

Sometimes I sit and look at life.

And life looks back at me.

Deep in my heart and She lights a spark of empathy.

For me.

For you.

For all the world.

To touch and feel and see.

For now and then,

Grade. To dance and sing and be.

Even sorrow's ache will fade

Beside her simple smile.

Even death's sad howl will hold

Her warmth.

Her peade.

Her power.

For I am here.

But a moment's thought.

While life flows pase.

And on, I drift with all

I am, there is, or was,

Or will, as one, at last, together.

I am.

There is.

Or was.

Or will.

As one.

At last.

Together.