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God's Tool

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choice
lovin'
just
one
i explore
your
mind so natural
i pray
to release
my spirit
deep inside
abandoned orphan
eyes
my sister
beautiful mexican
features 
Jesus
looks out from behind her eyes
when i see her
i see life
i see Easter
sunday
mama
named her grace
she is mine
my own
she owns me
as the Lord bought my soul
on sunday
i am for her a slave

Donovan Riley

God's Tool
Woman, a broad term.
Woman, created by God.
But why?
A woman's comforting touch,
A woman's soothing kiss.
The warm compassion God sends
That bursts from her smile.
A woman.

Woman, man's secret holder.
Woman, created by God.
But why?
A woman's open ear,
A woman's embracing arms.
The words God sends
That flow into her letters.
A woman.

Woman, special tool.
Woman, created by God.

Melissa Bond
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Woman
The leadership she has within.
The laughter and sorrow behind a grin.
The love she holds,
Fitting all God's molds.
The Dream she dreams,
The sowing of all life's seams.
The friendship she gives,
The life she lives.
The touch of her hand
As one and together walking in the sand.
She gives all she is, all that she'll be,
All that she'll never be.
The Loves she had, the Loves she's lost;
The price to pay, the high cost.
The job she has, the one she'll never see,
Trusting one and all three.

Nicole LaPage Schluter