

God is a poet

I sleep and get lost in my realm of boundless thoughts,

My thoughts split,

lost in the wonders of endless musings, Caught within a whirlwind of creative drift, God, the greatest poet,

His works are so amusing.

The rain, a liquid poem, in drops it falls, Reviving the earth in gentle lyrical calls, The thunder's roar, a strong and loud stanza, God's grace is endowed in nature's poetry.

With the seasons, His rhymes twist in reasonable imagery,

Winter's ice and summer's fiery burn, A vivid fiery dance in fallen golden leaves, God's stanzas in bittersweet themes.

He weaves in paradox, His lines are so profound, In deserts, blooms emerge from dry ground,

The green cactus, with bright thorns, God's ironic touch, a poetic sight.

The ocean's waves are such a sweet lullaby, In every ripple, a complete dream is achieved, in every splash, every wish is fulfilled,

In every whisper of the wind's refrain, God's poetry flows in nature's endless chain.

In the existence of this life, God's a poet, With words of irony,

He writes humans' lives with wondrous destiny.

In stanzas of life, His pen does poetically write, Mysterious happenings, both day and night.

He writes our heart's desires with a golden pen on our heart's blank sheet,

A masterpiece in love's narrative piece.

He and She have an unbreakable bond, elastic infatuation, and sweet feelings.

In a relationship sonnet, the heart does link.

In similes, He molds twins and triplets in metaphors,

In every corner of creation, His design shines, God, the greatest poet, with His masterful hand,
Crafts a poetic world, both vast and great, is He not a poet? The greatest One.

Olubiyi Victor