

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



THE UNSEEN

We can see the bright colors,
But the rainbow's out of reach.
We can see the hot sand,
But not the heat upon the beach.

We can climb the clock tower,
But we cannot touch real time.
We can watch the trees in sway,
But see not the wind ring chimes.

We can see her sweet smile,
But know not what's in her heart.
We can shake his firm hand,
But will he then do his part?

We can read the Holy Bible,
But will wisdom then appear?
We can say a prayer out loud,
But will God to us draw near?

We can see life's many objects,
But life's spirit's what we love.
We can plant the deepest trees,
Yet yearn to fly like doves.

We can see the men of doubt,
As well as men of faith.
The one demands to touch his proof,
The other trusts in grace.

Embodied as we are,
As rooted in things real,
We love that which we cannot see,
Those things we only feel.

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This tells us of our God,
It reminds what's in store.
Not the things that turn to dust,
But the things worth living for.

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