

## Thanks my Lord

by Godofredo Rivera

Thanks a million times, my Lord, for this patient little heart of mine that Thou gave me. It is my precious possession... my life.

When I first saw the bright star above, I built a ladder to reach the sky, to pick the flaming gem.

Too high. My ladder could reach only the crown of the mango tree.

On the composite shore the beckoning hands of a beautiful woman were flagging an irresistible signal. So I built a bridge to get across the water.

Too wide. My bridge reached only a few roads away. And as I looked after inland, way up, standing upon the crest of the mountain was the magnificent figure of a titan in a scarlet robe, casting abroad gold, perfumes and diamonds. And thousands of men, like thousands of snarling dogs, were fighting for the free luxuries scattered around. So I started to climb.

Too steep. My knees were not built for that savage pilgrimage.

And so I built myself a shed of green leaves at the edge of the brook. Days I filled my little heart with joy, watching the dancing rivulet. Nights I wrap my little heart in the gossamer of peace as I listen to the eloquent sermon of the *kalaw*.

Each night an augury. Each day a reality.

How wonderful is life.

Thanks a million times, my Lord.

Thanks.