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Every Little Grain.

When the end of road is near
When time is moving fast
When everything is added up
And the last of dice is cast
From the silent garden of despair
My voice is reaching out
Take this cup away from me
And release my mind from doubt

I gaze into the shadows
In the corners of my soul
Where ancient gods and devils roam
And acting out their role
Then a vision bright and clear
I can see His Kingdom reign
In every newborn child
In every little grain

When my greed and slothful ways
Cause pain and bitter strife
It is shame and trouble to my house
And thorns grows 'round my life
In the moment of oblivion
I turn to the wind and rain
With a last and final call
For Him to ease my pain

I've been to the mountains high
And down to the deepest well
I've seen the light from heaven
And its shadow cast in hell
Then I came to understand
My glow His light sustains
In every newborn child
And in all the little grains

I was taken to the desert
To the howling wilderness
To face temptation's evil joy

And play a game of chess
And many pawns they died that day
To save The Kingdom's reign
And many seeds of tears were sown
In desert sand like rain

I stand upon the wisdom
Of those who've gone before
My hope is for the children
Playing on the shore
The life I've lived is not in vain
It's like a livin' chain
Through every newborn child
Through every little grain

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This poem/song was inspired by, and a reconceptualization of, Bob Dylan's song "Every Grain of Sand".

The image of the grain is taken from the Bible:

'The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed (...) the least of all seeds (...) but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs. (KJB Matt 13: 31-32)

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