

Diverse Faiths.

I walked along a golden path
In the glade with my friends.
Conscientious and good, all -
Strutting, fearless,
My faith my protective staff.

I breathed deeply of nature's sweet scents -
Flowers, aromatic fruits,
And striated greenly leaves,
All strewn and blowing about us
In exhilarating and intoxicating accents.

Glimpses of dazzling sunlight,
In dappled patterns, through the leafy canopy,
Bathed us in a warm glow as we listened,
Enraptured, to the whistled melodies, oft discordant,
Of cheery birds, feathers flashing in iridescent colours.

A Startled deer, a family of monkeys, a pride of lions,
A slither in the grass, out of the corner of my eye.
Each and sundry, each at home,
Here, in our world,
Shared by all, within diverse canyons.

'Thanks be to God, through his son Jesus Christ, Our Lord'
One friend ululated.

'Thanks be to Allah, through His Prophet Mohammed, my *own* Lord,
Whose name be praised' the other re-joined fiercely

'Thanks be to God, through Himself,
To whom I give direct praise'
I added softly.

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