

God and the Past

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What can you tell Me of my past?
Anything that was then, did it last?
What are some of the things that were then?
Do you know about them, can you tell Me when?
Were there things great and small, Or was there anything at all?
Was there life and death?
Was there anything that had breath?
Do you have knowledge that can tell you?
Of what I did, and all the things I planned to do?
Were there any mountains and hills?
To grind the wheat and corn were there mills?
Were there seas and fountains?
Were there trees and flowers on the mountains?
Were there rivers and streams?
Were there moons? Were there sun beams?
Were there animals running to and fro?
Can you tell me, do you know?
Were there meadows? Were there fields?
Were there people, with their shields?
Were there great monsters in the sea?
Can you tell who was there with Me? Was there anything then that is now? Can you tell Me, can you tell Me how?
Is it all to you a mystery?
Is there anything in your records of My history?
Then My past for now must remain the past,
I will always be, My love for you will always last.