Morning Prayer

A little boy knelt on the hill
behind his family's home.
His knees were dark with dampened earth
from morning dew-soaked loam.

His brown eyes squinted from the sun
just rising in the sky.
Bowing his head, he prayed for peace
and thanked God with a smile.

Another hill, another child,
knelt down and prayed for same.
Speaking his native language he
intoned a different name.

Throughout the world the children pray
to their own Creator.
They ask for peace, food to eat, and
time to grow up later.

Their mothers pray that someday they
will live in peace as neighbors.

Susan B. Lovejoy