Title: Divine Disappearance

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Many say we don't see God;
What do we expect,
When we are being a sod?
Call him all the time,
Blaspheme and think it's fine;
Don't we realize,
This is a crime?
When we really fall,
What happens,
When we call?
Then we blame God instead,
For letting our lives,
Have such dread.
Don't we catch the thread,
What God wants,
For our lives instead?
God is called,
The Lord of Host,
Because God works through us the most.
If we meet someone down,
Pick them up;
Don't give a frown.
Have we heard a smile is contagious;
Be courageous,
Don't say this is outrageous;
Really it is advantageous,
Positive it makes us,
Before love forsakes us.
Give a smile,
Pass it on.
Be strong,
The Lord can dwell,
Free us all,
From this Hell.
God made it all,
Can't we tell;
Because there is love in all as well.