

The Sparrow's Psalm to God

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I am common
I sing the whole day through
but people pass me by
—just like Him.

I am small
no one notices me much
except the little children
their eyes open in wonder when they see me
—I know they see Him too.

How often have you passed my creation?
How often have you not wondered at my brown beauty?
Yet I am the one who is just like Him.

I am a sparrow
common as coal
precious as diamonds
—just like Him.