

Latarri Webb

## Ode To God

Thou whom has made me,  
From the crusty heels of my feet  
Up my imperfect physique.  
To the coils on my crown

I clap,  
I cry,  
I smile,  
I bow down,

Lowly I live  
But Not under a bench,  
Under subjection,  
Not under a bridge  
But Under your love, grace, and affection.  
Under the wings of my God's protection

Oh thee,  
My poem,  
My God,  
an ode to thee.  
In my humblest form  
You formed me.  
Formally  
I offer up my praises  
Since my fetal formation,  
For me your son was forsaken.

I owe thee my life,  
Sacrificing blood.  
I owe thee,  
Unto thee oh lord,  
I owe thee ,  
Debt, Old as my great grandmother's ashes.  
I wear thee  
On my neck  
rugged cross  
I am blessed.

I am a princess,  
My king saved me.  
Body of Christ  
I am amazing,  
Living in me  
Life so sustaining,

Innately freed  
His blood has escaped me.

In my shame,  
My hero,  
His son,  
His blood,  
Their name,  
Life forever  
Eternally changed.  
Living a mess  
Like my God  
Didn't proclaim.

Thou almighty,  
Thou all pure,  
Thou is holly,  
Thou hast created  
Me to endure.

Through the darkest valley  
To the highest mountain peak  
In the midst of a severe storm  
So cloudy I could not see,  
My God  
never left me.