

The Divine Design

Prosperity Poem 91

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Every thought I sow
Continues to grow
And the end result
Seems simple to know

Every thought in mind
Produces in kind
I can clearly see
The divine design

An apple's small seed
Grows apples indeed
And thoughts of one "type"
To more they will lead

A seed, like a thought
Is tiny, but not
Inconsequential
With faith, both are sought

I'll think just the best
And bypass the rest
By divine design
I will remain blessed

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