

## *God First*

Before the baby sky was born as the blue,  
out of the dark breast of Eternity, who existed?  
*God first.*

It was He who with His omnipresent brush  
spread blue all over the ceiling of dark space.  
Who was it who peopled the hall of space  
with the family of planets?  
*God first.*

Naught could breathe  
without His first breath.  
That is why:  
*God first.*

The wind sighs after His sigh.  
The rain falls after He weeps  
for the parching throats of men  
and the dry earthly clouds.  
The sun shines when He warms  
the flesh of living creatures.  
I saw His skiey face wrinkled all over  
with His smiling muscles of silver rays.  
I love His children, the frolicsome wind,  
the chattering liberal rain,  
the vitalizing sun,  
and the soothing moon,  
after I have loved  
*God first.*

He first asked my father, and mother,  
and friends to love me, so I love  
*God first.*

I breathe after He breathed through me;  
I throb after He flowed life into me;  
I think after He thought in me;  
I reason because He put reason in me;  
I will because He taught me how to use my will freely.  
So the portals of my heart are open to  
*God first.*

All my duties I can perform only after borrowing  
the powers of action from God,  
so my first duty is to love  
*God first.*

The first thought of the morning,  
the first love of my heart,  
the first ambition of my Soul,  
the first desire of all desires,  
the first attraction of my feelings,  
the first and foremost effort  
of my reason and will is  
*God first.*

If all my friends are taken away,  
I shall remember that God is my foremost friend,  
for He never leaves me, even when I ignore Him.  
If dark death calls to free my caged Omnipresence  
from its prison cell of flesh,  
I shall not moan because I have to leave  
my brother prisoners, or the prison furniture,  
temporarily given to me to use.  
I shall repent of my vagrant wanderings,  
my prison-term due to intoxication of ignorance,  
and joyfully think of my long-left home  
of Omnipresence and my ever-welcoming  
*Father-God first.*

When I am free,  
I shall ask my Father to help me,  
so that I may help my other brothers  
to free themselves.

***By Swami Yogananda***

Published by [yoganandaharmony.com](http://yoganandaharmony.com)