

POEMS & PRAYERS

In this chapter, I would like to share some Poetry that I have previously shared with others, and now wish to share with you.

Changing My Mind...

Changing is a part of life
Changing in my life
Changing equals life

From here to there
Uncomfortable, heavy, and unbearable
Changing, what's more? More changing?

I remember my youth
When passions and lust ran wild
One can only regress like this
until living is a weariness

And deceit steals?
Or gives?
Or births to death?

O happy chance that Life was looking out for me
O happy chance that life became fresh with promise
O happy chance that change is possible
To those who have the correct key

I am a lock, and God is my key
I am a puzzle
He is a mystery
I hope that He will remain in me

Shrewd, wise, and cunning
Stronger than death
Mightier than creation

The unchanging causing change
Change? Hungry within?

A change within?

It will cost you
Even though it is a gift
A paradox?
Yes you understand Him even without
knowing

Then the pain,
Then the disorientation,
And then the darkness

Long ago when I was young - changing
Now I am old – still changing
Cause I believe,

I want to remain
committed
To changing...for Him

Rivers

dark river fills my soul
White river surrounds my hole
dark river when are you going to go?
dark river you are my pride
dark river why don't you dry?
White river of light, grant me your life
Holy river move my soul within
The blood is red, and I drink this cup
dark river is black and dark as death
Hungry for you, hungry for me
Contours lines and curves
We'll fly, fly, up in the sky
And be redeemed by the guide
Seek for the truth, blessing and life
Hungry within?
Tired of emptiness?
Tired of boredom?
Looking to give and believe?
Sweet Jesus where have you been?
O River of Life,
Please have mercy on me

Darkest Night

I wait for you in darkest night

I wait for you when sun burns bright
My earthen heart soaks up your blood because I'm dry
Tribe of one – Oh Holy Trinity
Bribe was lost, but was not for naught
In garden's darkest night
Prayers, intrigue, and spite
Drops of blood do fall to earth
My earthen heart broken through birth
My earthen heart needs your light
So I smile as you finally remove my blight
Joy Oh happy surprise
Joy our great delight
Glad you were right
And I did not spiritually die.

PLEASING???

What is in some dogs that make them want to please?
As it is with some dogs so it is with some human beings.
Some seek to use, others to be used
How about you?
What is in me?
I like to think that God lives in me
And that He is the goodness I draw upon
To do something beautiful for Jesus
Change comes so slow within me
Patience and more patience is what I think I need
Does God love me?
Yes, I'm sure of this now
To be rooted in Him that is my quest
Drawing from Him His supernatural life
Not like a sluggard or glutton
But like a fruitful tree blossoming in spring
Growing, growing, and growing
Ah the smell, Oh the taste
Meaning and purpose come from the same stream or Vine
Hunger and thirst for life and light
He is my expectation, my hope, and my chance.
A tree of possibilities?
A tree of "ifs" or "would have beens"?
Temptation. Where would I have been if you were not by my side and in my mind?
Driving the point home that I could easily die through believing a lie.

It Is Now...

It is now spring, and the trees are dressing
Swaying in the wind
Lush and green

With blossoms everywhere

It is now summer, and the trees are dancing
Soon much fruit will be ripe
To the joy of those who are hungry
The harvest is here
What joy to those who have waited

It is now fall, the trees are undressing
But with colors of yellow and brown and red
The cold wind blows the leaves away
The trees become naked

It is now winter, and the trees still reach to the sky
The cold wind blows through the naked branches
And the trees sway and dance

Hope is not lost
For spring is not far away.

Raising the dead

I've heard that some roads go nowhere except to the dead
I've heard of a road that goes somewhere instead
I've heard of a road that brings meaning and depth
to our frail personalities instead
It goes through the valley and up a mountain instead
The valley is dark, and the mountain desperate
Only the crazy will believe me,
want to bet?
like a worm I crept
until I flew from the eagle's nest
Joy is its promise
But I've got to stay hungry
I've got to stay hungry for love, beauty, and life
I knew not the names of its paths
except that some have gone ahead
Confusion was a long time in my empty head
as exhaustion loomed ahead
Do men really come back from the dead?
My DNA is unique,
I believe that my spirit is not endlessly being reincarnated
because of misdeeds
I felt alone many a night, yet I claimed He was by my side
Could peace really come from brokenness and despair?
Does love and commitment really believe
the seemingly impossible?

That God indeed raises the dead?

Love's Great Quest

I've been to hell and back
Heaven is what I seek instead
Do not despise the dark
humility making machine
Her secrets aren't seen at first
Many a long year I walked
in deserts full of cold and heat
Day and Night I followed the
bend in the road
Until I found Him formed in my soul
in my hole
Do not despise the bend in the road
Or the darkness at night
It is like a mustard seed
unworthy of a glance at best
Except the gardener knows best
He who laughs at
and mocks small things
cannot go on this quest
Unless he comes to hunger for
love instead

In Or Out Of No Man's Land?

Out of darkness, and into the light
That is the path I must tread
The Mother of Jesus giving birth to me...all over again
Birth canal you are so uncomfortable
Part of me wants to return to the dead
Should I choose:
Growing pains instead?
Part of me wants to quit,
But Love is calling instead
And it is not like falling in love,
Because it requires skills and commitment instead
Like: courage, hope, faith, and endurance
It requires a body putting forth effort
And being in tune with the Spirit instead
Do I really want to leave the tunnel's end?
Do I really want to leave no man's land?
I can see that even more maturing awaits
No man's land – it really sucks
My greedy lazy proud self cries out,
but do I really want to return to the living dead?

I'm not going back to Darkness
I'm going forward instead,
into the unknown future,
where someday I will embrace
my creator in His light
My savior in His might
Only don't let me quit
while the journey isn't finished
And I'm not dead

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Dear Heavenly Father,
I accept the cross you have given me with
determination to do your will to the end.
Lord God, each time I fall please help me to get up.
Encourage me through the words,
and the prayers from the saints.
When things get too difficult please send someone
on by to help me carry my burden.
Open my eyes so that I may be able
to properly discern the distance I have yet to go.
And Lord, when I fall to the ground out of exhaustion,
please sustain my spirit with your life.
Father, please make me an instrument of your peace.
And when I fall again, please be there to revive me.
Lord God, Strip from me all the malice in my heart,
my unbelief, and my quick temper.
Please never let me forget
that it is in dying that we are born anew.
Let me gain strength from your perseverance,
your suffering,
your agony,
your pain,
your death, and
your life. Amen!

ANTHEM OF PRAISE

Praise you O God – Father, Son, and Spirit.
You are glorious. You are full of majesty and grandeur.
You are the most High. You are very Life.
You give meaning, to those who seek it.
You are all powerful,
and no one can fathom your understanding or knowledge.
In you lies the very mystery of life, of Eternity, and purpose.
No words can fully describe all your attributes. My fumbling tongue, mixed up head, and
blind eyes hardly attribute to you all the greatness you deserve. Therefore, I beg you

May I worship you as you deserve not only now but also for Eternity.
You are utterly worth living for. You are utterly worth dying for.
You are the Almighty.
Yet you are Meek, Loving, Merciful, Gracious, Kind, and Compassionate. Nothing compares to you. You are utterly worshipful.
Even in the Darkness
I owe you my all, my every effort. Yet I often make a mess of things.
You are the fullness of purity and holiness.
You are subtle,
You are deity.
You are perfect.
Nothing compares to your greatness.
You are the joy of this man's desire,
and I hunger for you. I thirst for you. I ache for you.
I'm incomplete without you.
I'm desperate for you.
You are my longing.
You are everything I hope to worship fully some day soon.

Growing Up

When I was young I went my own way
But He was not far behind
For deep inside sprouted His seed for Eternal Life
His love was shed abroad in my heart
And I was infatuated with Him
I loved for a while
And then got caught up in self
But He was by my side
He let loose darkness so that I might see the Light
He let loose suffering so that I might Know Love
When day came I looked about me
My sight had changed
And much more was changed besides
Now He was formed inside me
And I had Freedom to obey
Indeed, He is the hope of glory