

I Sing

Cries echoing down through the ages
sing to me of where I might go.
How to plant my staff
as I trek the pitfalls.
They sing to me their subtle persuasions
of lessons reaped from tears and pain.
I hear them and honour their
blood-wrought wisdom.
Always singing, bringing me closer
to their understanding of God's intent.
All that drives each of us
in passion and bliss.
Now, I too sing. I sing to the
babe at it's mothers breast.
I sing to the souls yet unborn
and those reawakened.
My anthem tells of their glory
secreted in their quiet mind.
Glory coursing through their veins;
the magic bursting from their fingertips.
I tell them;
You are the answer.
You are the song that
the ages have sung.
The sound of harps plucked
by angels are You.
The promises of prayers lifted from
trembling lips for ages are You.
I sing to them: Go forth without fear, shrug off
all ill that befalls you.
Hold your head high as you
bring your gift to life's table.
For the wonder of the stars
and the universe are yours.
The wisdom forcing through
the broad ether is yours.
The love that will conquer all
is yours.
I sing this to you
as it was sung to me.
Know that God is with you and in you
and you are of Him and He is of You.

9/21/09

The Hero In You

Where does it come from?
That urge to defend;
that leaps from your heart
'fore reason attends.

When fate brings you plight
so raw and precise,
without a warning
to let you think twice.

Who dubs you champion
of innocent lives?
To step in harm's way
so someone survives.

It's not survival
that answers the call,
self preservation
would stifle your gall.

Surely not reason
will quicken your pace.
For reason's too slow
when met face to face.

Who does this urging
that brings out your best?
The real You inside,
down deep in your breast.

The One you turn to
when troubles abide,
that lets you know love
and tempers your pride.

The One that guides you
when you've lost your way.
The One you talk to
each night when you pray.

Some say you're a fool
if you leap with faith.
But I say you're blessed
for trusting in Grace.

2/24/10

When I Was Listening

Am I a poet anymore?
The words have gone away.
They don't seem to trust me
with their secrets like before.

They used to wake me from my dreams
with urgent messages.
Eureka, euphoria,
meanings deeper than they seemed.

Heed the call, burn the midnight oil,
excited by their cry.
But now they let me sleep
like my soul is not worth the toil.

Did I offend them in some way?
Reject them like a child
who seeks attention and love.
Is that the reason they won't stay?

Oh I miss their urgings dearly.
The things they used to say,
...when I was listening.
When I would trust them sincerely.

Perhaps they're wooing another.
Some eager mind that
loves them just as they are.
Some gentle, attentive lover.

But jealousy won't bring me peace.
That's a secret they told
me one night long ago.
I need my words to find release.

I must quest for love and meaning.
Search for my wrong and write.
I know they're there, like starlight,
waiting for my squint of gleaning.

N.N. 8/9/11