

Keeping Faith

Trust

Holy tension's a refrain,
ample hardships 'gainst the grain
of human mind and onset pain
make me struggle not to strain.

Muddled thoughts, intelligence
undirected, trail as remnants
of my reptile brain in moments
I take on my own defense.

What is known and what is seen
become a cage, delimiting
my higher soul and state of being
sure of You, and I need freeing.

Help me see beyond the now
till faith rise up and worry bow
to all You are as You allow
my truest eyes to clear somehow.

Many Sparrows

After sorrows, hopes forgot
comes a murmuration of my heart

Things I thought were nearly passed
it seems are stirring sure, at last

It's not a stately flock in farrows
but the swirling up of many sparrows

Cheeky hopes in muted tans
are pecking at my self-made bans

Ambivalent, I feed them more
uncertain what they carry's sure

But my delight in darting thought
tells me my soul's not forgot

If not one falls but that You see
then if they fly, You'll carry me

Keeping Faith

Not for the first time
did I start to believe
to stir the smallest seed
with tip of smallest finger

Not long ago I learned to linger
in our sacred pact
less an act of will
and more a form of keeping still

Not for the last time did I rest at last
from grappling the past
I yearned ahead
as faith became my bed

Till

From the penumbra of my life's regrets
I kept a pinpoint vigil
till hope suffused my straining sight
till
all at once there was no night.