

Brave Waves

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Waves,
They crash.
Organized chaos,
Controlled disturbance.

But peaceful are the sounds of their own movement
Against the shore,
And how they change the fate of rocks, creatures and plants alike, that fall
Under its raging wings.

It is odd where you may find your peace,
When you see the effect of its existence.
Like my mind,
Wave and cover.
Thrash and pour,
Lift and ruin.

Be at my side,
Open and still,
Free to bear,
Near me till the end. And drift away and take my moments,
And drag away every sound.
Movement,
Silence,
Failing.
And depart.

Awake something of it,
evolve.
turn, turn, turn,
and turn again.

Farewell and goodnight,
Crash and wave on.
Disturb and find peace,
Wipe away and make clean this mind
and me.

Brave Waves

Maybe I have those cold feet.
Maybe I got those possibilities dancing in my head,
wanna join them most of the time, but honestly, I retreat on em'

Maybe I have those cold feet.
Those "I-just-saw-my-future-but-I'll-be-over-here" – I had my fill...
"tryna-withstand-God's-will," sorta ills, is more like it.

Maybe I have those cold feet cuz I'm always standing still.
That's more like it.

Maybe I'll have those grace-abiding moments,
When my feel won't touch the ground
Cuz my faith is too busy moving to the music of your love, God.

I often wonder what a great God can do
With these little feet of mine,
And the only answer I've been capable of pulling is this:
"I can move them." And that's all I needed to hear.
And my feet move.

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I think about what it would be like to rise in love with you.

Would it be a warming or cooling effect?

Would it be painful?

Would something die within me or come to life?

Would I be able to maintain oxygen?

or would I attain the ability to breathe underwater?

I'm sure I would cry at the most inconvenient times.

I'm sure my knees would forget their purpose and you'll find me falling on a daily basis.

But that's only because I will rise in love with you everyday.

Rising above my fears of the unknown territories I will traverse upon your horizon

Rising in joy that I have come to find a home outside of myself

Rising above the ways I used to live life without you that chose to believe in lies about myself

Rising in confidence and bravery with each fall I take when I'm caught off guard by the depth and expanse of my own love for you.

Yes – I think rising in love will look a little like that,

including that I'll breathe underwater

or space

or some sort of new atmosphere

because there's no way what I'm inhaling around you is normal

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My place is always found in transition.

Where I thought I to be rock,
I was scattered into sand.
Where I once found to be in the sea,
I crashed back onto shore only to be lifted to the air.
Moved again, changed again.

And I feel the breeze behind me now.

Brave Waves

Bravery;

Being more than I've believed of myself to be.

Self-inflicted surprised; showing my abilities,
reactions to failure, and acts of courage and
honesty.

To smile more, laugh more, and unabashedly
enjoy again.

Love;

From the Divine,

From within,

From another.

Discovery;

To find direction from misguided belief,

To explore the expanse of living with purpose,

To commune more deeply with the Divine and
the divine in others.