

Fragments

Fragments of hurried conversations
I do most of the talking
You listen
Not enough...just not enough

Needing to push away the world's voice
and all that it calls out to me
This piece of paper becomes the obeisance
I owe – my worship, my prayer

That which I spend most of my time on
becomes what I worship
fleeing the freedom of You
I disappoint myself
Where did You go and why did I leave?

Now that I'm here I don't want to leave
I look up and try to kiss Your face
with my worship
will psalms ever flow from these fingers?

Patiently
You use the elementary elements of
my emotions to draw me back to
Your embrace. The wisdom and
passion of this love finds
and calms me

Then You remind me
of a Grace that is sufficient
A Word that never changes
Strength made perfect by weakness
a Kingdom without end
a Blood that redeems
Stripes that heal
a Name above all names

An Infant King

a Carpenter's Son
a Priest who became His own sacrifice
the Lamb of God

You multiply by dividing
Add by subtracting
Live again by dying
Rise after being buried
Justify by faith
Save by grace
Call many but choose few
Forgive when I ask
and live in my praise

You open heaven's windows
Magnify Your Word
Renew strength
Order footsteps
Light the way
Conquer death
Open prison doors
Set captives free
Lift burdens
Destroy yokes
Give beauty for ashes

and...
you know my every thought

Even with mere fragments
I can live again.