

A Brief Respite

*As the fire burns low to the coals
And the cold night air drifts in
My gaze looks beyond the embers
To find sobriety within*

*The drone of the world fades away
Melted in the somber flame
Even the cares I brought with me
No longer seem quite the same*

*An ember sparks and takes to flight
Trying to start its own fire
Driven like so much of the world
By selfish dreams and desire*

*Slowly dying the fire provides
A brief respite for my soul
Not only in a whisper Lord
But the red hot flames of Sheol*

*Holy tranquil Lord of Peace
Melt my pride and vain desire
Come sit with me in the wilderness
And stoke my smoldering fire*

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Philippians 4:7