

10-18 POEM: Filled
By Dayniah Manderson

I've been in holes that felt like hell
Bodies upholding traditions that felt like initiations into hell
Unfamiliar tongues spoken
A harvest of wines and rum
Colored beads and white clothing;
Eyes rolled back into heads looking frozen
Drunken dances to the sound of drums
Cigar smoke clouds my eyesight
Cloud my judgment
Clouds my vision
Fear takes me into his hands and I heave; deep shallow breaths
I'm here for a reason
Healing can come
Healing can come in many forms
Healing for hurt you didn't know you had, hurt you'd rather forget exists
It will come at a hefty price, but who doesn't want to heal
A little bit of prognostication doesn't hurt
The doctor couldn't find the complaint so just follow their prescription
Just have faith
Signed,
No guarantees.

I've been in unholy spaces proclaiming holiness
Bodies running around possessed by a force,
Throwing off shoes and rolling on the ground
Ushers fanning, pastor at the pulpit
Frankincense and myrrh cause pockets of smoke
Ritualistic responses to the reactions of the congregation
Fear is not of God
But fear is here, sitting in every corner
Gripping my heart and making me want to run from not run to God
Please preach from the passage
The one about anything but the one you're making up to make up your 10% gain (greed)
Unfamiliar tongues spoken
Is this the way to healing?
Healing can come
Healing can come in many forms
Healing that's buried so deep they've had no choice but to become skeletons
There's no price attached
Just your tithes, your offering, your contribution to the building fund, the fundraiser for the something
A little prayer doesn't hurt
Just have faith and read a scripture a day

Signed,
No guarantees.

I've felt heaven on earth
An indescribable feeling of peace and weightlessness
The heaviness having left my body, no heaving of the chest
I feel higher than the mountains I tell to move
It's rarely in the presence of another
God is an intimate kind of lover
It's as if every fleeting second carries with it another highlight of the vision
A peek at the puzzle of your fulfilled purpose
A mere glimpse of what He has in store for you
The price to be paid is to your benefit
That which you sacrifice isn't always tangible
Habits and habits of mind that inhibit our sensitivity to His voice, His presence
He's present
Healing has come
Healing has come in many forms
A tormented conscience has calmed, cease and be still
The burden is being lifted, mountain move
I hear the whispers of fear getting faint
I heed the voice of the Heavenly host
The vision is becoming clear
Here feels like a place on which to rest my faith
I think I'll stay here in my moments of heaven
If only I could remember to drink from His well and imbibe myself in His Holy Spirit