

This Land

The Lord brought me out of Egypt
Though, this land I am in is rough and unruly.
A Wilderness that drives my fears to write my thoughts
Because the sky is darker than I imagined.
Expectations have been buried underneath
This ground is covered in rocky soil.
And my eyes gaze on deep valleys rather than hilltops.
Always below and never above- water
So cold my body shivers but I'll try to swim.
Repeating one day at a time.
Wandering towards choices guided by fear, that controls
These wondrous mistakes.
And in every wrong turn I'll cry
Oh God why did you bring me here
Somehow I'll find strength to trudge a little farther.
Though I start to hunger and search for food in my own ways.
What will fill me up? What will satisfy?
And I'll stand in the dust complaining
Oh God, why did you bring me here?
His redemption did not match my plans so I sought
To lay out my own path on rocky soil.
But the rain breathed it away and now
My feet stumble because everything I've built
Has fallen short. I ask
Oh God, why did you bring me here?
The valleys, so deep, I choose to stay.
Rather than hope, trust. I allow my dreams to drift away with the
wind that never stops.
But before I ask again, I see a light on the hilltop that I've never imagined.
I start to walk, no, I start to run, and soon I'm dancing.
Laughing, singing, on the path that's bringing me there.
Not built by these weak brittle hands.
And I'll praise
Oh God how do I deserve to come near.
Eyes transfixed on the light because I now know these
Valleys are not my home.
But there is a hilltop awaiting for my soul.
So i breath, i dance, i praise in this lowland,
That I've accustomed to
Because I'll hear in the silence,
Songs from a high up mountain,
A light so bright I can hardly see this dryland.
"Daughter, One day you'll be home."