

after a week away here's what ive come up with:

i'm here. perplexed. prostrated.
crying out to the God i serve wondering if he hears mi,
if he's forgotten mi.
continually i cry,i seek, and cry some more..but he never answers.
i've been still- trying to listen, willing to hear.
but it is painful trying to be hopeful,
trying to convince myself that my strength is my joy- when really...
my heart is crumbling,
my back is broken,
my life shattered,
my spirit crushed.
how much more am i supposed to endure?
i need a hug so badly i ache...oh, to be held.
perhaps waiting for a holy intervention is indeed
like waiting for a bus in a desert- but i'm willing to wait...
or roll, or move, or follow...whatever You ask,
as long as You are the One guiding mi.
i'm here, still perplexed... still waiting, still calling.
setting out to find the mi that once was lost,
but rising up, finally awake, ready to take the first step.
finding peace,
and knowing that You heard my cries,
and You haven't forgotten mi after all.

~ c. michelle bryant is a freelance writer and the author of the devotional God, are you listening?