

The Completeness of Imperfection

He says to be perfect like our Heavenly Father.
But it's too hard.
I try and I fail;
time and time again.
My soul becomes its own quicksand.
The more I strive the more I sink into myself.
Lord save me!

He reaches out His hand and I grasp it
He pulls me up and out of myself.
The dove hovers on Him.
Its fluttering wings create an unseen wind.
I hear its sound with ears that can hear.

Scales fall from my eyes.
Light shines out my darkness.
It comes from my heart.
I see both at once and know.
I move and breathe in His being.
His grace imbues everything.
Holy fire warms and burns all at once.
It gives light to make things grow.
Like my branch on His vine.
Even though it has rotting grapes,
and makes bitter wine,
it's my wine to drink,
in the cup He won't take from me.
I drink what is offered.

The draught kindles my understanding.
The bad things I do still work for His will.
They turn to good through sweet suffering.

He completes me through my imperfection.
What a wretched man I am.
But I am delivered.