

From Mike Cooney, 4/21/2013

"i hereby testify" (The lowercase "i" is intentional.)

i have done my share of searching
Even when the Truth was in my pocket
Given at the time just near my birthing
i'd wear it as if it were a locket
Not dearly held, but only flirting
Almost ashamed as the world would mock it,
"Veritas! Veritas!" the echo hurting
Then the door i muffled as He would knock it
And it seemed my enemy/friend it was alerting
And if i wanted a thing the world would stock it
Satisfaction quickly fading—yet still there perching,
"You deserve more!" Another of the Liar's rockets.
And His deception, i enjoyed...this worship thing
Of me, of i, of my God—and i could talk it—
Make you laugh, then you'd like was my thinking.
Oh, i surely could talk it, i just could not walk it!
And when found out!—i could walk away, unblinking
Alone. Broke. Broken down. And this was my cycle
Doing little good, from responsibility shirking
Within that constant knocking now..., "Michael"
And i heard it when my life was stinking
Then drown it out with lust and drinking
And the world at me would keep on winking
While into the darkness i'd continue slinking
Alone. Lonely. Still never linking
This looseness, shifting quicksand—in which i was sinking
In stagnant movement—going nowhere—yet remembering
Something—something about a Rock
That even stones would speak, would talk
And now I crack it open to His knock—
"Mike, let's take a walk."

This prodigiously prodigal, so undeserving
Hears "This one, I'm reserving!
I have reserved—to tell the truth!"
(As if He could utter any lie)
Why did i not hear it in my youth?
My *search*, the *vanity*...Why? Oh, Why?
At the search, if i'd just turned
Toward any light—because that's His burden

"My burden is light," i'd heard—now relearned
"The yoke is on Me!"—His yoke, then, the morphing
Old to new, the bridge to Adam He has burned
A chasm spanned—i am now no orphan
Papa! Abba, Father!, the Spirit, a new tree now is learned
This tree, this Family tree planted there on Calvary
And i am proof that it does bear Fruit
Two timbers that His blood binds
Should have been only ours, yours and FULLY mine
God Himself plucked His firstfruit
And blessed it as the perfect kind
Exalted to His right, His station
As the branch—the graft takes to the root!
If He (and He can) will use me...i will not mind
This is His story, and mine;
This is the Truth!