

# POETIC PERSPECTIVE

Mike Cooney - 04/21/13

**"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!