

POETIC PERSPECTIVE

Mike Cooney - 07/01/12

Our Sovereign's Gift of Himself

Habakkuk 3:17-18

Worshiping the Holy
Giving up the unnecessary,
Idle hands are holding
When God says be wary.

Idolatry –"Give idols-a-try"
This is what my passion says.
Needing no help to pry
My heart from True God's ways
My mind seeks its pleasure
Not that of my Lord, My God
And seeks some greater measure
Not His pleasure, glory, and laud!

The Joy that I should seek
In Him; not the blessings but His presence
His time, not mine; that I could get a peek
Like a child would shake this present

But non-child egotist, that's me
As I seek to find blessings from Him
And worship the gift—given free
As if God was at my whim
Slave to pleasure, law, to even life
To things that steal...devalue the Master
As we, His body, seek to be His wife
His flock, Our Shepherd who takes us to Greenest pasture

From Greenest, why seek the greener?
From Majesty, why seek the worldly plain?
From Glory, why seek the ordinary gain?
From holiness, why would I seek the meaner?

This body part, this bone and flesh
Could I? As some cleave only there
Can I make me be so enmeshed?
No. But He! Who does not have to share!
Allows us choice, to seek wantonly
Or abide in Him, peace and joyfully
Temporal tempests steal His time
This mind, its desires fleeting do this crime

Fully vested?—what's my craving?
Quick fix, speed why so slow?
Eternally, my soul He's saving!
Why is it so hard with Him to Go?