

Gleaning Soul

In my life , I have a part.
I have to start.

Laurels can be cushy,
But really they are pushy.
I think they guide me,
But, in truth, they chide me.

Are laurels of false making?
I think they are not for my taking.
Façade says I made them, though!
I want credit for the whole tow!

Who am I to make such demands,
When really they are of God's hands?

My laurels are not mine.
They belong to God
Who gave me life
In His perfect time!

My soul—of God—will not strike.
It is humble.
It will wait 'till it's called to the pike.

The pike—where I run out of steam—
And God comes into clean!

Here—at the pike—is where my Soul gleans!

*Written by Lisa
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