

come clean

my soul is a smuggler.  
unchecked and furtive -i'm a double dealer,  
sneaky concealing my way my will my excuses before the face of God.

it's impossible of course -exhausting .  
the fatigue of (even slight) rebellion is deep and unsatisfying (but far worse than that)  
it is reprehensible and offensive to Holy God and  
(even to) me who knows better yet still smuggles his will against Gods'.

to my soul  
i say just check it at the door. welcome God to pour through and see what He already knows.

be real my soul, stop flinching and let Him do His work -  
i mean, really invite Him to deep look and enunciate what is and what must be.  
expose and weigh and say  
what's strong be strong and what's wrong be pruned and set on fire.

come clean my soul and groan out prayers like Pollock throwing paint at a canvas - messy?  
(sure) but trust God to sort through it.  
linger (and then) in an inexpressible conversation be restored as He breathes and lifts.  
welcome the breeze of His presence and know.

be checked soul. pump brakes. gear down. slow down. roll down the windows and turn off the  
music. take stock. check inventory. say my say (but ) listen more to what He says,  
it's written down- trust it.

follow honestly. clumsily. authentically.  
find His rhythm. pace.  
rattle me Lord. move me from humdrum shuffling and madness of 'busy' spending energy in the  
wrong places then whining of weariness.

get with it soul, a single step beyond 'only so far and no farther' opens up to the good things that  
can't be known other way.

can't obey if i don't follow.  
can't follow without change.  
can't change if i'm holding on to me.

-g.