

8

MATRIX MOMENTS

Powerful Media Moments

AMPLIFICATION 8

**37 Thought Bites of Spoken Word Poetry
to question, reflect and connect to our
world, ourselves and God.**

Video media versions available online.

matrixmoments.com

Warren Grieve © 2019

Title	Keywords	Title	Keywords
<u>Gone Fishing</u> 📖	call, called, disciples, evangelism, faith, galilee, fishers, fishing, nets	<u>Kiwi Black Sticks</u> 📖	commonwealth, games, gold, hockey, kiwis, medals, newzealand, perseverance, sport, winning
<u>Lines of The Word</u> 📖	christ, history, jesus, life, names, timeline, word, words,	<u>For Today</u> 📖	happiness, life, more , present, seeker, selfworth, time, unique
<u>Purpose</u> 📖	adventure, destiny, journey, life, meaning, purpose, reality, steps, thinking, unknown,	<u>Small</u> 📖	amazing, creation, dna, existence, infinite, molecules, paradoxes, reality, seeker, small, universe, wonder
<u>Human Destiny</u> 📖	adventure, choice, freedom, humanity, identity, paths, pathway, purpose, quest, questions, rebel, searching	<u>Filling</u> 📖	busy, expectations, living, momentsintime, needs, peace, present, pressure, reality, reallife
<u>Love Jigsaw</u> 📖	affection, breakup, emotions, friendship, games, intimacy, lost, love, relationships	<u>Servant</u> 📖	cross, death, disciples, hell, jesus, king, resurrection, risen, servant, tombs, wash
<u>Nephew Reflections</u> 📖	celebration, death, family, honor, honour, memories, personal, remembrance, teenage, youth	<u>Shopping List</u> 📖	list, love, perfection, performance, selfworth, shopping,
<u>At War</u> 📖	creation, freedom, habits, heart, kingdom, life, new, power, seasons, spirit, surrendered, war	<u>Opening</u> 📖	cold, doors, friend, grey, house, joy, love, new, prejudices, reality, relationships, self, soul, unique
<u>Fashion Prostitute</u> 📖	childhood, children, fashions, innocence, parenting, play, sex, sexualisation, trends	<u>Put On</u> 📖	armour, armour, faith, peace, principalities, readiness, salvation, soldier, spirit, truth, weapons
<u>Return</u> 📖	destruction, facades, false, habits, minds, pride, secrets, selfharm, thinking, thoughts	<u>Heart Change</u> 📖	arms, change, feelings, heart, love, relationships, seeker, sleep, time
<u>Infinity</u> 📖	eternity, faith, infinity, paths, reallife, steps	<u>Together Always</u> 📖	celebration, ceremony, church, covenants, friendship, life, love, marriage, memories, partners, vows
<u>Remember</u> 📖	alzheimers, brain, death, disease, family, life, living, loss, memories, memory, quality, seeker, thoughts	<u>Louder is Stronger</u> 📖	gossip, lies, media, real, socialmedia, truth, voices, whispers
<u>My Spirit</u> 📖	cross, holy-spirit, iam, joyful, love, power, praise, spirit, timeless, worship	<u>Street Guardian</u> 📖	light, children, schools, objects, lamppost, technology
<u>Rose 2015</u> 📖	celebration, colours, family, friend, friendship, heart, love, marriage, personal, seeker, time, wife	<u>Chained Release</u> 📖	chains, challenge, church, evangelism, freedom, keys, light, love, pain, reallife, risks
<u>Deep Love</u> 📖	cascading, creation, fears, love, peace, roar, saviour, water, waterfall, whisper	<u>The Prodigal Call</u> 📖	called, church, connected, disciples, evangelism, known, love, mission, power, prodigal, purpose, unity
<u>Clock Watching</u> 📖	body, clock, confess, conversations, friendship, identity, risks, secrets, seeker, sharing, time	<u>Finally</u> 📖	hope, meditation, moments-in-time, sounds, surprises, creation, busy
<u>Knife Moment</u> 📖	choices, death, decisions, identity, life, pain, personality, souls	<u>Eucharist</u> 📖	bread, celebration, church, communion, cross, easter, resurrection, sacrifice, lastsupper, table, wine
<u>Door Rotation</u> 📖	call, conscience, decision, door, faith, jesus, knock, soul	<u>The Most Tears</u> 📖	church, emotions, feelings, intimacy, love, tears, worship
<u>Decay</u> 📖	confession, darkness, gossip, honor, honour, kiss, light, lips, tongue, words	<u>Shattered</u> 📖	christchurch, community, death, disaster, earthquakes, god, habits, hope, hurt, looters, personal, seeker, survival
<u>Always - Moment by Moment</u> 📖	busy, digital, distractions, electronics, habits, life, living, time, timeless		

Gone Fishing

Lost in my
shoreside work
Repeating another repair
on the net,
Busy work
Repeating the knots,
Repeating the questions,
Repeating the routine
of my life to now,
I turn
look up
Disturbed by
Hearing the steps of God
– of my saviour
He has come!
Flowing with His footsteps
scattering small stones
that skitter down
from the upper bank,
towards me,
Towards us.

My eyes squint against
the glare dancing
from fractures of the lake's waves,
And I see Him
Not that different
Not especially tall
Not especially handsome
Not dressed better
but yet – different,
And when He speaks
just a short sentence
an unexpected
yet expected call,
My heart stops
My life stops,
My soul jumps,
“Come follow me,
and I will make you fisher's
of people”
I'm caught.

And that is it,
reality bites
and I'm gone fishing.

Lines of The Word

Descended word born learner youth
seeker heartfelt powerful revealed celebration passion
friend healer storyteller confronter
prophet betrayed rejected love death
risen grace completed eternal

Purpose

Could there be
a reality not known
that when known
leads you with purpose
into the unknown?

Isaiah 48:6, Psalm 67:2, 1 Chronicles 17:19, Psalm 16:11,
Romans 8:28, Isaiah 42:16, Isaiah 46:10, Luke 8:17, Acts 2:28,
Ephesians 1:9.

Warren Grieve 2020 [MatrixMoments.com](https://www.MatrixMoments.com)
Image Credit: [pixabay.com](https://www.pixabay.com)



Human Destiny

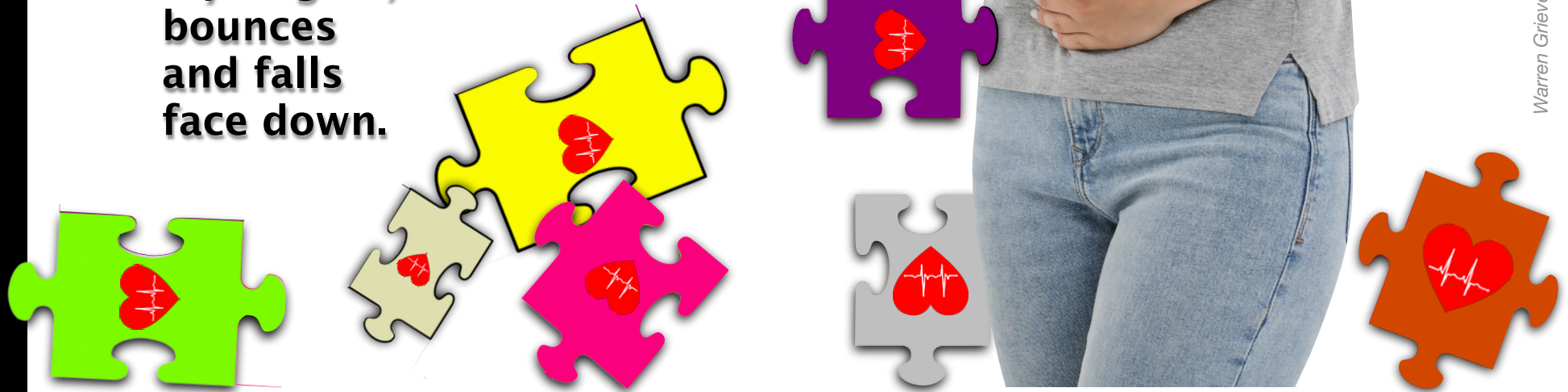
Freedom to be yourself
an independent person
Being me because I
decide what me is,
This is what I want.

Yet these things
I'm desiring
have already been thought
by others trying
searching, seeking
to make order of this world,
I'm actually unique but unoriginal
DNA, fingerprint different
thought pattern different
But yet I/we so follow each other
I can fight the establishment – done
I can rebel against parents, school,
meat, barbie dolls, church, law, whatever –
done
So am I left with
a world of my choice
of non-original choices,
so where is my fight
the original, the invention,
the new world, adventure
my pathway
the start
beyond the stark.

Can I find
the smallest of clues,
to grow beyond
for what life holds
for me now,
yet a gateway through which
in different ways
everyone can discover
what their life can be,
without prejudice or violence,
Something
in my own world, mind, soul
Somewhere
Someone?

Love Jigsaw

Heart broken,
the nearly complete
jigsaw tumbled from in me,
crazy pieces
scattered on the ground
so many
hard undefined edges,
so many
colour emotions,
So many
memories to gather...
I pick up one, try to hold it
put it together
and another piece
slips through
my fingers,
bounces
and falls
face down.



Nephew Reflections

A cluster of memories
from teenage holidays
have faded
to diamond sparkles,
mind media moments
only possible through
childhood time in Alexandra.

Armstrong Sydney car
a tired family pass on
relic in backyard
of aunty and uncle's Bantry St property,
Weeks of Alex sunshine
Summer picking cherries and apricots
waiting for school certificate
results to be posted in newspaper,
Jaffas rolling down
between wooden floor
tiered seating in movie theatre
Those days when you
stood for 'God save the Queen'
Tock ticketty tock
the orange candy balls bounce
to the threats from the
Projector theatre owner
"I'll stop the movie if you
kids don't stop!"

Winter action
Manorburn ice rink
skates cutting white lines
close to frozen reed banks
Avoiding danger signposted areas,
Christmas feasts and summer freedom
All made possible
by an uncle and aunt;
scout leaders and supporters
Tupperware diva and tanker driver
Wardrobe designer actor and mechanical fixer
Vodka and whiskey choices
Community developers,
Graeme - Slick hair, glasses,
a running-deep solid guy
Lois - Cigarette smiles, fiery eye twinkles,
jokes, love and raspy laugh.

Lois and Graeme
I honor these two
living on
in the facets of my
flashback reflections,
in the life of us all.

At War

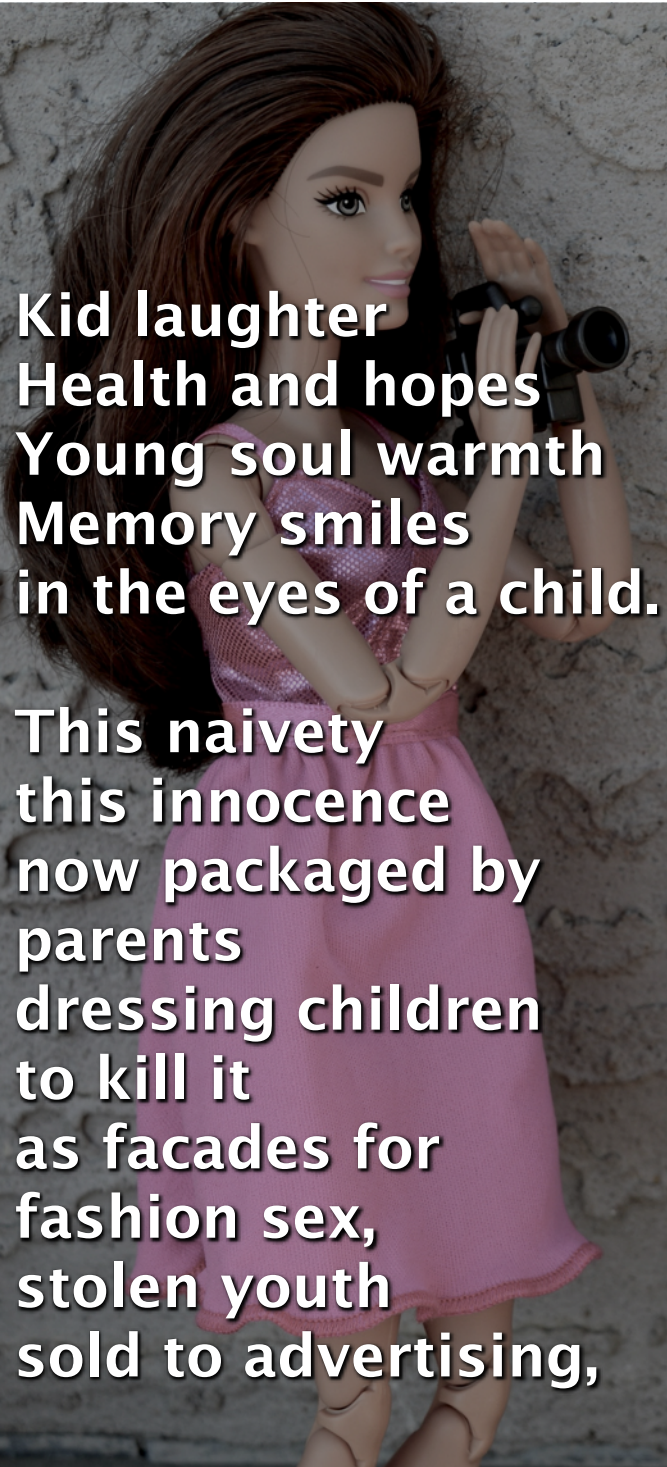
God has seen it all
seasons of reason
and unseasonable,
Death to life
he made the way
to know new love, rebirth
new life.

I am therefore a new creation –
that will never change.

And yet a war
battles within
urges and sugar
addictions and choices
habits and mind games
Ego is hardened
to self and others
Wars sown into the future.

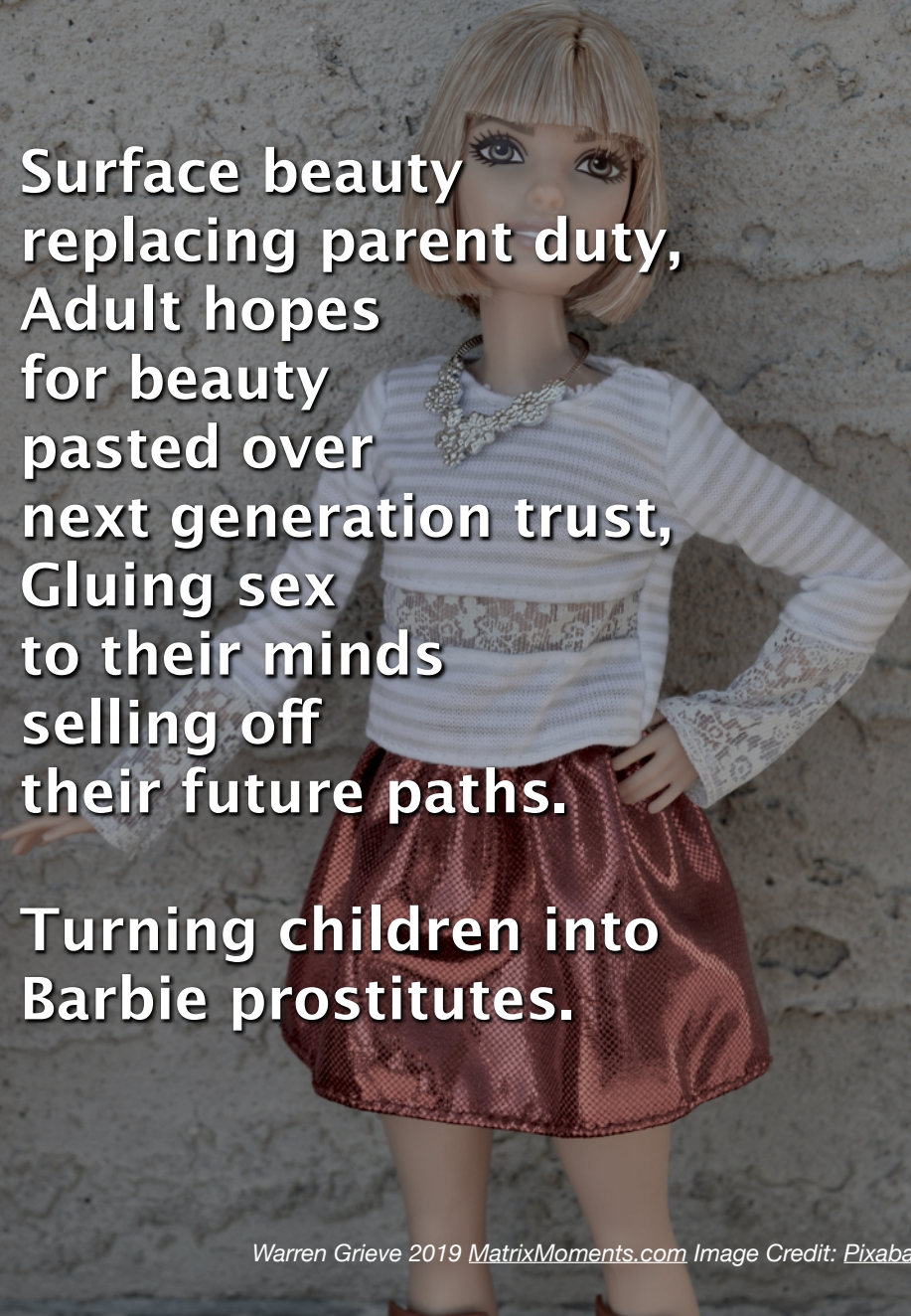
And God calls,
Live not by power
but by yielding to dynamic
free life –
the free perfect love.
sacrifice the past hurts
Set your heart
on glory above
renewed in the image
of Christ,
Live in the Spirit
as a new creation,
Start your day
Surrendered to His strength
Surrendered to his grace
Stronger in his Spirit,
Knowing
the Kingdom life
here and now.

Fashion Prostitute



Kid laughter
Health and hopes
Young soul warmth
Memory smiles
in the eyes of a child.

This naivety
this innocence
now packaged by
parents
dressing children
to kill it
as facades for
fashion sex,
stolen youth
sold to advertising,



Surface beauty
replacing parent duty,
Adult hopes
for beauty
pasted over
next generation trust,
Gluing sex
to their minds
selling off
their future paths.

Turning children into
Barbie prostitutes.

Return

We join the circling
packs of jackals
Roving in minds
returning again
and again
to the carrion
of destructive thoughts,
Snarling in defence
grinning in mangy confidence
growling fangs of attack,
scavenging pride
in the face
of our own disaster
in defiance
of reality.

Infinity

Step on the path
of eternity
in integrity
through certainty
of a faith
learnt moment
by moment.

Job 23:11, John 14:6, Psalm 16:11, Proverbs 4:26, Jeremiah
6:16, Isaiah 42:16, Psalm 119:105, Proverbs 4:18

Warren Grieve 2019 MatrixMoments.com
Image Credit: pixabay.com



Remember

Wisp thoughts
Scattered in casual
Sympathy
Wandering
Scenes of memories,
Synapses of impulse
tar pits of the forgotten
connections and disconnections
twitch in time,
electrical energy
brain nerves
nervously
fuzz out
and away,
supplanted by fears
and blankness.

When will the moment manifest
where the forgotten
consumes the remembered?
Shells with
spirit whispers.

((Alzheimer's loss!))
Warren Grieve 2010 MatrixMoments.com Image Credit: Pixabay

My Spirit

My spirit
Extol
Ever praise
The One
Highest above,
You are
The Great I Am,
Beyond time,
Jesus
Adored Lord,
Worthy
Complete
Wholeness and Truth,
I worship You
In the hardness of the cross
In the love of the cross
In the joy of the cross
In the power of the cross
In the moment of the cross.
Here and now

I worship you

Here and now.

Rose 2015

Memories eye
develops kaleidoscope colours
See this lady
my best friend
a gorgeous woman,
A colour burst
surrounded by intertwined roses
radiating grace, closeness
my love
my Rose.

Yellow diamonds spiral
iris widening past moments of
humour, the so positive lady
yet with hard edges
amazing toughness, perseverance.

Blue circles
the eyes pool depth
I journey with,
Enjoy looking into,
enjoy skipping stones
of reaction over.
Eyes now framed, bigger,
in reading glasses
for our mutual reading,

iPad screens,
comfortable couch silence
together independence.
I watch you
laugh, scroll, like and comment
and just enjoy the social you.

Rose,
Colour mixes of
passion, faith, directness and quick smiles
Words in Wisdom's season
Amazing Mother
Incredible daughter
Beautiful wife.

You are
my time spanning
kaleidoscope poem,
my vision of
memories colour
my heart's
loving embrace.

Deep Love

Your love
both a whisper
and a roar,
Eternally true,
forever risking
bubbling light
reassurance deep
infusing peace
cascading wild,
Leading my heart.

Your hand
takes,
cares,
Calms our fears,
Friend,
Saviour.

I am your new creation.

Clock Watching

In risky conversation
my words fell
into your listening ears
and I uneasily started...

Clock watching
the minutes
seconds
of day
pass
slower
Little dribbles
of leaked time
as I waited...

Nothing happened
no great drama
no loss of me
no laughter at me...

I realised
that while I have given
a part of me
never shared
It adds
to this world,
rarely subtracts...

Why was I worried?

Knife Moment

Refugee from
dark kaleidoscopes
of noise machine demands,
I can't find a place,
Firm
where I find me,
Strong where my heart
is held in something more.
Random in a random world?
Nothing beyond
No reason
No soul,
In stark thought,
Naked reality,
Just white tree bones
of scattered self
on a firestormed landscape,

I laugh
slightly mad
Yet crystal clear
It is Time to snap,
Die,
Or find life.

Door Rotation

In the black wandering of my life
I found myself standing in front
of a darkened door,
seemingly random
in life's midst.

Heart scare –
a knock suddenly sounded
from the other side
which scared the heck out of me,
I had thought it was just a door
but it was more
somehow connected
entwined deep in my heart.

Someone wanted in,
was out there
had taken the time
to call by,
And I almost opened it by mistake,

Come to think of it
What right does that door
have to be there?
I closed my eyes,
wished
opened eyelids
but the door
was still there,
and the knocking repeats
echoes to my soul.

Decay

Word by word
bite by bite
cut by cut
Comment by comment.

I'm not one to gossip
but someone needs to say
Something,
Feeling in the centre,
righteous power
and if not...
I lose control.

But if I searched
my soul mirror,
I'd see the decay harvest,
death dealing lips
white washed tombs
dripping poison smiles
Kisses that betray.

Can I bring the dark
into the light,
Confess to God
with those
same lips?

Always - Moment by Moment

Each second grows a minute
flooding through my life
Washing time away,
Moments gone forever.

Passenger habits create holes
and parasite hours
in my soul,
Meaning has been sunk
in digital vegetation
Where everything
seems so distant hard
And electronic ethereal.

Then God speaks,
"I want to spend time
with you."

Kiwi Black Sticks



First ever
hockey gold,
fast kiwis
quick flick sticks,
those birds
can fly!

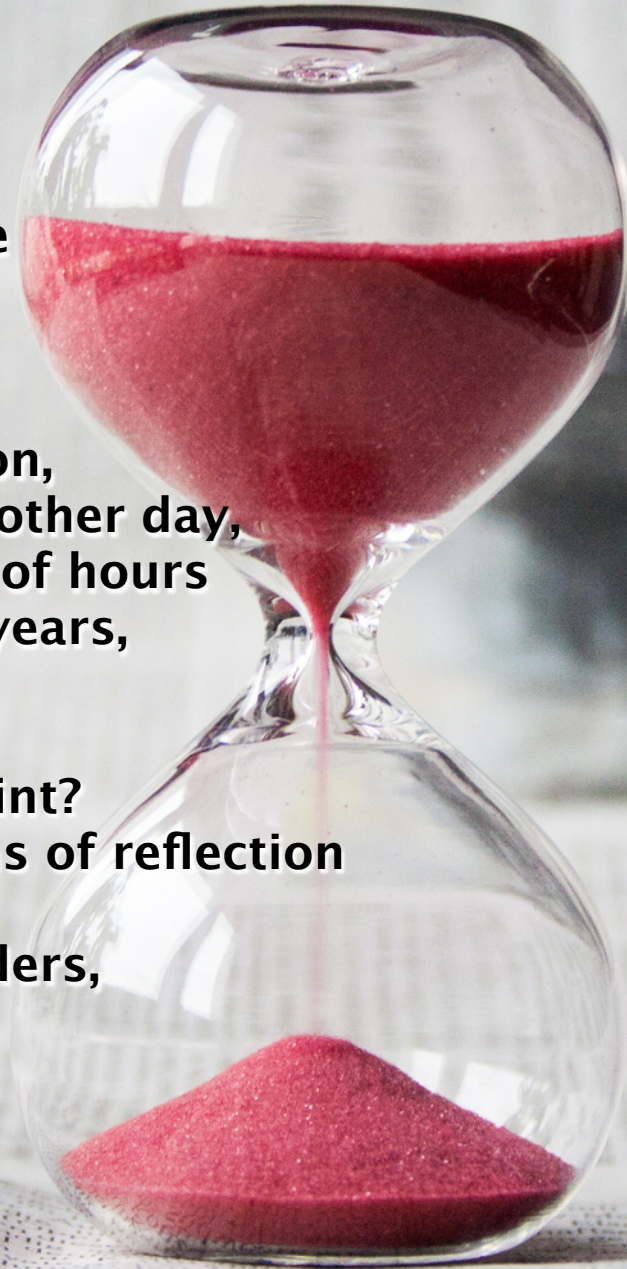


First hockey women gold
black sticks flicker click quicker
flying kiwi lipsticks!

For Today

In the desperate
need,
In the freedom,
In the pain,
In the celebration,
or drudge of another day,
In the business of hours
stripping life's years,
Who can live?
Who can see?
Where is the point?
Hourglass grains of reflection
slip past,
constant reminders,
dreams, hopes

drowning down



And yet
There is none like me;
Unique,
dna masterpiece
born to be loved,
to be heart seen,
to be soul hugged,
to be me.

Can I live with the
present
I've been given?

Small

Small
Unseen
The universe of space
Between molecules
objects, life that seems solid
both living and soulless—
Same,
Electrons spinning
Yet when combined
could be walking, running spirits
or standing—tall tree alive
or floating cloud, snow laced mountain,
Myriad combinations
miracles of reality,
matter and anti-matter
bringing quantum to emptiness,
Yet this is existence infested
with pain, poison,
Coexisting alongside passion, love;

Questions sometimes appear
in the hungry void,
between quark and laughter,
What are we?
How do we exist? Why?
Makes you wonder...
or not!

Filling

Is life
Filling time
Filling space
Digging holes
Filling holes?
Making busy
Badging activity
Feeling frantic not fruitful
Making a living but not living
wasting inheritance
Suited up in expectations
of others
straitjackets serving success
Penguins parading parodies
Dying of the Dressed desperate.

Why are you Upset in the many things
When Few things are needed
If indeed only one
indeed... knowing the One?

Servant

I want the power
the Chance to do
life my way,
Yet no matter
how high I climb
how strong I feel
how much I manipulate controls
how much I persuade,
it is all really ashes
dust in the mouth-
the taste of death.

Jesus
knelt in the dirt
took the cloth
and washed tired feet
the dirt of his disciples
friends he was growing
to become the new church,
dust to dust
the taste of death cleansed
waterfalled by the living water.

And Jesus
who left the high dimensions
became a vulnerable human,
walked through the pains
the jeers, the celebrations
the laughter, the serving of others
walked, stumbled
His cross too heavy to bear,
could have in an instant
chosen from heaven's power
release from His choice,

but allowed iron nails
to be driven into His destiny,
raised cross high
on the hill of dusty rock
The servant King
willing to encounter the ashes-
the taste of destruction.

And the mouth
of hell Swelled
consumed purity
in ashes of death,
And swallowed
the body of Christ,
The annihilation of God's promise
And yelled, "Death"
Thunder crashed
earthquakes split,
the holy temple curtain
ripped top to bottom,
And Hell and earth
spun in the dark
with no idea
of the coming power.

Three days, nights
Russian roulette
barrel in the mouth
the Chamber spinning
with Death.

And with dawn's
Sunshine softness,
with birds and awakening
with breakfast and dreams finished
Another earthquake rumbled,
angels appeared
fearful guards stumbled back
from a heavy rolling tomb stone
and Jesus simply rose
the bread of life rose,
the rose of Sharon bloomed,
the servant king was risen, alive
and Jesus simply walked out
into history and future
into million of lives,
Jesus simply talked
close times with friends
Jesus walked
on roads beside disciples
who didn't recognize him,
Jesus walked life
into a world of death
bringing heaven down,
Jesus called a church
to shake off the dust
to carry love and honor
to enjoy living with hope
to go and make disciples.

Shopping List

Christianity

Is it just a shopping list,
of things we have to do,
need or ways to be?

Performance puff rules,
Veneer goodness
in a world of me.

But then suspicions
can rule when someone
does something nice,
What do they want?

What's in it for them?
or turning the knife

We stab our own back—
subtle osmosis
creeps soul deep

"I don't deserve this"

Distorted life
trained to tainted love.

Then so simple,

Jesus

history maker

Love singer

spoke

"Love God

Love others

as you love yourselves."

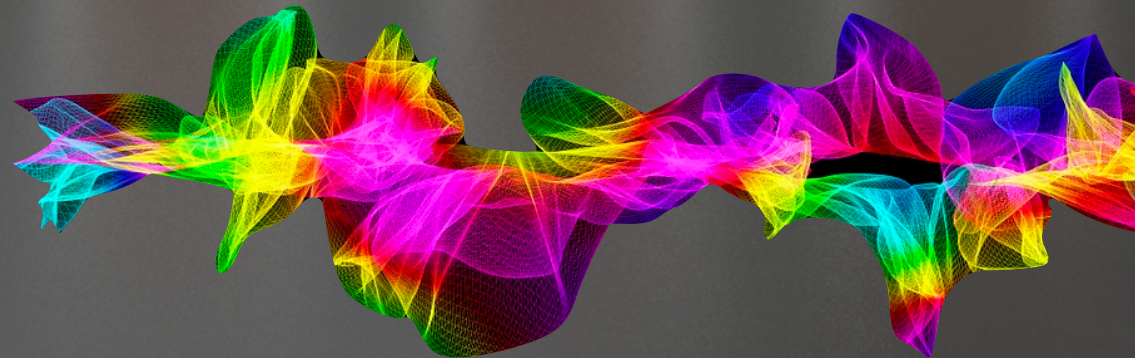


Opening

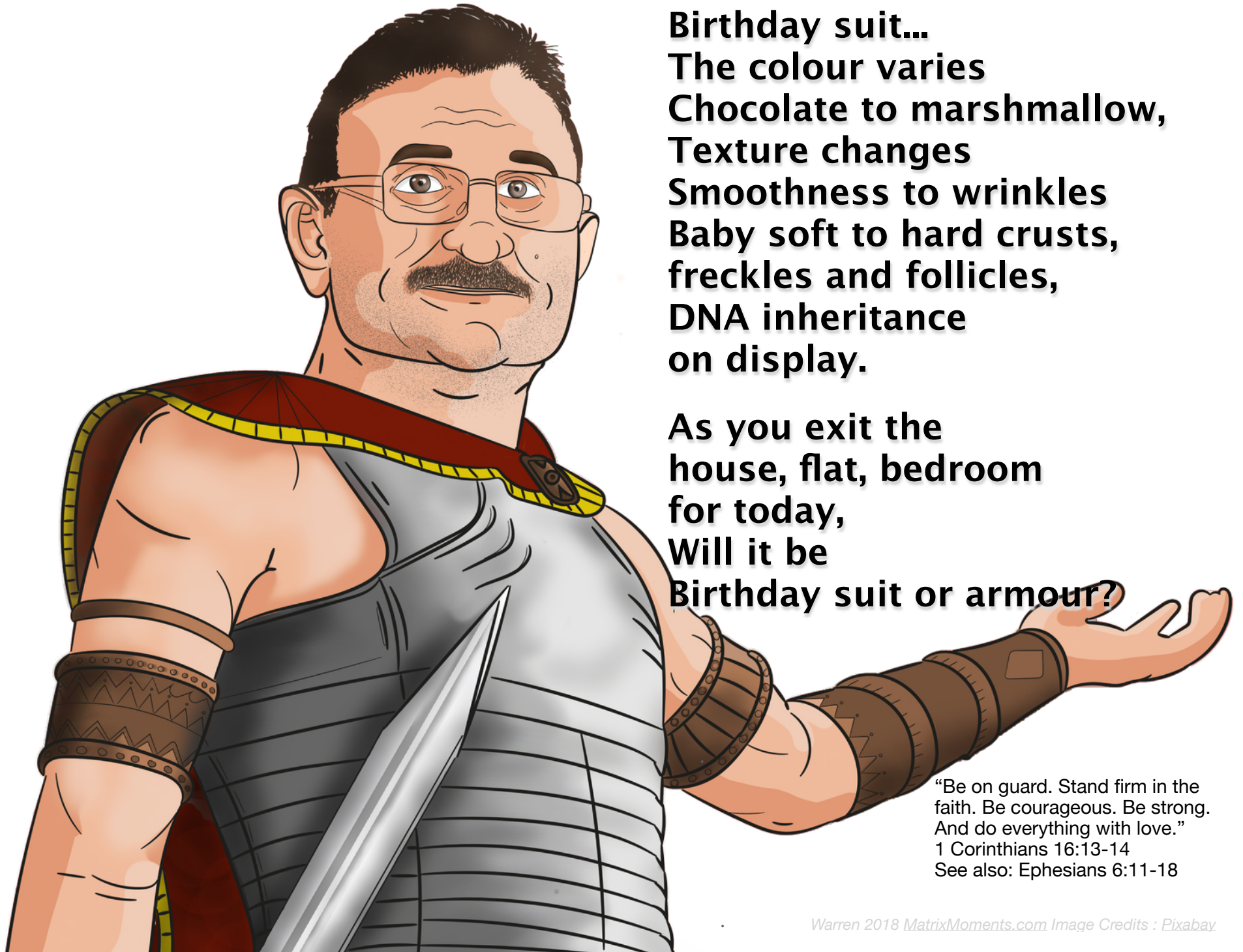
I walked through
rooms of my life
drifts disturbing
my mind,
I gathered stained grey
impressions and
prejudices,
and Spring cleaned
my feelings
and thoughts
to others.

It felt cold first
as the winds
of change
froze my being,
the inner space seemed
bigger but desolate.

And then you exploded into
my existence
colouring rainbows
painting laughter
bringing summers and
tumbling sunshine.
Fresh creation cascades of
outside life
crowded pushing
through doors
bursting, filling my life,
reviving reality in realities midst,
bringing diamonds of
joyful tears.



Put On



**Birthday suit...
The colour varies
Chocolate to marshmallow,
Texture changes
Smoothness to wrinkles
Baby soft to hard crusts,
freckles and follicles,
DNA inheritance
on display.**

**As you exit the
house, flat, bedroom
for today,
Will it be
Birthday suit or armour?**

**“Be on guard. Stand firm in the
faith. Be courageous. Be strong.
And do everything with love.”
1 Corinthians 16:13-14
See also: Ephesians 6:11-18**

Heart Change

Time on the clock
the hours
minutes
seconds
of each day
pass as usual,
In the routine
of our new life
together
I awaken
from a deep slumber,
surprised
to find you holding
my love in your arms,
My heart pounds
for I have given
a part of me
never shared before...
Take care
of my new feeling.



Together Always

When the wooden doors
Swing open
the ifs and certainties continue
The past and present collide
suspended in melody
and streaming sunlight
Painting colours throughout
stained glass onto church pews.

The music swirls,
you pause in the moment
ready but nervous
Poised for the next step
the start of your walk,
A ceremony commitment
The moving of self
to become two,
This time
has flowed from days of
dates, experiences
humour and talks.
And you walk
arm in hand with your father
his grin wider even
than your smile
and you head nod
to friends and family,
White bride and
sparkly shoes dad
Processing to the front of church,
in the midst of
a community of those
who are your precious memories
deep connections from your lives,
You are in this one

day of your life,
this moment
as bride and groom,
And with the words
"I do"
the art
of marriage begins
a new canvas
painting
a vision for the future
allowing growing colours
growing love
growing self
growing together
Leaping together
exploring boundaries
discovering more in each other
Traveling life together
partnering Best friends
Falling in deeper love.

On this special day
Listen,
Hear God's heart
placed with you
shattered with you
Sharing with you,
The circle of the ring
a reminder
His Love never ending
flows into your life
flows with your steps.

Together always
...with a loving God.

Louder is Stronger

Because you said whatever
it must be the truth,
beat your honey lips
Drum louder,
so we presume
We are hearing the real,
Media layers
websites, facebook, instagram,
social media poison drips,
lies like flies
coating your lips,
buzzing off the corpses
of facts bloated,
balance not considered
as rhetoric extremes
sell more, get more hits,
death hits
suicide hits
humanity hits,
Reality bits.
A world of lost
in clamour,
Voice barbs in the mind.

Voices
The whispers in your mind
circling your thoughts
choruses streaming from the past
into the secrets of your heart.

Voices
from the whispers of your heart
To your spirit,
Hearing the call
Deep to deep
from God.

Voices
hear the rolling thunder,
know the powerful name
of Jesus,
The One
who claimed
He was the way, life, truth.

Street Guardian

Bent elbow
to stuttering illumination,
patch rust pain
of decades standing
neighbourhood watch –
a hopeful graphic of law,
The slim silhouette
ready for an occasional bicycle
that pays its leaning respects,
But time's inventions
mean tired fluorescents
will be LED to retirement.



Chained Release

The shackles,
chain weights,
Locking together
a discordant community
Lines of people
together
Shuffling together
Across the plain,
through desolate city streets
pained together
Hopeless together
angry together
faking together
questioning together
confusion together
steps to death together
dragging life
the disconnected connected
Broken community
Suffocating in the thick darkness.

And then
emerging of the land
from the mountains
from the forests
comes a harmony,
a rising brightness
a shimmering aurora
a river of free people

a different community
each bringing their part
connected in the spirit
connected to the light
united in faith,
Their tools, their hands, their feet
their hearts, their gifts, their freedom,
their time,
moving with one direction
a fluid body of love
claiming a revelation
calling, shouting a welcome
towards the chained slaves
Dancing, praising, talking, praying,
God's bride
storming the gates of hell
with the keys
won in the resurrection
Victory from the grave.

And freedom's choice
comes to the chained,
release to the city
release to the land
glory shining
through liberated faces,
Freed to Christ's love
One by one.

The Prodigal Call

Looking back
I wonder
about the difference
I made,
the mark I wanted
to make
maybe more of a stain
on the fabric of life,
Is how I'm wired
a misfire?
Fractured fragmented
relationships
misunderstandings,
Then again
are these just the lies
of my emotions?
Am I believing the lies
of corrupt desires?

Hear the call to the
Prodigal,
"Return to home"
Hear the call to the
Prodigal
"You belong in the
True Father's heart "
Hear the call to the
Prodigal
"Let's celebrate in the
Darkness my love for you ."

And in God's warm embrace
the soul soaking
speaking,
of the eternal God,
In this Private place close
to the secrets of God,
Who I am is revealed
who ..I ...am ...is ...revealed
in the seal
of God's love,
I am fearfully
and wonderfully made,
I am Called by name
partnered with God's heart,
I am a significant part
of the one body,
I am the one
known fully from womb
to every hair on my head,
I am made worthy...
How can I not
love the skin I am in?
How could I ever
Unknow what I now know?
What could happen
if I truly walk in the light -
expecting breakthroughs as I go,
Finding what makes
My heart come alive
Activated,
Experiencing a world

significantly bigger
than I am
But connected to the steps
of my daily world,
connected to the words
of Jesus
"Go and make disciples"
Connected to a glorious,
dangerous, exciting full faith,
Connected to the simple
complex love of God, self and
nurturing others.

Lord
in family, friends, church,
work, with strangers I meet
In the deep unity of your spirit
In the power of your love
In the summer of the harvest
In a sweet harmony of your spirit,
Let us create shared experiences
Shared stories
Shared life
Shared joy
Shared laughter
Shared strength
Shared purpose
Shared worship of Yahweh.

Finally

Tangled lines
chatter bustle
snarled mix
traffic rage hustle
had disorientated my mind
city craziness,
In the midst
a bird called
perched
four floors up,
perched
above one reality,
Finally,
I got the message
and the world suspended
upside down
in crazy tilts,
a frozen
life moment
and I lived
in a new
now moment
Seeing green trees
blue sky
life,
Feeling warm breezes
flower scents
me.



Eucharist

A meal that celebrates
Remembrance of Him,
Christ is the host
here with us
in all ways,
A meal that invites
all of who we are
to the table,
He took the cross
the chains of death
Became the forever
supreme sacrifice
once for all time,
The one perfect sacrifice
and we died with Him
and rose with Christ
in the power,
in glory
In reality
in who we are
making us complete for all time,
Co-seated with Him
Co-risen with Him
Sin is finished
death is finished
innocence restored

We are
connected to eternity
Alive in His covenant
Alive in the now
Alive in a powerful exchange.

As often as you eat
by his stripes
you are healed,
In the Power of Christ
Not ornate
Not complex
Yet universes of love,
Carved from wood
Like the hard cross
Is the most beautiful cup,
Spirit of the new wine
the substance of His Spirit
Death has become life
One Spirit to drink
Comfort and strength
Substance of the spiritual.

Thank you Lord
For the table of
the great exchange.

The Most Tears

Tears
an expression of our heart
Dew dawning on our face
Trickling transparency
from our spirit,
From depths of pain
stubbed toe, scrapped knee
Burned finger, burned heart
From belly laughter,
Depths of happiness and joy
Depths of connection to others,
From origins of fear
Flip the coin
From origins of love.

Tears the surfacing
from fathoms and the unfathomed
The outward weeping
of the inward thoughts
the drops of songs
from the soul,
Wiping cheeks
in the midst of worship

Tears...
Where do I see the most
tear types flowing?
Church!
Tears from the centre of life
intimacy together
intimacy with God
How real is that!

Shattered

Shattered,
Numb holes
in our soul's fragments,
Pain etched across
faces, TV
Replays of scenes
in Mixed media
in minds
in conversations,
Swirling emotions
holding pain
sharing pain,
Questions
with no answers
voiced into
the not knowing.

Hope birthed
Neighbours door knocking
Student army young muscles
shifting disaster spade
by wheelbarrow,
water shared
meals shared
stories shared.

Waiting birthed...
Return text
From family,

Call to say
Loved one safe,
Water, power, food
Sleep weary
Simple day to day life
Routines desired.

Possessions hammered,
Learning stuff
Doesn't matter
Compared to life.

In dust
crumpled buildings
flooded houses
liquefaction hit
Alive is celebrated
On scales
Grim to thankful
Stunned to action.

Others, randomly ok
Feel guilty spared
Unsure.

Angers birthed...
Knock on darkened door
Torch flashed in face
Surprising back pack

dark clad looter
runs with adrenalin
Black heart into blackness

God we cry...
Cry

A blink of time
days, weeks have passed
and the fractured heart hurt
is bandaged in surreal activity,
In Your hands,

God we cry...
Cry

We trust
Now and tomorrow
To God,
Who knew shattered,
Had close family
Who understands human
Knew death
New life in resurrection power.

God we hope...
hope
Deeper into You.



Spoken Word Poetry exploring my questions, reflections and experiences.

Available in searchable form, with tags and video voice performances @ matrixmoments.com

Please feel free to use any posted or downloaded poems, spoken-words/writing as often as you like for non-commercial use, but please respect my creative time by not passing files via youtube, email, other electronic means or to individuals and or churches etc. Give my website address to those who would like the files so that they can get them legally for themselves. I would love contact to mention you have used the poetry as a thankyou.

You can also support or appreciate my creative work by donating on matrixmoments.com to help pay for the creative publishing costs.

© 2019 MatrixMoments - Warren Grieve