

IMPOSSIBLE

Counting
way too impossible,
Sand on the beach
Peebles in the universe,
The problems in my day...
my work
the world,
The giants puff nothing
but rule my life,
Desert dry
I stumble,
purpose parched,
Loser lost,
sin scraped?
No deeper!
sin soaked!

"Oh God,"
I cry
for your forgiveness,
I need
Your impossible.

And then I discover
in the cross
in a Jesus relationship
in worship,
in tune with the Saviour;
streams that flow living water,
My spirit connects
to the holy,
And I dwell deep
loved infinitely, completely,
in the smile of God.