

# Released



Desert suns  
sear the future,  
Too hot  
life stands on shifting sands  
Too sharp  
heat binds the lungs,  
Yet a coldness somehow  
cloys the heart,  
Where can I be that life is found?  
How will I do more than survive?

A mirage shimmers  
Life just seems fake.

Cracked lips  
cry out ,  
"Where are you God?"

In faith  
seeing nothing  
I stumble another step  
I scabble over  
endless tops,  
the next sand ridge  
pours through  
my sun seared encrusted fingers  
and another image appears  
is the real - fake  
or the fake - real?

I stumble, sliding  
down rivers of sand time  
towards the green,  
metamorphosing tree outlines,  
an oasis,  
a whole world's tip  
like an iceberg of life  
from underneath  
this scorched world I am in.

How did I not know  
God was in the desert?  
A deep pool, cool, powerful life  
Underground  
There all the time  
Water, bubbling, gushing  
Extreme.

Through eyes half blind  
I see water flowing to the surface,  
singing to my soul,  
Surrounding, penetrating  
so real,  
green life afresh.

A call  
to drink deep,  
to know an intimacy  
of Christ in me,  
A depth of love.  
Refreshed.  
Released.