

Poetry



Beautiful Chaos

Priscilla Lim, Vanguard College student.¹

Old friends lost
Emotions make strong...
We want badly to cry:
Is it so wrong?
Among the delusional throng,
We weren't wrong, all along.

Grace, oh, grace!
Do we dive in and seek His face?
What defines the human race?
It's hard to keep up with the pace...
From self-made men
To herds of a hundred sheep,
We teeter about,
Sliding in the snowy sleet.

Fire, fire,
The inevitable pyre
Blazing into our minds, so deep...
Our souls are charcoal: we forget about sleep.
Drenched in the blood of His hands, head, torso, and feet,
The thoughts of Mary, the thoughts she kept discreet
We feel forlorn, as though we are obsolete
The look of our rising Saviour: "The dead **have** been complete."

¹ Priscilla is a Worship Arts student at Vanguard College. She enjoys writing imprecatory poems and written word pieces whenever inspiration strikes or when she is feeling blue and needs to process ill thoughts and feelings with Jesus. Priscilla finds growth and release in her creative writing, as introspection is her favourite hobby. Many-a-time, Jesus has pulled Priscilla out of the depths of her mental darkness by transforming her thoughts of sorrow, self-deprecation, pride, numbness, apathy, trauma flashbacks, soul-crushing loneliness, and doubt into thoughts of remembrance, glorifying His name, and focusing on what matters most: seeking His face. She hopes this poem, written in first person-plural, engenders deep reflection within your spirit. Contact: priscilla.lim@v_mail.ca



Lim, Beautiful Chaos

“Remember Me?”

He prompts us, hanging up our tattered sheets

“What about My Paraclete?”

If we ran then, we would never be free

Slaves to righteousness, oh, how locked are we.

Step and in step

Our fallen in-step

We wash our footprints in the sand...

Our houses start to crumble:

We think that trying is the land

“What happened to your heart?

“I think you need a restart.

“Here, let me carry your art

“Let us not grow apart.”

But the cognitive distortions hurl us, as we tumble —

Tossed around by the heavy waves of the sea, we forget to be humble

We think with one swoop of His Mighty Hand

We could be gone forever,

discounted by the Holy Trinity

Our blinders have removed our skill to see.

Oh, how utterly lost are we.

Though we wander around aimlessly,

The Lord searches our hearts.

He knows us through and through,

With so much wisdom to impart.

“Hey, come walk alongside Me:

I will show you The Way.”

In a flash, we remember Him

How He has made it that our hearts are not whippet thin,

And we are no longer lost.

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness

for his name's sake.”

Emotions made strong,

We weren't wrong, all along.