

Cre•a•tive The•ol•o•gy

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R.I.P.

This book is written in memory of
The Past
which was beaten by mercy, murdered by
forgiveness, buried by grace, and
resurrected into poetry.
Thanks be to God. Amen.

Creative Theology

Cre·a·tive¹ –adjective

1. having the quality or power of creating.
2. resulting from originality of thought, expression, etc.; imaginative: *creative writing*.
3. originative; productive (usually fol. by *of*).
4. *Facetious*. using or creating exaggerated or skewed data, information, etc.: *creative bookkeeping*.

The·ol·o·gy² –noun, plural -gies.

1. the field of study and analysis that treats of God and of God's attributes and relations to the universe; study of divine things or religious truth; divinity.
2. a particular form, system, branch, or course of this study.

Creative Theology

1. what happens when Christian artists have too much time on their hand
2. when life redefines words that you spent thousands of dollars to learn in seminary
3. when the study of God inspires artistic expression
4. when God is studied through the reenactment of creation

Table of Contents

Agape
Allegory
Armageddon
Calling
Creationism
Ecclesial
Eisegesis
Exile
Faith
Fall
Grace
Imago Dei
Incarnation
Liberation
Logos
Offering
Paradox
Passion
Promise
Redemption
Repentance
Sacrifice
Sanctuary
Sin
Soul
Theodicy
Tongues
Will
Vocation
Yoke

Aga•pe

your love
is the only love
i can fall into

when i search, i look for a love
that i walk over or gather up
to store for rainy days

i look for a love
that i can put away
when i'm not in
the mood or ashamed

but when i stop
looking, when i let
down my guard,
or am distressed
until i only see tears
before me, i stumble, i fall
deep into you, into love

but something tells me
that good things just don't last,
that peace is always
passing, so i find an escape
to get back to the reality
i've been told
is genuine

and i just wonder
when love stopped
being real
and i became convinced
that only violence and danger
and heartache
are true

maybe when
i really believe in love,
i'll stay and i won't have to
fall into you

Al•le•go•ry

black gold,
these words
from blood
burnt black
from the heat
of suffering,
ink rested deep
in the depth of flesh

dug deep
these words
trembling
to break the surface
prove the worth
of the land,
that it is more
than dirt
placed and misplaced
by wind

prove that being
stepped on did nothing
to lessen its worth
because the words, unhurt
were left only
with another story
to tell

these words
from the depth
of earth,
worth the digging,
the pumping
and glad to
be emptied
because black gold
is heavy

Ar•ma•ged•don

i'm pretty sure
i've never fought one day

for me, never wrestled
with an angel on my own
behalf, never took a stand for
the creation of God
called by my name

so i have never
taken a step,
spoken a prayer,
or known enough
of me to introduce
myself to you

i have only fought
for protection,
and i attacked first
with my independence,
followed up by distance,
and an existence
modeled on what
others taught as perfection

i have injured for fear,
taking intel in
every instance to justify
its stance, allowed
its exaggerations to
become gospel,
the good news
of setting boundaries

i have killed for pride
never admitting
a need, cloaked my lonely
days in busyness, hid
my lack in fasting,
painted over my
mistakes with excuses
and demanded
only enough sympathy
of others to believe
my lies without question

i have struggled for
my past, tried desperately
to redeem or explain it,
rehearsed it
searching for clues
i missed back then,
and tried so hard to
make sure it never
happened again, i
ran from any
resemblance of it

but i am exhausted

and in all honesty
i am weak,
lonely, lacking,
bruised and
when i need them most,
everything i've
been fighting for
is useless

Calling

the last time
you were here
when you spoke
your tongue
sliced between bullets,
bombs dropped from
your mouth, blood spewed
in place of saliva
and i couldn't understand
for hearing war

the last time
you were here,
thoughts of grandeur,
images of medals,
letters before
and after your name
made you too big
to be cradled
when all i wanted
to do was hold you

in the midst
of replacing sharing
for acts of diplomacy,
exchanging making plans
for creating strategies,
and considering deadlines
over eternity, the bending
of your knees
seemed insignificant

i don't know
if being home
was just routine,
if kissing, strategy,
making love, exercise,
but only your body was
with me and i missed you
more than
when you were gone

Cre•a•tion•ism

according to their logic,
we should be their god
or at least their intercessors,
their covering should lie
in their willingness to dirty themselves,
their offerings in things we can't get
when they return to their graves,
and their prayers depending
on how far the wind
chooses to travel that day

in the beginning,
creation was

life flourished,
the wind blew
the sun shone,
the animals moved
before humanity walked
the earth

and God feeling
we needed helpers,
he stilled the earth
reached inside
and took its dust,
something of us
so that they could live
and we grieved our flesh
that left to become human

but humanity traded life
and dominion for fruit,
cursed
to toil according to our
hardness or yielding,
so we received our
authority and our flesh back

as God promised
that the dust

she took would
be returned to us
when this new creation
fades,
so we rejoiced
under the heaviness
of their weight

but we've found
that for less than this
they demand submission
from half of themselves
claiming that some were first
and others taken from
themselves,
how quickly they forget
their own story,
their memories fade
as quickly as they do

according to their logic,
they should submit to us,
our authority
and our power
but they are more concerned
about dust bowing to dust
when they shall all
bow to the grave
which only bows to God

Ec•cle•si•al

how often do we pride
ourselves on solitude
as if the strength
of silence and distance
makes us martyrs to existence
when we are only strengthening a system
where loneliness makes
the selling of fellowship
a million dollar business
and individuality injected into
suffering gives rise
to self-entitlement

how often do we congratulate
ourselves for valuing results
over relationships
and bowing to gospels
that are ignorant
of the poor
and excuses to our conscious
in the name of being prosperous

how easily are we convinced
that we can do it all
by ourselves
until broken and confused
we find ourselves running
into the arms of God
only to embrace the touch
of flesh, of humans
God chooses to use

and realize the only
thing we have ever lacked
is presence
and the vulnerability
to be intimate

and the only thing
we should ask for in the
midst of suffering

is righteousness
and the courage to maintain
relationships
when others would be embarrassed
and the cost is greater
than we expected

because community matters
and sometimes
me being there is
God being there
and you being there
is the answer to my prayers,
proof that God cares

when we can share
the treasure
that God has given us to
bear within our flesh
and that is simply
that we do not lose heart,
we do not use our suffering as
an excuse to sow into death
and we are never
by ourselves

Eis•e•ge•sis

i was sure
that because
we never laid
side to side,
never had sex
that my standard
was a safeguard
against heartbreak

but somehow without
touching my flesh,
he massaged my heart,
entered my spirit,
breaking barriers
that had never been opened
and deposited
pieces of himself
throughout my seconds,
my minutes, my years
my time

and it seemed
as if he'd always been
there, been mine
and i remembered
him before I knew him,
i was with him
when I wasn't,
his face filled blurred
images in my past,
empty places in my pictures,
and assigned places
in my future
and i realized
that this was making love

but eventually morning
came and he left,
and i was left
bleeding emotions
that i regret were ever left

open and exposed
and a love
that was never made

so now God,
remake love in me,
add enough of you
to drown out the bad
so my tears
are him overflowing
out of me,
guide me as i stumble, then fall
into love, into you
while you rebuild
my heart

wipe the smeared tears
and seal what was
opened without added fear
and in the midst
of you remaking love
in me, help me to build wisdom
instead of walls

grace me to love
as if my heart
had never been broken,
to give
as if i had never been taken
advantage of,
to trust
as if I had never been
lied to

and God while
you remake love in me,
remake me in you,
make me whole
and i will be

Exile

it seems that all my life
i have been transitioning
into transitions
exiled between
the in-between
of what life is
supposed to be
and what it is

and there are days
i feel homeless
exiled from the familiar
afraid of comfort
knowing that to get attached
is to lose whatever of it
i find

so i remain homeless
until i begin
to wander in prayers,
dwell in worship,
make my home
in the God
who promised to be
my refuge

sometimes i don't
need a hiding place
or a refuge,
just a place to
call my own
until the next day
the next church
the next friend
the next love
the next

transition me
into you

Faith

i found faith
on the road where hope
exploded under the pressure
of time leaving pieces
of prayers shattered
among utterances,
stuttering among gasping,
and drowning in tears

she sat there
stitching
the pieces of
this dream together,
reordering words
of my prayers,
cleansing these requests
to reveal the deeper
desire that i was
only asking for God
when i thought i was asking
for necessities

and she did it with
the patience and ease
of assuming
she had eternity
to finish while I sat
watching moments
of my life pass too quickly

she demands too much
of me and offers
none of the urgency
in which i have been
taught to require
of everything

and i would leave
but i am in awe
of how she alone
remained, untouched

and unshaken,
in the midst
of an explosion
that destroyed
a dream and the desire
to dream of dreams
and silenced a prayer
that was screaming
for satisfaction

how did she survive
when all else died
and how can she sit
so patiently resurrecting
the life of what
i was willing to walk
away from

Fall

Gen. 2:25 They were naked, yet they were not ashamed

now we are clothed, yet ashamed
arrayed in garments
that cannot heal our pain
and our garments must
cover everything
so we wear smiles
one conversation long
one eye glance wide
one “all they have to do is ask” deep
any longer, any wider, any deeper
our frown would betray
our garment, our shame revealed

now we are clothed, yet exposed
arrayed in garments
that can't cover our pain
as the thinness of our garments
brings increased self-awareness
we wear distance, wear space
one “life that can't be mentioned” long
one half-truth wide
one “i have to see the bottom” deep
any shorter, any thinner, any deeper
our fear would betray our garment
our terror revealed

now we are clothed, yet vulnerable
arrayed in garments that
can't prevent pain
as the weakness of the garments
make them penetrable,
we wear strength
that is “struggle for perfection” heavy
one stance hard
one offence thick
any lighter, any hollower, any thinner
our weakness would betray
our garment, our vulnerability exposed

now we are clothed, yet ashamed
trying to change the garments
instead of dealing with the shame

refusing to go back
to remove our garments
by valuing the genuine,
the transparent,
the vulnerable

refusing to go back
to redefine strength
to re-label our nakedness as glory
not shame

Grace

i don't know the measure
of weight that
is needed to
crush a human's desire to live,
i don't know the darkness
that blinds out the hope of seeing the sunshine
on a new day,
i don't know the wound that pushes one to such extreme

i've carried shame heavy enough to confine me to timidity
And shyness
i've been crushed by guilt that has paralyzed me from taking
chances
i've been hurt to the point of staying in the bed for days
but i don't know what ingredient added with those suggests
suicide,
maybe my circumstance wasn't heated to the right temperature
and for that i'm grateful
Or maybe there was an ingredient which neutralizes the poison
my life should have made

is this grace?

that can speak you've made no mistakes
even as i count them down
or that helps to bear the weight
to heal the pain
the show the light
to know that tomorrow
things can be completely changed,
whatever it is, grant it to the world
because i cant imagine the tears God cries
when we drink the poison
and take our lives

I•ma•go De•I (Called Beautiful)

shine streaks
between ash
on the dust of her face
from undried tears
racing to absorption

while she wonders
if it is sin
to question the beauty
of God's creation

if it is,
she is guilty
awaiting grace or
condemnation
because she can't
reconcile her face
to beauty or her life
to attractiveness

knowing she is God's
creation buffers so much,
only so long
before the voices come again,
the comparisons weigh heavy
and her reflection
is despised

so she prays
God, clear my eyes
correct my vision
and if only for a moment
can i see myself
through your image,
hear your thoughts
as you created me
while eternities passed
and see how meticulously
you sketched the first draft

can i feel the joy

in which you mixed the colors
that shade me
and hold the tools
that measured
the height of my stature
and the curve of body

can i walk the circles
you paced, patiently checking
every detail, lovingly
smoothing every
rough spot
again and again

can i trace the stencil
that outlined my birthmark
as you signed and marked
your creativity

show me
the ears and eyes you
discarded that weren't
good enough for me,
the countenances
that didn't fit
my personality,
and the faces i was
never meant to make

and finally
if you favor me,
can i watch
as you blew breath
into your masterpiece

and hear the satisfaction
in your voice as you finished
and went back to Eve
creating genes that
would exactly make me
as you imagined
when you called me
beautiful

In•car•na•tion

John 1

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. 2 He was with God in the beginning. 3 Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. 14 And the Word became ...³

creation

what we teach
our begotten

that we are part
of the genealogy
of the incarnations
of God

that once God
would walk in the cool
of our breeze
before humans
were ashamed
and distanced themselves

before God
chose to harden us
on their account

of course you can't remember
the introduction of evil,
the thorns in our sides,
the shame of having
to make way for thistles,
the pain of being
packed together,
the dryness
of moisture retreating

the shrinking
of potential,
the delaying of progress,
the increased birth pains

of breaking through earth,
the death we felt

but we knew God
would redeem us,
would remember the
the goodness spoken
over us

and in due season
he baptized us in air,
he dressed himself in the wind
traveling as we touched her
and her presence
spread the best of us

he manifested himself
in thunder, relieving
the pressure as she shook
the ground

and as sightings of him
birthing fire from earth
spread, we knew
she was birthing
in us things we never
thought were possible

clothed in clouds, she wept
pouring herself out
restoring
the moisture that had left
and was resurrected
into vegetation,
into life
for the sake of life

and on that day
we called God
curse-breaker,
life giver,
redeemer

Liberation

black history is
sneaking into graveyards
armed with shovels
branded with
i am
the resurrection and the life,
standing over the graves
of the dark and the mighty

breaking pass the grass
that looks the same
atop every grave
as if this corpse
had no claim to greatness

unearthing the roots
grown from seeds of praise
held in clenched fists
opened by the comfort of death,
spread as one praises
and steps on the graves
of the dead
who they believe
will remain there

black history is
digging through the dirt
of he said, she said,
the fbi report,
the historian uncovered
digging through the faults
and shames, the cover ups,
opinions changed
with time and circumstance,
until i finally reach the casket
and the dead are given
the right to name themselves

with me standing over them
saying even still,
if you give me yours

and take mine
neither of us dies
and so i take the lines
of eli knight
the hoops, the tongues
of jarena lee,
the intellect of douglass
and the boldness
of a people that wouldn't die
telling them i have the secret
to all of our survival

black history is
laying them back
the rest as if i
was never there
except for that patch
of dirt i leave a little
shuffled so when the
others come
they know to dig there
first because the earth
has already been disturbed,
dig here

Lo•gos

i have been trying to speak
You for years,
for as long as Jesus and Christ
have been interchangeable
for the word
translated into flesh,
silenced on the cross,
and recited into resurrection

but your sound shifts,
morphs into syllables
that are not always
familiar to my native tongue,
sounds my mouth
can't curve to,
tenses time cannot hold,
conjugations i don't
understand

but when i'm lonely,
you are noun,
when i'm lost,
you are verb
and the next situation
is resting on what you decide,
and when i am blessed
you are adverb,
my abundantly
in the midst of scarcity
and as quickly as i speak you
the connotations
say that it is and is not you
and i must find that new word
that is only right and good
for the breath it takes to speak it
before the silence

when again
you must be translated
into meaning
and recited into resurrection

Of·fer·ing

you can't drown water
with water,
burn fire with fire
or preach riches to the rich

and the depth
of their sermons
lacked the volume to fill
the ditch i fell in

as i watched
them feed the hungry
clothe the naked, offer dreams
to the hopeless
and paths to the lost

there was nothing
in their bags for a rich man
with his hands open

they couldn't
see pass me dressed
in their imaginations
and clothed in
their desires

no on could hear
pass my vocabulary
or the echo
of their prayer requests
that they saw answered
in my life

and so all they offered me
were requests or avoidance
and nothing of you

because they weren't
sure themselves
of what you had
to offer me

Para·dox

no person is deep
enough to carry
the volume of
your loneliness

their smiles
can't become
your reflection
and their hugs
will not hold
you together

and the gravity
your need carries
is so strong
that it pulls
people through you
tearing you
to pieces

the attraction
and the separation
are more than
you can bear
so more than
you can risk

Pas·sion

there are days
the earth has wondered
what God has found
so engaging in humanity

aren't they themselves
only one wind
evolved from dirt

and as Christ died,
creation wondered
if humanity was
even worth it

tombs
in mourning
not wanting to house
a dead savior,
they retired,
chose rather to collapse
upon themselves
allowed the dead to walk
from their graves

and the sun
needing time to pray
retreated farther
into space
refused to shine,
refused to watch
its savior die

and the earth
thinking it could help
tripped upon itself
rushing to His side,
trembled,
shook
trying to dislodge
the cross from its grasp,
trying to wake

Jesus to consciousness

and creation dismayed
blamed all
of humanity
thinking what manner
of creation are these
that they
consume gods

Promise

it seems as if divinity
isn't the only voice
demanding Isaac,
the sacrifice of promises

time and lack
forces on you a journey where gifts
and desires weigh on you
like responsibilities
you can't meet
and voices say lay them
down, they aren't worth
the time they take,
these dreams will never
leave the page
or be seen with open eyes

and disappointment downgrades
purpose and passion
to a pastime
to nostalgia
to a secret
to a joke
where laughter
is the only eulogy it gets

and on top of the mountain of
of anticipated expectations
you tie it down
believing that its sacrifice
will make you,
if not righteous,
then at least realistic
and its death will
make time, money
and respect available

so you gag its mouth
with television
and music,
weigh it down with

comparisons,
bind it with regrets,
use its tears to put
out the fire in your chest
and pull out the ordinary
desire to be normal
in order to kill it

because this is
being grown up, right?
this is responsibility, right?
this is right, right?

now if you can just shake
that desire
for a ram in the bush

Re•demp•tion

as of lately,
if answered honestly,
inspiration hasn't come to me
and you can only live so long
on memories before
reality has a way of shattering those images, suggesting
assumptions that
maybe it was imagination all along

and what I'm left with
is this burden
ashes, baggage,
in my case
broken verses of poems unwritten
weighing heavy on a conscious
that's about to cave in

and a God whose willing
to exchange all for something heavenly
but the worldly part of me
is convinced
that it can separate
spirit from breath
causing me to fluctuate between life
and death
as the flesh offers its own exchange
for what I'm going through saying
trade your suffering for sin
your victimhood for self-entitlement
here's a free pass to pleasure
for all you've been through,
we've dressed up death
just for you

and just as i'm about it to trade it
all to death
the inspiration of intimacy
finds me
the presence of God speaks
and the desire for life
overwhelms me

Re•pen•tance

i'm pretty sure
an unpacked, unsettled me
would fit nicely
into your hand
and although I would
be prone to being shifted,
although portions would fall
and i would seem to
vanish into thin air,
you would still have
most of me

the repentance
that settles me is
a hard pressed thing

and it shakes
up all of my
comforts,
blows out all
of my excuses,
reminds me that like
all sinners, i fit
into the mold
of your hand

but today i don't
want to cave into
myself, see the parts
of me that I've
kept at a distance,
i don't want to face
my convictions
and see how compromise
has inflated my
intentions
causing my ego
to fill up room
that it cannot defend
and the measurement
of my stance to be

deceptive

so can we wait
until tomorrow
when i'm ready
to let you in,
ready to repent
to be shaken
and settled
and measured

my type
of second chance
doesn't let others see
i lost my first
and today
i'd rather expand
on air than assurance

Sacri•fice

living, sacrifice
words rarely made equal
for those who can't sacrifice
for the sake of living
and those who can't live
for the sake of sacrificing

i can't be sacrificed
and fight that which devours
me, can't choose what's worthy
of consuming me

i die in the face
of those who smile
as they kill me,
at circumstances
i prepared a lifetime
to avoid,
but death is death

i can only trust that the blood
goes pass the altar
into the sanctuary
and that my life is spread
into the presence
of the holy
and that the road
that got me there, though hard,
ends in intimacy

there are some veils
my flesh just can't pierce
and my sins will never know
so crucify my flesh
to death until
there's only
life and light left

Sanctuary

he walks into
a building labeled
sanctuary,
convinced that safety
must lie behind its doors

but the turning of the knob
lit the fire in the stove

and each member
became a consuming
flame intent on burning
sin with no regard
for mercy, for love

and in an attempt
to burn off sin,
they scorched individuality,
they darkened
his countenance
so he appeared hard
but it was impossible
for him to interact
without crumbling
to pieces

trying to purify
him, they melted
his confidence
and evaporated
his joy

he was burned
beyond recognition
before he reached
the altar

and the danger
of the sanctuary
made the world
seem a safer place

Sin

for years he has lived
under a title
that is too heavy
for him to carry

the very core
of him is cracking
as transgression
rots him from the inside
out

but for a while
yesterday will
hold him up,
excuse him
as he thinks
the future is indebted
to the past,
until he can no longer
afford tomorrow

and when yesterday
doesn't work,
he'll point to his
prosperity
as measurement
of his worth
until he is weighed
against God's standards
and found lacking

and when prosperity
fails, he'll try
to use his mic,
robes, and productions
to catch the eye of
people while he
puts his title down
for a rest

and eventually

our willingness
to accept whatever
he offers us
is the only thing holding him
up until we realize
that his cross is his
to bear or be crucified on,
either way
we must let go
or risk choosing sides
between him and God

Souls

into this world
souls come dismantled,
pieces packed in flesh,
preserved in blood,
purposed for puzzles
whose image is a picture
of divinity

these pieces processed through
sunrise, sunset
and the gravity of circumstance,
smoothed with kisses,
curved with beatings,
advanced with knowledge
painted with tradition
and measured against rebellion,
every one unique and essential
pieced into wholeness,
into God's image

some ending seamless as photos
as if blemishes were removed at
every stage, as if the edges
had never known separation,
as if they came whole into this world

and some end defined by their flaws,
as if the wind angrily crashed
soul and earth together
in the midst of a storm,
as the sun sealed what the rain
had licked into communion

and if i have a choice,
i want to be the latter,
to be that image
that's hurricane kissed

branded by nature
that has live and existed
and is valued the more
for its unexplainable stance

i want to be that image
that is kept at a distance
to keep hands and time
and cravings for advancement
from touching
the wonder that is me

to show forth the hand
of God with its scars
still in place,
a puzzle with gaps
deep enough
for the world to
find refuge in,
messed up enough
that humanity
can see its reflection in it,
if only it won't be turned
away from what it represents

this puzzle is incomplete
without dents, without unevenness
and discoloration
without declaration
that fixing it will somehow
take away from the wholeness it
has found, from all that it is,
from all that i am

The•od•i•cy

some illnesses are
better to suffer through
and doctors
won't even serve you
beyond recommending a bed
and some time
to gain your strength

anything more
and they risk
weakening
your defenses
the next time

it's funny, the more they heal
you, the more
dangerous a common
cold can get

some stability we lose
is better to suffer through
when no one
is there to guarantee
food to eat, paid utilities,
or peace of mind

and it seems at times
that God won't serve us
beyond recommending
prayer and trust
fearing that our
defenses may be weakened
the next time

otherwise God would
help except those
who would have otherwise
lived through a little
worry, a little stress
would die of desperation
in the midst of abundance

Tongues

her throat is sore,
flesh is raw
and damaged
from the vomiting
of silence
she can't keep down

and she tries
to eat courage
and esteem
and faith
to settle her stomach
and her soul

but conversations
of disorders
and fears
and statistics
are shoved down
her throat
so she won't become
too full of herself

and her wholeness
is a shape
she will never know,
just the shape
of bones
and stretched skin
of words
and just
trying to live

vomiting silence
everywhere she goes,
fearful if they know,
their expectations
will be something
else she cannot swallow
and her tomorrow
will be a day spent

defending whether
yesterday is still a part
of it

when she does speak,
her tongue curves
into periods,
twists into commas,
jerks into syllables
that don't make words
trying to reach
the altar of sound
where her tongue
is anointed
in saliva and slain
under the power of the silence,
trying to find the grace
to speak

Will

every time i fell
to temptations that
elevated themselves
from thoughts
to action,
i assumed the failure
was in the strength
of my will as if
it was in me to kill
evil with the mentality
of a sinner

when the actual
issue was that my
will was too strong,
strengthened
by generations of men
falling in domino effect
from the force
of sin eaten from
a tree so my will
is heritage deep,
colliding into me,
supported by a society
which gives permission
to desire anything it can
imagine, to create evil
in the name of deterring
it, if anything, my will
is everyday since creation strong

my will
is a disease without a cure,
whose inflammation
is eased under God's spirit
and whose symptoms
are carried in God's grace

Voc•a•tion

i love him,
period

he loves me,
period

but he can't imagine me
a preacher
a pastor

at least not one
where there is not
a man
who is my head,
women shouldn't ...
women couldn't ...

no matter
how many times
he's appreciated my
intellectual conversation
nn spirituality

no matter
how much he
has known my devotion
to God

no matter
how many of my poems
he has read

no matter
what has been shown
to him in scripture

no matter
how consistently
i have followed this calling

simply because

i am a woman

and i'm sure
the lives i bring
to Christ won't change
his mind

i'm sure
no amount of anointing
will change his mind

i'm sure
he never wonders
how his beliefs
affects my feelings

but inspite of all this
i love him,
period
he loves me,
period
and i'm sure
that his thoughts
are of no matter

Yoke

i know what
it is to hide
behind the residue
of time gone pass

to rest in seconds
already counted
and to be caged
in words
whose echoes
haven't completely
faded from the
winds vibration,
words i've repeated
just so i can follow
them again

i am chained
in trying to prove
what i am not
and to be the opposite
of all i hate,
they are my standard
and my scale

i am bound in their
opinions
and sculpted by
their whims
that i must react to,
it's become my duty

their movements
guide my course
and calculating
their response
defines my boundaries,
i stay as close
as they'll let me,
all for the sake of
forcing them to watch

my escape,
all for the sake
of trying to convince
myself that
they are following me

i need them to know
how much i'm hurt
without ever speaking,
i need to believe
that my distance
cost them something

and because of my
anger, and my persistence
in it, because
of the resentment
lit in me,
because of what i
can't confess to them
or myself,
i will never be free

Citations

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