

Weariness

“Once upon a midnight dreary”, pondered I, while worn and weary,
Fretting from life’s ebbs and flows; thinking, blinking, eyes so bleary.

I Prayed, O Path, which do I take; settled no, yet, still awake,
Choices, Lord, to reconcile; I Trust in Thee, yet, still no break.
My mind awash in choices real; I know not which I should appeal,
Yet amidst these swirling paths, I Trust in Thee, O Mind Be Still...
...in Weariness.

Your Word, in John, I have read; Thomas Doubting, proof, not dread,
He sought The Faith, hands and side; Christ appeared, alive, not dead.

Yet, onward do I struggle here; guide me through my troubled fear,
Lest I fail to overcome, so many paths, there and here.

My mind awash in choices still; I know not which I should appeal,
Yet amidst these swirling paths, I Trust in Thee, O Mind Be Still...
...in Weariness.

In James, Your Word says to seek; for wisdom full, yes, fully seek,
For what you seek, it shall be; wisdom full, not wisdom meek.

O, My Lord, I try with might, that I not fail, to choose Path right,
Forgive me, Lord, but still I flounder, as if my clarity is night.
My mind awash in choices kneel; I know not which I should appeal,
Yet amidst these swirling paths, I Trust in Thee, O Mind Be Still...
...in Weariness.

I moved beyond, to choice now made; yet, I failed, I seek Your aid,
Thomas Doubting, have I become?; nevermore shall my Faith fade.

These paths, O Lord, which to be?; Give me choice, set me Free,
From weariness that finds no home, For open eyes that I can see.
My mind awash in choices shrill; I know not which I should appeal,
Yet amidst these swirling paths, I Trust in Thee, O Mind Be Still...
...in Weariness.

Again, I find, paths call to me; O Weariness, how can this be?

Unsettled in my Soul this day; I shall stand, not yet to flee.

Forgive my doubts, O Holy One; I Plead my case, The Holy Son,

For in my heart, this thing stirs; weariness, self, stop or run?

My mind awash in choices fill; I know not which I should appeal,
Yet amidst these swirling paths, I Trust in Thee, O Mind Be Still...
... in Weariness.

I Am That I Am, brings to mind; To Trust in Him, eyes not blind,
To live His Mercy, alive in me; even in weariness I shall find.
The path now set before my feet; I shall not want, soon to meet,
My Christ, who stands by the road; to carry me, Love complete.
My mind awash in choices Will; I know not which I should appeal,
Yet amidst these swirling paths, I Trust in Thee, O Mind Be Still...
...in Weariness.

That Still Small Voice, calls out to me; My son, Hear, Peace to Thee,
In your heart I have found, worthy is your honest Plea.
In Mercy, Grace, Forgiveness, Love; Your Path now chosen, from Above,
Take heart, My son; for soon your path, will shine on you in Holy Love.
Faithful to the Truth remain; stand fast, flee not, nor ever run,
Give Thanks to God, Almighty in Grace; Salvation Gave, His Only Son.
My mind awash in choices clear; the path He chose will soon appear,
These swirling paths have fled my mind; God's Clarity is what I find...
...in Weariness.

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