

Here is my servant, whom I uphold, my chosen, in whom my soul delights; I have put my spirit upon him; he will bring forth justice to the nations. A bruised reed he will not break, and a dimly burning wick he will not quench; he will faithfully bring forth justice.

- Isaiah 42:1,3

trust

i did not ask for this

when first my tender head pushed out
clearing the wet river-muck
and i felt kind rays warming me
all i wanted was to thrive
and strive toward the sun
and sway among my sisters
in the warm breezes
however they may blow

i was open
and vulnerable
and ready for life

now i am more bruise than wholeness
i fear the winds that come with thunder
i know what they can do
what they have done

when first my timid flame was kindled
shedding kind rays in the tent
and i felt darkness pushing back
all i wanted was to burn
and humbly imitate the sun
creating playful dancing light
and capering shadows
however i may flicker

i was open
and vulnerable
and ready to be light

now i am more smoke than flame
i fear the winds of the opening tent-flap
i know what they can do
what they have done

here comes this man
this servant
speaking of justice

he says he will not break me

he says he will not quench me

he says
he will be gentle with my soul