

Deserted Love By The Dozen: John 4 + 8

Here I am

Footsteps stepping through this

Desert wasteland,

Soul shifting spaceship sinking in sand.

Walking past (Suicide Prevention Walk)

Muddy waters on hind-sight.

The only drip of juice (...caused by leading astray...)

Of fruit- I squeeze. Behold!

The chew of truth is dried. (God speak in Jesus' name)

In the beginning was Poetry,

And Poetry was with God

And Poetry was God. (John 1:1)

In Poetry was life, and the life was the Light of men.

I walked passed the rivers of Living Poetry.

My brother drowned in his youth to witness this thing, yet

Muddy waters seemed more pleasing to me

Even if the mess from a hangover seemed slippery

The voice of my rope-hung father vanishing (echoing from when I was 15)

Still had to prevent two from a living ending, yet where would I be?

Will this be a legendary MJ story? Just turned 23.

One body, 2 women

3 oz. more.

Still stuck in this desert wasteland...time-blowing sandstorm (eyes of sand)

Will the next gallon be better than before?

Add 4. (John 4)

"If you knew the gift of God, and who it is who says to you,

'Give me a drink,' you would have asked Him, and He would have given you living water."

Jesus said, "Everyone who drinks of this water will thirst again..."

Five husbands- that's why her thirst was so real.

Unsatisfied quench forever in pursuit of an intimate, momentary thrill.

"But whoever drinks of the water that I will give him shall never thirst;

But the water I will give him will become in him a

Well of water springing up to eternal life."

%Note: Sex - a gift from God to be enjoyed in marriage to reflect the ultimate spiritual pleasure
%and intimacy of Himself. Can't enjoy Him - distant from Him by cheating for other desires.

Add 8. (John 8) - Even if you look at another with lust...but she was caught

In the very act of adultery. What is (seduce the man away from marriage)

Purity? Any drip dropping from the faucet of (fantasizing the infanticide like miscarriage)

Faithfulness? Didn't need to teach her how to leave- nor daddy, nor

ME. "He who is without sin is to cast the first stone." My solid heart of

SANDSTONE against Him drops into shattered shrapnel, just like mom...no longer condemned

By her faith, though imperfect- desiring to have the grains of SIN left alone.

Realized my bucket had holes inside.

Dehydrated fall- the treasures of

WATERWORLD- I poured ALL the more, by the desert I DIED.

New buckets to make splashes-

Wide open for the WIN, joy past the Trailblazer of Tears. (GO WARRIORS!)

Spirit of God's Gatorade reviving rave, running replenished

In the marathonic sprint, past the painful

Wind of thousand yard dashes. Sand off my eyes. MJ, My JESUS-

The Greatest Poet of All Time. Blood-inked Hall of Fame Signature

CROSSover written on my heart- Shamefully mistreated as worthless

Restoring purpose inside my unfading worth, wearing His GOLD medallion.

Ten thousand times I fall (forgive me God, I'm such a mess)-

The burnt, broken skeleton of my spirit-body buried

Six feet underground. Christ diving down to the grave-

Uproar, soar up- O my soul, rise again.

Gracefully receiving love-come

Daily by the dozen.

- END -

"And I will give you a new heart, and a new spirit I will put within you. And I will remove the heart of stone from your flesh and give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes and be careful to obey my rules."

- Ezekiel 36:26-27 ESV

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