

My Desert

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My Desert

Wind carries the grit, swirling dirt in the air.
With each step, I feel it in my mouth, my eyes, and my hair.
Like the sins of my life, the sands are countless and unyielding.
The weight of my sins strains on my soul, filling me with despair.

The path behind me shows only my footprints and my destruction.
Before me the sands are flawless, awaiting for my thought and my action.
With each step, my choices can spread peace, sin, hurt, or joy.
Which will I choose? I look to the heavens for instruction.

The weight on my back, baggage that I carry, is unbearable and dense.
Years of sins, grudges, and faithlessness that I must make recompense.
Will my efforts be enough? Is there enough mercy for me?
Heavy are these thoughts that weigh on me, the strain is so intense.

Though there is only one pair of steps behind me, I do not trudge the dunes alone.
A demon, my tempter, joins at my left, willing my thoughts not to be my own.
At my right is my Lord and Savior, with his hand upon my shoulder.
He awaits me choose, hoping that for my sins, I will want to atone.

My body is strained, my throat is parched, but my feet march on.
I will push myself until my temptations and distractions are gone.
Regardless of how long it takes, or the number of steps I trudge,
This is my desert, I WILL conquer it, before I choose to be withdrawn.

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