

Poetry Series

**Jesse Fast**  
**- poems -**

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# Jesse Fast()

# Believe

My life was caught in disarray,  
My faith was weak and shaken.  
I sought for peace in dark dismay,  
All joy from life was taken.

While pausing at this fateful place,  
A voice was heard on yonder hill.  
I lifted eyes and weary face,  
His voice; I hear it still,

'Believe! ' was heard the earnest cry,  
'Life and death do hang in sway,  
Reach out your hand and only try! '  
Then the echoes fade away.

The silence groaned in somber stillness,  
A hush was heard in all the land.  
The leaves on trees were motionless,  
No waves did break upon the sand.

But then the silence split in twain,  
My voice was heard with anxious cry.  
'Believe? How can I bear this pain?  
Oh save me now unless I die! '

'Believe! ' Again the answer came,  
'Just trust in Me to give you rest.  
Leave your fears, I know your name.'  
Ageless words resound so blest.

My spirit crumbled at these words,  
The past fell far from distant view.  
From shaking lips a song was heard,  
'I now believe your promise true.'

Jesse Fast

# Content

Do not be a metal tree,  
An ugly blight for all to see.  
Be a sheen of lovely green,  
A kind and peaceful scene.

Look not for the golden shore,  
Always wishing for something more.  
Be content with what is sent,  
Happiness is time well spent.

Jesse Fast

# Dust And Beginnings

The first day dawned... life had begun.  
A journey was started... a way chosen.  
From dusty beginnings, life had arisen.  
A breath taken... a heartbeat quickened.

In the course of time, a plan fulfilled...  
A True Light, a way of hope appeared!  
Infinite beginnings occurred in moments.  
Arising from dust... Beginning in love...

Jesse Fast

# Elusive Winter

Sleeping, yet listening, under an overcast sky...  
The stark earth waits... The barren trees whisper.  
The brittle brown grasses sigh in their slumber.  
The waters are still... expressionless, frozen...

A cold breeze blows from the north, the arctic...  
The landscape shudders, realizing certain destiny.  
And yet the land waits, and change is delayed...  
Where is the icy chill? Where are the frozen flakes?

Has winter now forgotten to rear its frigid head?  
Perhaps the clouds forgot to drop their bounty...  
Instead a rain descends, rather out of season.  
But alas, the air is too warm for snow to form.

I, with the sleeping earth, await the snowy blast...  
Come old man winter! Come with all your fury!  
Unleash your clouds, unloose your northern winds!  
Here I rest and wait, and wait, and hope for snow...

Jesse Fast

# Heaven's Call

Listen... Hear the angels singing?  
Can you hear the joyous call?  
Peace on earth and joy to mankind,  
How I marvel at it all...

Hear it... in the quiet birdsong,  
Midst the calmness of the morn,  
Or the mighty crash of thunder,  
From the blackened sky is borne.

Hear the sounds of nature calling,  
Hear the whisper in the trees,  
The harmony can heal your soul,  
Hear it waft upon the breeze?

Hear it... in the crashing waves,  
Of the ocean vast and blue,  
Hear it in the evening sunset,  
Painted in the brightest hue.

When we gather all to worship,  
On the blessed day of rest,  
How the church is filled with singing,  
And are hearts are truly blest.

It is there the call of Heaven,  
Comes with peace from up above,  
How it settles now upon us,  
And our hearts are filled with love.

If you look into the ghettos,  
Or the slums of pain and strife,  
You can hear the call of mercy,  
In that place where sin is rife.

The call of God is boundless,  
Reaching out to those in sin,  
Heaven's call can reach you,  
It can fill your heart within.

You may walk upon the mountains,  
You may trod the valley low,  
In every place you find yourself,  
The call is heard where ere you go.

As we travel on this journey,  
Seeking rest from sun to sun,  
Heaven's call will guide us onward,  
Til' our life down here is done...

Jesse Fast



# I Will Follow

I will follow Him,  
On wings of the morning,  
And fly to the utmost sea,  
For tis there I can rest and I am blest,  
Just to hear His words for me.

I will follow Him,  
Up Golgotha's dark hill,  
And there will I weep in pain,  
Then to see Jesus cry and lastly die,  
Will break my sad heart in twain.

I will follow Him,  
Like a wandering child,  
Who lost his strength for the day,  
Yet if I can just see His love for me,  
Then His peace will with me stay.

I will follow Him,  
Through the damp city streets,  
And the mighty rambling throng,  
As the cold rain falls and the twilight calls,  
By His side I will belong.

I will follow Him,  
And reach up to His hand,  
As the desert we pass through,  
Though the sun burns hot and shelter is sought,  
He'll give me a song anew.

I will follow Christ,  
For my gaze is now set,  
On my home beyond the sky,  
I will strive for the right and win this fight,  
By His grace I'll live on high.

Jesse Fast

# I Wish

I wish to be a wall...  
A great expanse of white,  
An empty space to write upon,  
For paintings great and small.

I wish for no complaint,  
From those who pass me by,  
I only ask they ponder life,  
And brush a bit of paint.

I wish for rainbows full,  
To arch across the wall,  
For happy scenes of thankfulness,  
That swell within the soul.

I wish to feel the pain,  
When teardrops stain the wall,  
To hear the rending call for help,  
For strength to then obtain.

I wish to be a chart,  
To find the perfect hue,  
A place to see the vibrant tones,  
That set each life apart.

I wish for colors all,  
To fill each vacant spot,  
An ever changing masterpiece,  
I wish to be a wall...

Jesse Fast

# Isles Of Wonder

Come! Come with me yonder.  
Dream with me now as I ponder.  
Follow me to the faraway lands,  
To the isles of the burning sands.

Walk with me where breakers roar,  
And waves beat on a rocky shore.  
Stand with me on the crumbling cliffs.  
Feel the breeze as it blows and shifts.

Let the ocean air fill your very soul,  
Watch the waves as they onward roll.  
Breathe deeply of the vesper winds,  
Hear the cry that the seagull sends.

Tell of ships that missed their goals,  
Ruined by rocks and sandy shoals.  
Listen to tales that are often told,  
Forget not the lives the waters hold!

Look up through the gathering night!  
A lighthouse shines, a hopeful sight!  
Turn not my eyes, or let me careless be,  
Nor let me miss the wonders of the sea...

Jesse Fast

# Look In His Eyes

I saw a man who bartered with life,  
Sought for gain in the midst of strife.  
His gaze spoke of countless tries...  
Can you see that look in his eyes?

There he stands in the throng,  
All his hope seems forever gone.  
Pause a moment; do not surmise,  
See that look in his weary eyes?

You may not see all the treasure,  
If you don't stop and measure,  
His life to your life; it may surprise,  
You can read the look in his eyes.

Have you ever passed him by,  
Just a man with no life, no try?  
YOU might be the angel in disguise.  
Have you ever looked in his eyes?

Jesse Fast

# Outside The Box

I wish to think outside the box  
Leave all the simple boring stuff  
And think and think until at last  
My complex brain has had enough  
And out it spews a complex thought  
That makes no sense inside the box  
But when it sees the light of day  
It splatters dead upon the rocks...

Jesse Fast

# Parallels

Like a quiet peaceful birdsong,  
In the calmness of the morn,  
Or the somber hush of wind,  
Upon the sparkling grasses...  
So is the orchestra of life.

Like a solemn winter snowfall,  
In the chill of evening light,  
Or the last long rays of sun,  
Upon the darkening forest...  
So is the drama of the seasons.

Like a far-off roll of thunder,  
In the humid summer night,  
Or the mighty crash of waves,  
Upon the rocky shoreline...  
So is the awesome power of God.

Like a soldier in the battle,  
In the conflict for the right,  
Or the artist painting color,  
Upon the empty canvas...  
So is the poignant call of duty.

Jesse Fast

# Patience

In the space of fleeting time  
There dwells a steady constant  
A birth, a life, and then it ends  
But Eternal treasures remain...

A gift it is to those who seek  
To those who deem it worthy  
Knowledge is the phantom call  
Mysterious amidst the turmoil

You cannot pace the sun  
Or make the shadows linger  
Clouds hold bounty in the skies  
Rain will fall as time commands

The seasons come and go  
And passing winds do whisper  
Until lingering sighs of winter  
Break forth in songs of summer

Time is moving with you  
You cannot stem the flow  
The myth of years stretch on  
The end of which your destiny

You may purposely implore  
For certain signs to answer  
Be still, give all, and wait...  
God moves in His own time

The key of time is this;  
The wait and call of patience  
Wisdom dwells in quietness  
In stillness now it calls you...

Jesse Fast

# Press Along

When in your heart it's snowing  
And icy winds tell phantom tales  
If your heart is awash with sorrow  
And your thoughts are a thousand trails

When the rains fall upon you  
And clothe the trees with somber tears  
And the autumn leaves that once were bright  
Begin to fall like the passing years

If it seems the words you hear  
Echo on like an epitaph  
And songs of the world around you  
Are nothing more than an empty laugh

When the tears that once did fall  
Are dried in a warm summer breeze  
And to God you seek for a refuge  
Then His Voice you will hear in the trees

Sing and bask in the sunshine  
Dry each tear with a wish of love  
Grasp the memories all around you  
And press along with your God above

Jesse Fast



# Reality

While marching in the madness,  
I heard the notes of sadness.  
Now is the time to realize;  
Don't fantasize; just mobilize!

I bravely smashed the past,  
To expose the light at last.  
Fragments flew far faster;  
I was the master of disaster!

When all the shards were shaken;  
The winds of time had taken;  
And each tear had fled in fear,  
To some other far-off year;

I did not care to blindly stare,  
Nor did I trust the solemn air.  
Aghast, I gazed upon the past,  
So vast, with many dangers cast!

That single trace will not erase,  
The look upon the morbid face.  
Only trust will bind the just;  
To strive for truth we must!

Victories ring and voices sing,  
Hope dawns on Eternal Spring.  
Yet time is tried as minutes glide;  
Love beams from The Other Side.

It's the moment that we live for.  
It's the solemn truth we die for.  
It's another page that starts an age.  
It is Love that sets the stage...

Jesse Fast

# Solitude

In the calmness of the evening,  
And the hush of eventide,  
Near a fire brightly burning,  
I can lay my cares aside.

By the Lake of Osceola,  
Neath the shining evening star,  
Here I find another refuge,  
And my thoughts do go afar.

On the waters, calm and tranquil,  
Down the hill; upon the lake,  
Hear the soft melodic murmur,  
From the calling of the drake.

Now the moon is rising upward,  
And the stars are shining so,  
While the sunset glows in crimson,  
And the shadows come and go.

Where is found a nobler calling?  
Who can claim a better cause?  
Than to watch the twilight falling,  
In the comfort of the lodge...

Jesse Fast

# The Battle Of The Mind

There are conflicts all around us,  
Some are won with much acclaim.  
Men may walk away as victors,  
They may cloak themselves in fame.

Noble works may rise before you,  
Kindnesses may not be few.  
All the country may look peaceful,  
And your friends may seem so true.

Daring acts may grant you wonder,  
Fearless men may risk their time.  
Gallant deeds you may encounter,  
Greater heights you then may climb.

What will all this really matter,  
If no lasting triumph wrought?  
Your life will truly be defeat,  
If you cannot conquer thoughts...

Mighty deeds you may accomplish,  
You may better humankind.  
But all is gone if you have lost,  
In the battle of the mind.

Jesse Fast

# The Best

I thought I had it all...  
My life, my look, my time.  
But as my life unfolded,  
The words did not all rhyme.

It seemed my tears were lost,  
Like raindrops in a stream.  
The future looked uncertain,  
I did not dare to dream.

I tried to find the cause,  
Why is the way unclear?  
Is life a measure only,  
What will define a year?

I wished for peaceful rest,  
But found that silence fled.  
For ruin had raised its voice,  
And hope seemed all but dead.

I cannot still go onward,  
Without a place of rest.  
I must arrest this progress!  
This way is not the best!

The Best? Do I deserve?  
How can I trust this Voice?  
But softly now I hear it;  
"Now make Me your choice"

Must I not earn this prize?  
My Savior's words are true;  
"You can only give your all;  
For I have ransomed you."

Jesse Fast

# The City's Voice

Listen for the strident chorus,  
And story told by many.  
Hear the clamoring of men.  
Vociferous cacophony.

The tune they play is raucous,  
Dissonant chords abound.  
If you listen you can hear,  
Secrets whispered all around.

Rumpus filled with whimsy,  
Melodies and symphony,  
Shouting twined with singing,  
Racket full of energy.

Jesse Fast

# The O'Connor Church

We crested a hill in the midlands,  
There, rising above the woodlands,  
A steeple of yore majestically rose.  
Statute and still; only peace it knows.

Oh the history flooded my being!  
My gaze was set and all seeing.  
The graceful cornice unbroken,  
Told of life and time left unspoken.

Through the peaceful valley we went,  
Yet my eyes on the steeple were bent.  
A feeling of wonder flowed in my soul,  
A mystical presence embodied the whole.

At last we came to the Chapel Hill,  
The O'Connor Church, statute and still.  
Like a sentry ready to face the foe,  
It stands; guarding the valley below.

Though neglected it tells of past glory,  
Each crack could tell quite a story.  
A graveyard lay on the opposite rise,  
An ancient place of forgotten lives.

We entered through a creaking door,  
A sacred place, many years before.  
A scent of the past met eager faces,  
Our voices echoed in empty spaces.

The sun shone through the stained glass,  
Old wooden benches told of times past.  
Graceful arches and intricate designs,  
Told of skill and design from bygone times.

I thought of the past and days gone by,  
How surely the years do ever fly!  
I thought of the ones who worshiped,  
How they laughed, talked, and gossiped.

I imagined benches full of people,  
I thought of the bell in the steeple.  
Who rang the bell on a Sunday morn?  
Who climbed those stairs, old and worn?

Our voices rang and echoed on,  
Harmony blended and came to be one.  
Songs where sung; how that church rang!  
The beauty of music awoke as we sang!

We left that church as darkness drew nigh,  
The last rays of the sun lit up the sky.  
We left that cathedral there on the hill,  
And now it yet stands; quiet and still...

Jesse Fast

# The Palette Of Life

Every life on earth is a canvas,  
Living palette of life ever vast.  
Each breath is a shade of color,  
One brushstroke, and then it's past.

Every tone has infinite meanings,  
All are colors that truly belong.  
Every shade has a God given purpose,  
Each touch of the brush sings a song.

Every color that's ever been painted,  
Holds a chorus of unspoken rhymes.  
Every portrait that's ever completed,  
Holds the key to the life and times.

Every life can glow like a rainbow,  
Every shade can revere God above.  
Our lives can be spectrums of beauty,  
And each hue an expression of love.

Jesse Fast



# The Passage Of Man

Like a madly rushing torrent,  
Through a chasm deep and vast,  
Like rushing water raging onward,  
So are the glorious days of ages past.

Like the eagle soaring upward,  
Ever climbing at his chosen will,  
Like the wind through wings outspread,  
So is the Force that moves us forward still.

Like the counsel of the people,  
And the good which it has wrought,  
Like the presence of our all wise Father,  
When we bowed and all our fears were brought.

Like the blissful happy moment,  
When a fresh new thought is shared,  
Like the changing season's movement,  
So are the ways of time when life is spared.

Jesse Fast

# The Things We Love

The earth is full of the things we love,  
From the coyote's call, to the morning dove.  
The moon shines on a blackened night,  
And little things glisten in its light.  
The lone owl hoots a lonesome sigh,  
And it seems we feel the Great One nearby.  
We express our joys with the songs we sing,  
Like the free little lark that's on the wing.  
And sometimes before the fire we lay,  
And think about many a happy day.  
We live our life with hope and with reason,  
and we can find love and joy in the changing seasons.

Jesse Fast

# The Truth

Have you ever felt the warmth,  
Of the sun at morning's dawn?  
Or gazed in wonder at the stars,  
Shining ever on and on?

Have you listened for the song,  
Of the cooing mourning dove?  
Or heard a mother's lullaby?  
Sweetest melody of love!

Have you ever saw a tear,  
On the face of those redeemed?  
And the look of peace and joy,  
From their quiet visage beamed?

Have you ever called on God,  
And your life of sin forsook?  
From the truth you cannot hide,  
It's everywhere you look.

Jesse Fast

# The Voice Of Creation

A wrinkle in the lonely landscape,  
Colossal peaks of icy granite,  
A million trees on steeply hills,  
The song of winds; who sings it?

Below, amidst the waving grasses,  
A flattened valley lies as if unseen,  
Unnoticed by the hurried traveler,  
It speaks, yet goes on as if unheard.

A voice is heard so soft, yet so alive,  
The valley calls, the distant cliffs reply,  
The trees and hills and land converse,  
The mountains call, the valley answers.

When clouds and mist hang very low,  
The mountaintops grow very silent,  
Their mighty peaks are hidden now,  
The valley strengthens for a moment.

But alas the glory is soon passed on,  
For when the winter clouds have lifted,  
The evening sun reveals its secret,  
Again the mountains claim the prize.

A million trees all draped with white,  
They droop beneath their dress of bounty,  
The rocky peaks are bathed in sunlight,  
They glint with new found beauty.

When the sun recedes beyond the peaks,  
The valley rests in tranquil darkness,  
Quiet reigns, the Voice of God is heard,  
Peace is felt beneath the shining stars.

Jesse Fast

# The Way

Oh the fear in this life,  
And the choices we face,  
Oh the pain and the strife,  
And the quick hurried pace.

Oh the hard lessons taught,  
And the way of life learned,  
Oh the peace that is sought,  
And the joy that is earned.

Oh the gladness in right,  
And the conflict in wrong,  
Oh the truth burning bright,  
And the search to belong.

Oh the few earthly ties,  
And the choices we make,  
Oh the weak plaintive cries,  
And the lives now at stake.

Oh the way of the cross,  
And the steep narrow way,  
Oh the burning of dross,  
And the love here to stay.

Jesse Fast

# They Sing Their Song

There's a swelling chorus rising,  
From the breath of humankind.  
There are tunes that keep on ringing,  
Ever from the earthly, finite mind.

There's a harmony supreme,  
From the air and earth and sky.  
There are tones that make us dream,  
As time and change do pass us by.

There are lonesome, far off hills,  
That murmur in the flowing winds.  
There's a valley where a bird trills,  
And the air with sweetness blends.

There are mighty marching bands,  
With raucous sounds of manly greatness.  
There are cymbals played by earthly hands,  
And it falls on us; a strain of emptiness.

There's a Master writer of music free,  
And He can make the Heavens ring.  
There's a fountain flowing in me!  
And so, I cannot help but sing...

Jesse Fast

# Unquenchable

Down in my heart,  
There's a cry for love.  
Deep in my soul,  
I seek God above.

I reach for love,  
And my heart cries out.  
I search in vain,  
As I cast about.

To God I plead,  
For His strength I long.  
I search for joy,  
In notes of a song.

I wait in awe,  
For His love to dawn.  
I see it rise,  
And I travel on.

Quietness reigns,  
The sun shines above.  
I feel the warmth,  
I soak in God's love.

A treasure vast,  
A gift ever pure.  
Living in me,  
A peace calm and sure.

God's love is strong,  
It glows like a flame.  
Unquenchable,  
It burns just the same.

It gives me light,  
It shows me the way.  
Shining brightly,  
It is here to stay.

Jesse Fast



# We Seek The King

We seek The King,  
We have traveled far.  
We come to worship,  
We have seen His star.

Where is He now?  
This treasure we bring,  
The best of all gifts,  
And every good thing.

Where is the King?  
Does He live again?  
Here the songs of joy,  
He has conquered sin!

Let us worship,  
In his presence blest.  
The King of all time,  
In His power rest.

Our knees we bend,  
In reverence we bow.  
Our lives may He bless,  
His peace fill us now.

We seek the King!  
The Ruler of all!  
The One who can save,  
On His name we call.

Jesse Fast

# Will You Go

There are millions all around us,  
Who are crying out for rest.  
Men are dying with no Savior,  
And no hope of Heaven's bliss.

Mankind now is struggling onward,  
Through the corridors of sin.  
Who will go and spread the gospel,  
Who will go and bring them in?

Do your dreams and plans to prosper,  
Always seem to fill your mind?  
Do you ever stop your work,  
And lend a hand to human kind?

Do you really love your Savior,  
How your sins for you he bore?  
Do your actions tell the world,  
That Jesus lives forevermore?

Tell the world about the Savior,  
Of the One who came to save.  
Tell to all of His great power,  
Be a worker strong and brave.

You are needed in the harvest,  
Can you hear the gospel call?  
Will you hasten to the work,  
And will you give your life and all?

Many hearts have stopped their beating,  
Many destinies been sealed.  
Can you hear the Master calling,  
"Who will labor in my field? "

Who will sacrifice his life?  
Who will leave without delay?  
Will you now obey His bidding,  
Go and work while it is day?

Jesse Fast