

Poetry Series

Iwavva Dum
- poems -

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Iwavva Dum(November 21)

Be Silent...

Be silent before the Lord,
Put your hope in Him.
What makes you think you are right,
What makes you think you can get justice done by speaking?

Be silent...
Walk softly and listen,
Listen carefully to the voice
That comes from inside yourself
SOMEBODY HOLY DWELLS IN THERE

Be silent before the Lord,
Do not get angry with the wicked
When they mock at you and laugh,
Listen carefully to the voice that comes from inside yourself
YOU ARE INHABITED BY GOD

Your justice is your silence!

Iwavva Dum

Jesus

Jesus, You know my heart,
From Monday till Sunday
You know my thoughts,
From the deepest of the deep
And beyond.
You know when I open my heart to You,
You know when I run to sin.
What could I hide from You?

O, please, cleanse my heart,
Seven days of seven
Enslave my thoughts,
To you I want to sell them
With price of blood.
And let my eyes Your beauty know...

Lord, lay a rock before my steps,
Stop my feet from falling!
O, Jesus,
Hide me in You!

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My Cry

Answer me when I cry, Lord,
Take me to a high place when my sin brings me down!
Have mercy on me.
Have mercy on this splitted, weak and
broken clay.
For I am nothing but clay,
Gathered and molded by You – but clay!
Look at me! I am small and insignificant,
A grain of sand in the desert,
I thirst for You,
I crave for Your heart!

Answer me when I cry, Lord!

Iwavva Dum

Prayer

Jesus, what can I say to You in this last hour?

I haven't talked to you for so long...

I never dreamed of losing you

but I did.

I've always said You are the most precious

But I only said that, my faith was weak,

my feet stumbled and my eyes closed

to Your light.

What can I say to You in this 12th hour?

I gave up on You for this illusion called love

But it was never true and my heart told me so

But did I listen?

And now I cannot see the Way.

Is there a Way for me? ? ?

I can't figure it out.

Iwavva Dum

Time

Jesus, King over seconds,
You know my wasted moments,
You gather my lost minutes
You clean my sinful thoughts
And pour perfume over my heart...

Jesus, You merciful,
Forgive me once again,
Forgive me this last hour!
For thoughts, hours and days without You,
For all that I've lost and I cannot regain.

Jesus, King over all,
Do not grow weary forgiving me!

Iwavva Dum