

THE BIBLE ON THE TABLE

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And the Bible on the table
lay there unable
to reach inside my head.
For the wisdom of the ages
revealed on its pages
remained there unread.

And the dust that collected
on its cover reflected
its purpose left undone.
What I will not read
I can not heed
its songs remain unsung.

When I review my life
I recall only the strife
a life in my own cage —
All my youth & my mission,
like that book are missing,
the turning of the page.

For a Bible on a table
will always be unable
to change or improve
a people.
Like a church without vision
upon its Savior and revision
is just a house with a steeple.

Sometimes we're in a rush,
we miss the hush of breeze,
and eve, and snow.
And the voice of our God
we dismiss with a nod
our "better" plan we know.

So the Bible remains there
and my life remains bare
as I walk daily on by
So when I end life's test
and am finally laid to rest,
I won't.