

“Fork in the Road”

POEM

There's a fork in the road where the shadows divide,
One paved in silence, one shaped by the light.
The past pulls heavy, like chains on your soul,
But the future is waiting, with hands you can hold.

One path is worn from footsteps of fear,
It echoes with ghosts and the lies you still hear.
But the other? It's quiet—uncharted and true,
With room for redemption and a life made new.

It won't be easy. It won't be fast.
But freedom lives in each choice you grasp.
Not in perfection, not in fame—
But in choosing love and shedding shame.

So take that step, no matter how slow,
You're not alone on this winding road.
Grace walks beside you, hope lights the way—
And healing is yours, if you just choose to stay.

The Harvest

Poem inspired by the song

I wandered long through fields of dust,
With dreams that broke and hopes that rust.
The road was rough, the nights were cold,
And prayers felt silent, growing old.

I planted seeds with trembling hands,
In barren soil, no promised land.
I cried for rain that never came,
And questioned heaven, cursed His name.

But still I rose, through storm and loss,
My eyes fixed firm upon the cross.
Each door that shut, each love that fled,
God turned to lessons, not to dread.

For every no, a hidden yes—
A path unknown, a wilderness.
And in the stillness, He was near,
Preparing harvest year by year.

Now golden stalks beneath the sun,
Remind me what His love has done.
A season comes, both rich and true,
When all He promised will break through.

So if you're tired, your spirit sore,
Keep sowing faith a little more.
The seed you plant with aching heart
Becomes the crop He set apart.