

## Rest

The soul must rest.  
Not a rest from doing  
But rest from wanting.  
Wanting from mere human desire,  
Striving that is fueled with unholy fire.  
Like Icarus, I seek to ascend on hubris wings,  
Too fast, too high, I fly above my spiritual means.

When strength is gone and wings are nigh,  
I freefall from the heights of the glorious sky  
Towards the cursed earth where mortals reside,  
To the hard, hard ground, I plummet and there lie.

Still, the heart marches to the rhythm of its prideful time.  
But the soul has needs, needs greater than I can define,  
Needs that must find rest in the Creator's holy design.  
For who can rest without knowing You, Holy Lord?  
Who can know You without knowing your Word?  
You said, "Your Word never returns void,"  
So, help me to listen well to Your voice;  
A song of peace for a soul not at rest,  
Thoughts of praise and reverence,  
To yield the banner of my heart  
That I may have no better art  
Than to know You more  
And my soul forged  
Within Your will,  
For Your yoke  
Is peace and  
My soul  
Finds  
Rest.