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Subject: Sometimes I feel like

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Sometimes I feel like
I am a construct
Rushing through time
To an unimaginative death
The reality:
I am a construct.
I am a creation
Of God
Falling to ground
At the foot of a cross
Measured against the Son
Fall short
Fall short
Fall short
My sin all around me
I seal my eyes shut
The Light penetrates
Even my self-imposed blindness
I look up
No condemnation there
The eyes of God
Shine with pain and grace
With mercy and forgiveness
Blood streams down
Washing me in love
Freely given

Time rushes by
I am His construct.
I am His creation
Now purposed for Eternity
Rushing toward Heaven