2015

The Voice

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The Voice
Samatha Pottinger

Rushing, roaring, howling smites
The mighty wind on the mountainsides,
Its force splits rocks and uproots trees
And tosses them on airy seas.
This surging storm, what can it mean?
What power is here, unheard, unseen?
Is the Creator come, all things to end?

but the Lord is not in the wind.

Rumbling, grumbling, tremoring shake
The roots of the earth in a wrenching quake,
Rending the earth and laying it bare
Showing a world’s bones and sowing despair.
This destruction and havoc, what can it mean?
Is there glory herein, to be heard and seen?
Has the Creator come, creation to break?

but the Lord is not in the earthquake.

Snapping, cracking, scorching leap
The flames of a blazing gale of heat,
It rushes and swirls in angry rage
Bearing death in its wings, and mad rampage.
This ravenous fire, what can it mean?
What power is here, unknown yet seen?
Is the Creator come to wreak His ire?

but the Lord is not in the fire.

Falling, crashing, hushing falls
A tranquil quiet o’er creation’s all,
The quiet envelops, shoos clamor away
Stills all before it, forging a way,
So that into its bosom, ah! soft and light
Like a rumor of air, a sigh so slight
One barely perceives it, but for the void

there comes in the silence a still, small voice.
Whispering, murmuring, soothing it speaks
So mighty and awesome it dares to be weak;
It brushes the ear—nay, the heart—with its tones
Assuring the creature she is not alone.
It breathes of a Truth so vast it contains
A Heaven of Love, and a world of pain,
And the creature cries out her surrender, her choice
.........for the Lord is in the still, small voice.