

# EXTOL



A Poetic Journey  
Through Scripture

CORBIN BRACE

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This book is a work of poetry and creative reflection inspired by Scripture. It is not intended to replace the Bible but to complement personal study and devotion.

# Extol

## *A Poetic Journey Through Scripture*

By Corbin Brace

“Nothing here is new except in the sense that it is a discovery which my own heart has made of spiritual realities most delightful and wonderful to me. Others before me have gone much farther into these holy mysteries than I have done, but if my fire is not large it is yet real, and there may be those who can light their candle at its flame.”

A.W. Tozer

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## *Foreword*

It's impossible to fully express, in the space of this page, the treasure the Word of God has been in my life. It has strengthened me, refreshed me, challenged me, and convicted me. I am deeply grateful for Scripture. It has nourished my soul by revealing God and His extravagant love for me. It has guided my steps, lighting the path before me. As I've feasted on the bread of His Word, it has truly sustained me.

As a pastor, my heart longs to see people encounter God and His Word that has so profoundly transformed my life and is a daily lifeline. Yet if we're honest, many believers struggle to truly engage with Scripture. The statistics are sobering when it comes to how many Christians regularly read the Bible. And even when they do, it's often out of duty or obligation. But God invites us to His Word not from obligation, but from intimacy and love.

There is a fresh invitation from God right now—a call to return to His Word in a way that brings life. I'm hearing more and more stories of believers experiencing a renewed hunger for Scripture. There is a revival of the Word happening in our generation!

That's why I'm so grateful for my friend Corbin Brace and the work he has done in inviting us into his journey with Scripture. The poems and reflections in this book are a beautiful, creative invitation to encounter the Word in a fresh way. These pages are full of life and depth, and they will draw you closer to God through His Word.

The book you hold in your hands will awaken a greater love for God. Through creativity and beauty, Corbin has given us a profound gift with *Extol*. As you engage with each poem and reflection, prepare to be stirred—to a deeper passion for God and a renewed hunger for His Word.

Banning Liebscher  
Author and Pastor of Jesus Culture

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## *Introduction*

The following writings are heartfelt reflections inspired by my journey through each book of God's Word. My prayer is that even one of these devotions will encourage you to open His Word, dive deeply into the loving truths of Scripture, and experience the fullness of His presence.

For those who seek, may one of these writings speak to you so that you may know a love greater than any you have experienced.

For those new to the faith, may this be an invitation — a taste on your lips that stirs a hunger to know God more and to experience His fullness.

For those who believe and continue to believe, may this be an encouragement to your steadfast faith, inspiring you to find new ways to grow deeper in your walk with Him.

Regardless of where you are on your journey, may these verses of reflection and worship draw you closer to the One who loves you without measure.

# *Old Testament*

## *Genesis*

### **“It Begins”**

Swirling, Whirling, Winding —  
Chaos into order.  
The ultimate creation,  
built-in free will.  
An overflow of questions:  
How? When? Why?

A spoken word,  
A breath into dust.  
A time unknown,  
A Reason of LOVE.

Humanity created  
In God's image,  
A world bestowed.  
Just one rule:

Choices were made  
by the creatures of dust.  
God's will betrayed,  
Broken His trust.

Life's hardship veils its intended grace,  
Now starts a story of love and redemption.  
Just wait and see.

## *Genesis*

### **“the deceiver”**

Why did the enemy  
Choose woman, not man,  
To blind and deceive  
For his diabolical plan?

Was it because  
She seemed the easy mark?  
Was her nature gentler,  
Her discernment less stark?

Or was the enemy  
Up to something greater—  
Two birds, one stone,  
Less work for later?

Did he pick woman because he knew  
She'd be more difficult to trick?  
Did he sense a selfish ego in man,  
Hoarding the fruit, his pride grown thick?

Did he know that if he tricked Adam—  
The fruit would never be passed to Eve?  
Would she have asked questions:  
Which did it come from? Where were the leaves?

The enemy knew what he was doing  
When he chose woman over man.  
he calculated the fall, ensured it all,  
Not leaving one step to chance.

However, he did it,  
One thing's for sure:  
he didn't account for  
Redemption so pure—  
A love so divine,  
Eternally secure.  
For every plan he schemed,  
God's mercy reigned supreme.

## *Exodus*

### **“Wanderlust”**

Wandering Wilderness  
Ambling and meandering,  
Follow the cloud,  
Follow the fire,  
Day by day,  
Night by night,  
Life-sustaining manna.  
Learn to rely  
Only on the Lord,  
Looking for the land of milk and honey.

Trust, obey, follow.

Hold up your hands  
As long as you can;  
Support from community  
Will be needed.  
The fight will be won  
Under the Lord's banner.

Trust, obey, follow.

Commandments are given,  
A number of ten:  
"You shall," "You shall,"  
For your own good.  
Don't fall prey to false idols and altars;  
Keep your focus on the Lord.

Trust, obey, follow.

The Tabernacle constructed,  
Priestly garments are made,  
Stone tablets are broken and renewed,  
Sabbath established,  
The Ark, the Table, the Lampstand of gold.

Trust, obey, follow.

## *Leviticus*

### **“An Offering”**

Offer it all — the Lord will take it  
A burnt offering,  
Smoke rises like prayers to heaven—  
He will take it.

A grain offering,  
From a harvest rich and full—  
He will take it.

A Fellowship offering,  
Shared with joy and songs of praise—  
He will take it.

A sin offering,  
To be washed clean as snow—  
He will take it.

A guilt offering,  
Unbearable weight upon your conscious—  
He will take it.

A mourning offering,  
Brought with tears and trembling—  
He will take it.

An illness offering,  
Pain laid bare before His mercy—  
He will take it.

A repentance offering,  
Forgiveness brings peace to the soul—  
He will take it.

Offer it all  
Every burden, every praise—  
The Lord will take it.

## *Numbers*

### **“Counted and Called”**

This is the account of the family of Aaron and Moses:

A count was made—  
Every hair, every head under the blue,  
Walking the path they once knew.  
Descendants of old, ancestors of new,  
Forging faith ever true.

An arrangement was made:  
Tribal camps joining in a holy war cry,  
Their banners ripple to and fro on high.  
Each clan gives to the collective supply,  
Guided by the great I Am’s watchful eye.

An appointment was made:  
A celebration of grace, through time renewed;  
All hearts united, as memories are imbued.  
The 14th, the Passover, eventually a prelude;  
To His love and honor forever pursued.

A community was made:  
Trumpets of silver, blaring their praises—  
All together, glorifying the One who upraises.  
Still today, we join those of old—as He amazes,  
Reciting as one the promises He raises.

This is the account of the family of Aaron and Moses.  
No enemy can stand against, none shall oppose us.  
Guided by His wisdom and love, each step He shows us.  
He tugs the strings of our hearts, for He composed us.  
Forever His melody of grace will embrace us.

## *Deuteronomy*

### **“Can you Lead?”**

Leaders of today — are you willing to lead like Moses?  
For he was one of the greatest leaders among us.

Are you willing to lead your people  
to the edge of the land of milk and honey,  
To hand over the winning ticket,  
yet collect not a cent of the prize money?

Are you willing to plant a harvest  
for the next generation, no fruit for your labor?  
To build a house, where only your kids  
live to be someones neighbor?

Moses led his people to the edge of their inheritance—  
A promise fulfilled, though his journey would end.  
With steps cut short, his wisdom would extend,  
Guiding new leaders, his legacy immense.

Are you willing to lead, to sacrifice, to stand like Moses?

## *Joshua*

### **“In the Land of Promise”**

A new leader is appointed,  
big shoes to fill.  
Crossing the Jordan,  
seeking God's will.

Now that we are here, what do we do?  
A battle for land must take place  
with an army of so few.

This is the land of milk and honey?  
The land that has been our beacon?  
So much resistance compared  
to the expectation of Eden.

Battles we keep winning.  
The Lord's hand, clearly in play  
despite our people's sinning.  
In this land, we are here to stay.

Through his works, we are given peace.  
Every promise has been fulfilled.  
The new leader now old,  
serving till his heart is stilled

## *Judges*

### **“Broken Covenant”**

So quickly we have forgotten  
the great works of the Lord.  
We worshipped false idols,  
and were slain by the sword.

The Lord raised up wise counsel,  
but we ignored the anointed judges.  
Their advice was sound, yet we could not hear,  
whether through loud commands or gentle nudges.

A cycle repeated,  
over and over.  
We sin,  
He saves.  
We sin,  
He saves.  
We sin,  
He saves.

He keeps His promises.  
We consistently break ours.

## *Ruth*

### **“A Lineage Saved”**

We left due to famine.  
We gained, then I lost.

Oh, what sorrow I find myself in,  
alone in the world without son or man.

Two inherited  
in a strange land.

To head back home, I must go—  
one to stay, one to command.

A land that doesn't care for people like me,  
widowed and poor, look away, don't see.

The one who stayed,  
much responsibility is laid.

Under the first harvest of barley,  
I hoped and prayed.

Take her under your wing.  
Let her join your community.  
Where you go, she will go.  
In turn,  
the lineage is saved,  
leading to a king,  
leading to the King of Kings.

## *1 Samuel*

### **“We would rather...”**

We are supposed to be a people after the true heart of God,  
But our actions speak otherwise.

We would rather have a leader  
with charisma over wisdom.

We would rather have a leader  
with popularity over true anointing.

We would rather have a leader  
we choose over one that God has chosen.

Let us seek discernment in our choices,  
And prioritize the qualities that reflect God's heart.  
May we humble ourselves to follow the leaders  
whom God's anointment he will impart.

## *1 Samuel*

### **“A King is Chosen”**

Sorrow, oh, sorrow,  
barren is thee.  
Pray to the Lord,  
Almighty, almighty.

Unto thee, a gift is given,  
an offspring of great importance.  
Dedicate this book's namesake;  
He will lead Kings in accordance.

Last of the Judges,  
People led by theocracy.  
A shift in the power structure,  
Now under a monarchy.

From the inheritance of the smallest tribe,  
Saul is chosen, handsome and humble.  
Of the possible 12 groups of people,  
the least of all the clans, ignoble.

Samuel steps down;  
To Saul, the reins are handed.  
All his reign, Israel surrounded by enemies aplenty.  
He raises a mighty army, brothers banded.

God's hand in the battles that shouldn't be won,  
A victory, his gift; a heart after him is all he wanted.  
Under Saul's command, men disobeyed an order from up high.  
Pouncing at greed and plunder; Saul's choice forever haunted.

Rejected the Word, rejected as King,  
A new man anointed to be the next to reign.  
People see appearances; The Lord sees the heart.  
A shepherd boy, David, to lead this domain.

Against all odds, a boy slays a giant.  
Fear sets in Saul, still king of the land,  
of a young man on the rise in the eyes of the people.  
To squelch the fear, he offers his daughter's hand.

The fear never subsides, just partners with jealousy.  
A plan to kill and destroy consumes Saul's mind.  
Through Jonathan's wisdom, David goes into hiding.  
Consistent threats and pursuits; David responds in kind.

The namesake dies, mourned by the people.  
His influence felt across space and time.  
Not a king but a leader, true to the Lord.  
His impact continues into David's prime.

This lineage ends; father and sons answer death's call,  
Surrounded by enemies, directions, all.  
On his own sword, the leader did fall,  
And so ends the epoch of Saul.

## *2 Samuel*

### **“Reign of David”**

A Man after God’s own heart, he is proclaimed to be,  
Entrusted to rule people, from desert to sea.

A shepherd boy turned King, anointed control,  
A musician, a poet, true to his soul.

An imperfect messiah, marked by human flaws,  
Anointed by God to save Israel’s cause.

Still full of sin, dark marks accrue,  
Adultery, murder just to name a few.

But what set him apart from other kings,  
His devotion to Truth, his heart sings.

He lamented, he praised, danced naked in the street,  
Anything and everything he laid before HIS feet.

A foundation laid for others to glean,  
Until a human whose slate of sin remained clean.

The Son of God, King of any sovereignty,  
Entrusted to rule over all humanity.

## *1 Kings*

### **“Temple”**

A struggle for power,  
as the chosen king withers.  
Who is to succeed,  
this great throne?

The Way Maker moves,  
Arises King Solomon,  
the people in awe of the wisdom  
from God to administer justice.

The temple constructed fulfills the prophecy,  
the son builds up from the father's foundation.

Made from cedar, overlaid with gold,  
The Ark, the cherubim,  
a sight to behold.

A flicker of candle,  
shown like the sun,  
In the Holy of Holies.

The Glory of God, ever present, ever known,  
Tears become streams, finally feel home.

## *1 Kings*

### **“The Plight of Kings”**

King after King,  
Leading people  
into sin's deep ring.

A land once strong, relied on God's hand,  
Now crumbles in man's frail command.

Sheep scattered wide on hill's steep plight,  
No shepherd's care, no guiding light.

## *2 Kings*

### **“Power”**

Here we are,  
at the halfway point,  
between the death of David  
and the death of the nation.

Why does power go to our heads?  
How quickly we fall right to sin.

With hindsight, we read  
as clear as day:  
His plan is better  
than any other way.

Still, we fall to the same trap  
as the “olden days,”  
becoming none the wiser,  
constantly deceived  
by the great divisor.

We read about these kings  
and think to ourselves,  
“I would never do that.  
I would never sin like that  
on such a macro scale.”

Yet all these micro transgressions  
add up to a colossal weight.

Does the amount even matter  
when the sin is the same—  
to idolize and worship  
anything above God?

The Good News for us,  
as opposed to the kings:  
our sin wiped clean,  
debt repaid.

## *1 Chronicles*

### **“Lineage”**

How profound it is,  
That the Creator would make  
creatures of free will,  
In His image,  
Knowing full well  
the creation would rebel,  
disengage from Him,  
But still He loves fully.

He created a plan,  
intertwined through history,  
a lineage followed  
from first creation.

A family tree,  
From Adam to Noah,  
From David to Messiah,  
Sacrificed  
to pay for sin.

From the beginning,  
He loves.  
In the end,  
He loves.

## *1 Chronicles*

### **“Pure Worship”**

Pure worship is offered on God's terms,  
not ours,  
To glorify wholeheartedly the Creator  
of earth and stars.

## *2 Chronicles*

### **“Divided”**

Originally One,  
split in two,  
Evil Kings aplenty,  
Righteous ones, few.

Book of Chronicles—  
unable to fit on one scroll—  
A story of a nation divided  
and sin taking its toll.

Once chosen people,  
Selfish Kings led them astray.  
God’s love for us steadfast,  
The spark of revival alive to this day.

Generation to generation,  
A choice must be made:  
Do we fall to false idols  
or God’s word obeyed?

## *Ezra*

### **“Ezra”**

Exiled Jews in a land far from home,  
    led back to their promised land by a  
Zealous prophet after the heart of God,  
    willing to pray for the nation.  
Revival in the air,  
    Inspiring people through generations.  
Arriving home after time away,  
    like a warm hug from a love; little feels better.

## *Nehemiah*

### **“Layman”**

Just a layman, cupbearer to a king,  
Lacking experience of the priestly orders,  
No prophetic anointing, yet still  
Called by God to rebuild walls and borders.

An exemplar of God’s holy works,  
Using all manners of people,  
In all manners of places,  
To do all manners of works.

Must you be in ministry to serve God?  
Must you really put God in that box?  
He is not limited by your vocation or skill.  
He will place you where He needs you most,  
To be a light in dark places.

Give thanks to your situations,  
For God turns what was meant for evil  
Into things that are holy and good.

Nehemiah served in a secular kingdom,  
Used his position to bring back order,  
To bring a focus of his fellow people  
Back to the One True God.

## *Esther*

### **“God’s Movements”**

Take a moment, feel your surroundings.  
What do you notice? What do you see?  
Maybe you're in nature, on the limb of a tree,  
Maybe in a coffee shop, just like me.

Observe those around you; God is on the move.  
Unseen like the wind, unless you look just right  
at the rustle of the leaves, the effect around.  
God moves through people, His love will abound.

The beauty of Esther's book is so profound:  
God is not mentioned but His works still astound.

At the mention of bravery, God is there.  
At the mention of kindness, God is there.  
At the mention of Love, God is there.

In your life's tapestry, can you see God's threads are there?

## *Job*

### **“Despair”**

Why God? Why Me?  
Why should I be the one to lose everything dear to me?

Why God? Why Me?  
Why must I endure these trials and tribulations, lost as sea?

I started with such promise,  
Life was good, so rosy,  
But now it's all darkness and despair,  
No hope in sight,  
How am I to cope with this endless night?

Why God? Why Me?  
Why did you choose to love me so deeply, only to let me suffer?

Despair, despair—  
How do we grasp beauty without it?  
In the depths of my pain,  
I search for meaning,  
Longing for a glimpse of your presence.

Despair, despair—  
Yet, even within it, God is found,  
In the quiet whisper of comfort,  
In the hand that reaches out to hold mine,  
In the faint glimmer of hope that flickers on,  
Your love is steadfast,  
Your grace, a lifeline in the storm.

## *Psalms*

### **“Unmatched”**

The original is without compare  
Read it yourself, to paraphrase, I not dare.

## *Proverbs*

### **“Reflections on Wisdom”**

The more I learn, the more I gain.  
The more it feels it's beyond my grasp.  
What truly is wisdom and how do I sustain?

It's knowing what to do,  
knowing what to say,  
At just the right moment.

It's knowing what to do in the moments of pain.  
When someone is hurting, what do you do?  
What do you say when someone's love is slain?

The moments are fleeting;  
how do you know you won't miss your chance?  
It's like looking into her eyes for the first time,  
really looking deep inside,  
Knowing when to give in to love's embrace.

Is it experience in similar moments?  
Not just your own but others'.  
This is why we read, this is why we talk.  
We can learn from the past,  
we can learn from the present,  
and apply it to the future.  
It's listening, it's loving, it's empathizing,  
It's praying your pain, it's praying your hopes.  
It's bringing it all to the Lord,  
Listening and obeying.

## *Ecclesiastes*

**“why try, its all in vain.”**

What is the point of gaining life's wisdoms?  
What is the point of living through despair?  
From dust to dust, sinners and saints,  
Are all laid to rest in the end; seems unfair.

If life is unfair, then in vain is all.  
Generation to generations,  
The question remains:  
What is the point of life's tribulations?

What do we receive from all this pain?  
What do we receive from all this grief?  
What do we receive from all this effort?  
What do we receive from all this life?

We receive joy and delight in the journey.  
We receive the enjoyment of companionship.  
We receive the pleasure of the fruits.  
We receive a reliance on God.

The all-powerful, perfect Father,  
Who ordains the time and the place,  
Time for joy, time for pain.  
Though His mysterious plan for life's race  
May be beyond our understanding,  
In faith, we trust His purpose and grace.

## *Song of Songs*

### **“second best love story”**

Oh, new love, all-consuming,  
Thoughts swirl only of you,  
Gazing at flowers for their bloom  
Reminds me of your sun-kissed cheeks.

A moment in time, just together, my soul seeks.

Tingle of skin, a spark of joy  
At the remembrance of our touch.  
All senses firing, engaged in our embrace,  
Your fragrance engrained in memory.

A moment in time, just together, state of reverie.

The Lord's blessings extolled,  
For our paths crossed in His time.  
Your beauty, grace, and mind exalted,  
My world made anew.

A moment in time, just together, my love for you.

Greatest of love stories ever told, second to one:  
A Son of Man, a Son of God, hung upon a cross,  
A ransom paid, sin undone.

## *Isaiah*

### **“Everlasting Hope”**

We walk in darkness,  
Blind leads the blind.

Come, let us walk  
In the light of the Lord.

The world will tell you to turn out the light,  
For you will not see the messes in your life.  
They will say it is good, for if you don't see it, It's not there.  
They will claim that darkness is good and light is bad.

Come, let us walk in the light of the Lord,  
For when we see the mess, we are able to clean it.  
For when the light shines, you can see the path ahead. Beware of  
those who choose blindness and claim the dark, for they do not  
understand the goodness of light.

The truth is, darkness is nothing;  
it is a word developed for a concept that is the absence of light.  
Darkness is not a thing, so it cannot be good.  
Like darkness is the absence of light,  
Like cold is the absence of heat,  
Evil is the absence of God in the heart.  
Hell is the separation of God's presence.

Yet, in the midst of darkness, there is hope.  
The light of God's love pierces through,  
Guiding us on paths of righteousness,  
Bringing clarity to our hearts and minds.

Choose the light, embrace the truth,  
For in God's presence, there is eternal light,  
There is healing, there is redemption,  
And there is everlasting hope.

## *Jeremiah*

### **“Verse 5”**

You were known before you existed.  
How incredible!

The great human need  
To be known  
On this earth  
Already fulfilled.

How painful it is to feel unknown,  
To be in a full room and yet still be alone,  
To be given a gift meant for any others,  
To converse with friends yet still feel like strangers,  
To reach for connection with people and not be known,  
To be in a church that does not know your name.  
How painful it is.

And yet, you are known by God.  
Who else is worthy  
To be known by  
Than the Creator himself?

How much healing and joy can overflow your soul when you realize:  
The only relationship worthy of being known in is one with God.  
And He knows you!  
The Lord knows every hair on your head.  
The Lord knows your name before anyone else.  
The Lord knows your voice before you even cry out.

He is the relationship worthy above all.  
The door is open.  
Know Him as He knows you.

## *Jeremiah*

### **“Seen”**

To be known before my existence  
by the only one worthy of being known.

## *Lamentations*

### **“Lamentations”**

*Life altering  
Afflictions bearing down on  
Me,  
Effects of  
No wisdom  
Taming the sea,  
Anguishing in darkness,  
Tempted by my own sight.  
In Him alone I can  
Offer my plight.  
Nothing's off limits-  
Saved is my soul.*

## *Ezekiel*

### **“The Glory of the Lord”**

Upon a great cloud, flashing fire,  
Fuel of gleaming amber,  
A reminder of power and glory—  
An eternal flame burning  
In a world of water.

From the mist, like burning coals in a fire,  
Four figures emerge, each with four faces and four wings:  
A Lion for courage, An Ox for strength,  
An Eagle for the care of The Loving One,  
Facing me as if looking in a mirror, a creature of dust.

Above their heads, a great expanse—  
Light ricochets from mirror's edge to mirror's edge,  
Like looking through a diamond.  
Sounds of rushing rivers and waterfalls,  
Drops of rain, and crashing waves  
Bounce from wall to wall,  
A balance of power and a gentle touch.

I fall on my face at the glory of what I see,  
On a throne made of ocean and sea  
Combined with the whole of the galaxy.  
An overwhelming brightness appeared all around,  
In the presence of Holy.

Poem Structure: 4 stanzas 5 lines each- refer to intro to book on the fourth month on the fifth day

## *Daniel*

### **“Beastly domain, Overcome by love”**

Controlled by beasts  
Under the guise of a kingdom,  
Vile rulers leading the innocent  
To their demise.

Trial by fire,  
Trial by flame,  
Thrown into the midst  
Of a lion's domain.

Visions arise of a newfound king,  
On a throne of glory and grace,  
Slain by the beasts,  
Yet death could not prevail.

Peace restored, a new way found-  
Who would have thought the slain Lamb would save  
All humankind, from beast to slave?  
My King is alive.

## *Hosea*

### **“Permeate”**

Beyond the point of no return,  
Human idolatry,  
On to the next one,  
Human ideology.

Turn on the red light—  
Promiscuity out of control,  
Building up your body count,  
Staining your soul.

Only watching videos—  
It harms no one, right?  
You can quit whenever you want,  
Addicted to porn, your daily plight.

But, now what will you say,  
On the Day of the Lord?  
About the covenant ties  
Where you cut the cord?

Worry not, for fear and shame  
Have no place for our kind.  
He has cleansed the stains upon your soul;  
He is the spirit of a sound mind.

While sin permeates society,  
Passed down from our mothers and fathers,  
The Holy Spirit permeates your heart  
And makes it free of bothers.

Turn to the Lord,  
Rejoice in grace,  
Repent your life,  
And be cleansed of your disgrace.

## *Joel*

### **“Promise of the Spirit”**

Prepare the way, prepare the way,  
For by grace You will draw near.

I have cleared this vessel of all its grime,  
For You to fill it with Your Spirit, sweet as wine.

I have washed the linens, crisply arranged sheets and covers,  
For Your Spirit to lay upon its bed.

I have cleared space in all of my heart  
For Your Spirit to make its home.

Oh Lord, please fulfill Thy promise  
Made to Joel, You remind:  
Pour out Thy Holy Spirit  
Unto the vessel of humankind.

Sons and daughters,  
Young and old,  
Prophecies and dreams  
For all to behold.

With hearts open wide and spirits renewed,  
We receive the Spirit's guiding light.  
Rejoice, rejoice,  
For by grace You have arrived!

In Your presence, we find our purpose,  
In Your Spirit, our lives are transformed.  
Celebrate this sacred gift,  
For Your promise is fulfilled,  
And our hearts are reborn.

## *Amos*

### **“Hypocrisy”**

Preaching on stage in your designer sweater,  
Quoting scripture, “Give to the poor,  
be generous towards others,”  
Showing off your kicks, made by child slavery—  
The moral hypocrisy on display,  
tearing down sisters and brothers.

We put on events and call them worship;  
in reality, it's just a concert of man.  
We worship the stage and those placed upon it,  
above the only One worthy of praise.  
The irony is that true worship does not fit in a timely box,  
one day a week.  
Worship is a style of life,  
meant for every moment and time,  
for all days.

Complacency outstretched its arms, longing for an embrace.  
We walked right up, pulled him close, and wouldn't let go.  
Normalcy of culture became Christian norms—  
Adultery, anxiety, worldly propriety; say it ain't so.

Repent, Church, repent!  
Come back to the Lord and live!  
Run from evil, do what is good, repent of your sins.  
Washed by the blood of the Lamb, mercy He will give!

## *Obadiah*

### **“Pride”**

Look at me, roaming like a pack of lions,  
On the prowl for my prey—  
Unbeknownst to me, my heart  
Becomes devoured, to my dismay.

Look at me, my flag flying high,  
A part of the group, with morals askew.  
Caring more for my team  
Than the kingdom I belong to.

Look at me, with all my trophies  
And accolades on display;  
These statues and monuments,  
Will eventually decay.

Like every empire before me,  
My reign becomes finished and done.  
Instead of a nation of many,  
I'm really a kingdom of one.

Like the Tower of Babylon,  
Reaching for the stars, proud and tall—  
You know what they say:  
Pride comes before the fall.

## *Jonah*

### **“run away”**

Is it even running away  
When the One you are running from is everywhere?  
He is all-knowing, omnipresent—  
His will, His way, He can declare.

A call was put upon my soul  
To do the works of the Lord on High,  
But fear filled me, and I fled in the night;  
My efforts in vain, yet I still try.

Boarded a boat, heading out to sea—  
Away, away, as far as I can,  
Hidden away, disguised as the crew,  
Escaping the One who created the divine plan.

But, as was expected, I was found out—  
If you could even call it that.  
Thrown to the ocean’s merciless waves,  
Flailing as I fall, like an uncoordinated acrobat.

The water calms the moment I hit the waters’ edge;  
The boat I was aboard, onward it will sail.  
As I fall deeper and deeper into the ocean’s depths,  
Water surrounds me; I dare not inhale.

As death’s grip grabbed ahold,  
God’s grace swooped in, engulfing all of me—  
Fully protected, in the belly of a beast,  
With voice of Thanksgiving, I worship Thee.

Set back on track, divine path—  
Spewed back towards land,  
Flailing in the air, upward this time,  
Landing face-first, mouth full of sand.

Trudge on, do as I am told this time—  
Heart still full of grumbling and rumbling.  
Voice to the people, their sinful ways,  
Prophecy their impending crumbling.

Unlike me, they listen the first time.  
God shows His grace and mercy;  
Judgment overturned,  
Saving the souls of the city.

Under the shade of a friendly fern, here I cry,  
“What was the point of me? I knew Your compassion, so why did  
I try?”  
Like some sick joke, my new friend would wither and die—  
Grieving over a thing I once had, baking in the sun, I lie.

How much more does God love people  
Than the items and things that uplift our persona?  
What will you do when God saves your enemy?  
Will you respond like Jonah?

## *Micah*

### **“The bed I lay in”**

We throw ourselves to thorn bushes—  
Roses so pretty, aroma so sweet.  
Dismay washes over as we sit and lay,  
Thorns in our side, confused at our defeat.

We throw ourselves to influencers—  
Upon stages and screens.  
Sitting in dismay when we fall  
For their money-making schemes.

If only we knew to throw ourselves  
To the Shepherd, like His sheep.  
He leads us to green pastures  
Where we find our peaceful sleep.

## *Nahum*

### **“Nature of Man”**

The way of man is war and violence—  
Misunderstanding the cacophony of consequence,  
Thrust upon the souls for generations,  
In opposition to the Lord’s benevolence.

## *Habakkuk*

### **“Where are you God?”**

I read the news, and my soul grows dark.  
Where is my God, peace, a defining mark?  
War, violence, poverty abounds—  
My mind can’t imagine the evil that surrounds.

How long must I cry and pray for Your hand?  
As children are molested and raped, where do You stand?  
Man goes on protecting the rich and famous,  
Repeating the sins in the book of Amos.

I don’t dare understand the ways that You work,  
But where are You, God? Where do You lurk?  
I look to Your promises in Your living Word—  
Help my heart believe; may Your children’s prayers be heard.

Open Your eyes; look at the people’s faces.  
The beauty of Jesus is in the darkest places.  
Look to those serving, working to help the needs;  
The answer I seek, in the Parable of the Weeds.\*

Dealing with man’s perverted justice:  
“Revelation awaits an appointed time.”  
Father reveals my heart seeks vengeance,  
while His seeks justice divine.  
Woe to those with unjust gain, who use power’s advantage,  
build with bloodshed’s pain.  
Woe to those who drug your neighbor, create idols,  
practicing child slave labor.

You, Sovereign Lord, are my strength—  
Your will, Your way; align Your wavelength.  
Thank You, Lord, You calm my soul.  
Thank You, Lord, Your rest I behold.

\* (Matthew 13:24-30)

## *Zephaniah*

### **“A walk through decimation”**

On my journey, I walk through a valley,  
passed over by the shadow of death;  
only remnants of the past remain,  
destruction aplenty, pride to blame.

I enter a town, or what used to be—  
broken columns all that lay;  
humanity gone, a lair for beasts—  
the owl finds its roost to feast.

I walk through the rubble  
of this long-forgotten city,  
destroyed by righteous anger.  
I stumble across a single manger.

This perfectly preserved remnant  
draws me in close, fills me with awe  
and wonder, fills me with hope—  
a power of restoration, the life-saving rope.

While I walked into this valley  
with a heart full of sorrow,  
I leave with renewed faith in reclamation:  
God is good in the midst of desolation.

## *Haggai*

### **“Reflections of heart”**

What have you placed  
above the one true God?  
His house in ruins,  
yours seeks applaud.  
We are all works in progress,  
harvest little on our own;  
put in prideful effort,  
the vine’s growth is slow.

Consider your ways,  
reflections of heart.  
How do you build?  
Where do you start?  
Examine the conduct  
of your priorities—  
what do you see in  
those veiled insecurities?

## *Haggai*

### **“Chosen Letter”**

You have been chosen to be  
a love letter from God Almighty,  
sealed with a signet ring —  
a beacon for those in need of encouragement.

## *Zechariah*

### **“God Remembered”**

Seeing visions, echoes of Ezekiel,  
explained in time with prophetic zeal.  
Under the shadows, in myrtle tree meadows,  
purified, sanctified, it feels so surreal.

Roused from His holy habitation,  
in response to His persecuted nation,  
the days full of mirth, he walks the earth;  
the wake of his path is graceful salvation.

His revelations are forthcoming;  
to His grace we must be running.  
His Spirit is here—draw Him near;  
more like Christ, we are becoming.

## *Malachi*

### **“Invitation”**

The whole of life is an invitation to worship—  
accept it, and find a divine courtship.  
Dive in fully to all that is holy;  
give extol to the Lord—His love, He will equip.

## *Malachi*

### **“Purpose”**

What then is the purpose of man,  
but to praise and worship the hand  
    who created all good things.  
Peace upon our soul He brings.

## *Interlude*

Many say, this is where the story of Jesus starts,  
But it began, “in the beginning” and won’t end until “the end”  
as long as there is work to be done in our hearts.

His love permeates every work of the book  
His love expels from the pages  
fills all who come to hear, every crook and nook.

# *New Testament*

## *Matthew*

### **"The Beloved's Journey"**

A baby, born of the Davidic line, sheltered in the womb of the  
Virgin Mary,  
Holy Spirit conceived from the start. From the stains of sin, His  
cloth remains bare.  
A visit from the wise, guided by the light of the North Star,  
their sign.  
The family is advised to flee to Egypt, for King Herod's intentions  
they knew.  
After some time, the Lord spoke to Joseph in a sleep-filled sight.  
For the Beloved will return to the land of Israel and start His reign.

By John the Baptizer, the way is leveled, guided by the revel in his  
heart for the coming reign.  
"Who am I to baptize You?" John inquires. "It's only right to do all  
that God requires," His response is merry.  
As He breaks through the tension of water, a dove descends from  
the heavenly realm—oh, a glorious sight.  
"This is my Son—the Beloved! My greatest delight is in Him," the  
Father's voice booms from the sky, loud as a bear.  
The Beloved is led to the wilderness to be tested. The accuser's  
attacks fail, for every parry Jesus knew.  
From there, the ministry starts in Galilee, preaching, disciplining,  
every healing, wonder, and sign.

Kingdom realm on display through teachings, preachings, a  
ministry of holy design.  
He shared with His people the reality of God's Kingdom;  
blessings flowed like rain.  
He taught through love, speaking in parables that only those who  
truly listened, the meaning they knew.  
He healed the poor and broken, forgave them with authority like  
one ordained to marry.  
Throughout His ministry, He hints at what is to come—the cross  
He is to bear.  
The disciples leaned in, asked many questions, but short was  
their sight.

Walking with Jesus still had its troubles; attacks from the  
Pharisees, men blind, yet not by sight.

They tried to entrap the All-Knowing. They watched and waited,  
demanding a heaven-sent sign.  
Through all the questions and interrogations, Jesus responded in  
love and truth—He laid it all bare.  
He then went to Bethany, for His burial to prepare, anointed by  
oil, each drop as fresh as rain.  
For all of the prophecies were to be true—Heaven and Earth  
could finally marry.  
Betrayed by one of the twelve for some coin, but the whole time,  
Jesus knew.

Breaking of bread, the disciples commune, blood seals the  
covenant new.  
Jesus speaks to His disciples about what is to come through His  
God-given foresight.  
The religious leaders convene, bringing false witness upon the  
Son of Mary.  
Arrested and condemned to death on a cross, His throne, upon  
His head driven the crown of thorns—all part of the  
transfiguration signs.  
Unbeknownst to the leaders, their attempts to destroy were an  
anointing ceremony to Christ's forever reign.  
Our King put on that cross, His spirit was blemish-free, even  
though His body appeared to be mauled by a bear.

Hung upon that cross, at His death the weight of sin He did bear.  
Three days we waited; then the tomb was empty, looking unused,  
as if brand new.  
At this point, death is defeated and carries no hold, for time now  
belongs to His eternal reign.  
He returns to Galilee, where His ministry began, revealing Himself  
to His disciples; they couldn't believe their sight.  
The Great Commission—in the name of the Father, the Son, and  
the Holy Spirit—to His followers He did assign.  
All this witnessed, breath taken away, by Mary and Mary.

From the cross, He does reign, your cloth now bare.  
Rejoice and be merry; creation made anew.  
Walk by faith, not by sight; marvel at His glorious design

A Sestina for Jesus:

A 39 line poem with six stanzas with six lines each followed by a three line conclusion. The end word of the first stanza are repeated in a specific pattern listed below.

pattern:

1. Mary- merry - marry    2. Bare - bear    3. sign - design - assign  
4. New - knew    5. sight - site    6. reign - rain - rein

1 2 3 4 5 6  
6 1 5 2 4 3  
3 6 4 1 2 5  
5 3 2 6 1 4  
4 5 1 3 6 2  
2 4 6 5 3 1  
6 2  
1 4  
5 3

## *Mark*

### **“Miracles” version 1**

Miracle worker in our midst,  
Interceding for us, bridging Father and man,  
Redeeming the lost, creatures of dust,  
Atoning for sins, with love so vast.  
Creation rejoices as new life begins;  
Love of the Father, a gift beyond compare.  
Earth sings its praise to its Creator;  
Sharing the good news—we delight in Him forever.

### **“Miracles” version 2**

Mind mangled by what I just witnessed.  
Imagination playing tricks on me?  
Reality hits, sinks deep, as the truth  
Arranges my belief.  
Creature of dust, once gone, again alive.  
Lame walk again; blind now see.  
Emancipated from sin, the weight bears no more.  
Share the good news—delight in Him forever!

**“What is Forgiveness?”**

Is it for you or me?  
It's for the broken  
who understand their heart;  
they know they are undeserving,  
they did not earn this portion.  
It's a release from the guilt  
that weighs on them each day;  
nothing they do will repay  
the insurmountable cost  
of their sin.  
Forgiveness breaks the bondage  
that they do not deserve to live.  
Forgiveness isn't just for the sinner;  
it's for the wronged,  
whose hearts are burdened too.  
For the heart grows hard and bitter  
when resentment filters in.  
It seeps through cracks;  
distrust builds, never giving another chance.  
Forgiveness breaks this bond  
to never trust another.  
It frees the heart  
to live for one another.

## *John*

### **“Gospel of Believing”**

Not enough pages on earth  
To account for all the works of Christ.  
Space itself can't contain the books needed  
for all to be written of heaven and earth's tryst.

The eagle brings the heart before  
Christ as the One,  
revealing heaven's reality.  
Restoration has begun.

Come, all ye sinners, have faith, believe!  
He is the Anointed One—  
eternal life experienced  
through the power of God's Son.

My King is alive!  
The Word became flesh—  
Glory, glory to the only Son!  
His grace and truth refresh.

## *Acts*

### **“Promise of the Holy Spirit”**

He breaks chains as if  
twigs beneath the feet,  
scattering against the ground.  
Holy Spirit, I now meet.

Baptized by His fire,  
my soul burns with eternal flame.  
Like a rushing wind,  
His power fills, untamed.

A gift to humanity  
from Father and Son—  
my heart became a home.  
To share His love, I run.

## *Romans*

### **“Welcome to the family”**

The world, plagued with aimlessness,  
Idolizing piousness,  
Led by sin-filled willingness,  
Trapped by guilty consciousness.

Savior came in human form,  
Quieting the earthly storm,  
Pharisees who misinform,  
Christ upon the cruciform.

Defeating death, effortless,  
Overcoming fragileness,  
Revealing God’s righteousness,  
Never-ending faithfulness.

Creating a new humanity,  
Healing our self-vanity,  
Calming all calamity—  
A new family purity.

Grafted to His olive tree,  
With Christ, you will always be.  
Through love, there is unity:  
A multi-ethnic family.

## *1 Corinthians*

### **“True Love”**

To love is to put others before yourself,  
To put away the intention of self-gain,  
To love your neighbor and your enemy,  
Even if in sacrifice, we endure pain.

Jesus loved Judas, so much so,  
All while knowing the betrayal he'd do.  
He walked with him day by day,  
Yet the other disciples had no clue.

True love forgives, true love stays,  
Even when hurt, it does not betray.

## *1 Corinthians*

### **“Unconditional, never ending”**

**God** shows his care in many different ways  
Four **Loves**, we see, His unconditional  
Seen by **You**, He strives to guide  
Day by day, **More** time, the better  
A love greater **Than** any you can compare  
He is connection, **You** are seen  
His story, a love letter, **Know** He is here.

## *2 Corinthians*

### **“Treasures of Eternity”**

Seeking an alternity  
from the world's modernity,  
join heaven's paternity—  
Eyes on Eternity

Room in the heart for penance,  
grieved to repentance;  
avoid an eternal sentence,  
gain God dependence

I went from poverty  
to a life of generosity,  
without gaining affluency—  
except the Lord's grace currency

The world sees it as weakness  
when we walk in Christ's meekness,  
but we have strength in this uniqueness;  
in Him, we have completeness.

## *Galatians*

### **“Law vs. Faith”**

A system of law was given  
to impart life, then righteousness,  
intended to guide to Christ.  
Leaders built upon these guardrails  
as high as they could go.  
Eventually, the fence enclosed,  
blocking the exit with their offense.  
No escape.  
They filled every gap in the fence  
with their ideals,  
until the people, blinded,  
could no longer see past the Law,  
to where the grass was truly greener.  
The Law became  
shackles, idolized—  
they couldn't move beyond this place.  
Intentions lost through  
the generations of time;  
the seeds that were planted  
began to grow  
fruits of the flesh.

A system of faith was given,  
rooted in the good news,  
guided by His  
Holy Spirit,  
step by step  
toward freedom.  
He leads you to green pastures,  
the whole world still in view.  
He shows you the soil  
where nothing grows,  
and the soil your roots need,  
cultivating self-control.  
He wants you to be  
fruitful in your work,  
to walk in love, joy, and peace,  
to treat everyone with  
kindness, goodness,  
faithfulness, gentleness.

## *Ephesians*

### **"Predestined in Light"**

How good is the Lord,  
The One who predestined me,  
Knighted by a holy sword—  
What an honor to follow You.

Jesus, I want to be like You,  
But I'm feeling like a kid,  
Standing in my father's shoes—  
Too big for my feet, but looking to grow.

I ponder, though—how up will I grow?  
Will I develop to be a virtuous man,  
Or will the world demand Jim Crow?  
Apocalypse now, God, reveal Your light.

A spark within my mind—what was dim, now light.  
Revelation comes through the blood of a Lamb.  
My conscience was blind, now given sight;  
My identity comes not from man, but the Holy One.

In His wonder, from many, God chose One  
So He can restore His blessings back to the many.  
Look back to this moment—your story begun,  
Predestined in Christ; God's liberation is seen.

Boundless generosity; Holy Spirit works seen,  
Giving gifts to people who don't deserve it,  
Armor for us to walk in, no longer unclean,  
Redeeming, revealing—all in His love.

How good is the Father's love,  
The One who united us,  
From folly to wisdom above—  
What a privilege to be led by You,  
A Shepherd's call, unwavering and true.

Poem structure:

Praise, Prayer, God's liberation, Victory, God's liberation, Prayer, Praise

## *Philippians*

### **“The Rope Inside the Well”**

**Jesus, I want to be like you;**

You are my paradigm,  
Bearer of joy and peace,  
In love, pure and divine.

How do I look beyond myself  
When I feel stuck inside?  
The well of my soul runs smooth—  
Nothing to climb,  
My selfishness justified.

*Look to the light on high above,  
Instead of the flesh that confines.  
You'll find a rope inside that well;  
Look to the Word as your guideline.*

How do I bring joy to others  
When I feel pain inside?  
Darkness is all I see,  
Clouded judgment,  
My sorrow justified.

*Look to the light on high above,  
Instead of the flesh that confines.  
You'll find a hope inside that well;  
Look to the Word, the Vine entwined.*

**Jesus, I want to be like you;**

Perfect is your design.  
You bring joy and peace—  
With your light, the darkness unwinds

## *Colossians*

### **“Walk in a manner worthy of the Lord”**

Attitude of gratitude,  
Working on this aptitude,  
Avoiding earthly platitudes,  
Mind on Heaven's latitudes.  
Incomparable magnitude,  
Overcome ineptitude  
With thankful certitude,  
Building up a fortitude  
For sharing the Beatitude,  
Spreading to the multitude.

## *1 Thessalonians*

### **“When the World...”**

Christian leadership is countercultural—  
a holy lifestyle, set apart from the world,  
but still meeting people where they are.  
Act in love, as their perspective is unfurled.

World leaders look for power and influence,  
motivated by greed and control,  
lining their pockets, enslaving ways—  
all while dipping more into the payroll.

The world will always find its idols,  
enslaving themselves to ideologies  
that constrain their personal growth,  
blinded by hate of their mythologies.

They will generate suspicion  
of those who walk a different path.  
Hostility will arise in growing conflict,  
their mindset leading to a bloodbath.

We are called to respond to this opposition.  
Don't just lay down to their selfish ways.  
When they throw curses, we lay grace.  
When they spit hate, we breathe praise.

In a world that lays down  
in the streets of cold stone,  
show them the clover fields.  
Sit with them so they're not alone.

In a world quick to anger,  
throwing fists before questions,  
parry with patience to understand.  
Bring them loving intentions.

In a world that has lost its way,  
desperate to be whole again,  
show them the light of your lantern.  
Show them love—God ordains.

## *2 Thessalonians*

### **Dear “Christians,”**

How much have we changed over the course of time,  
Going from persecuted to harbingers of persecution?  
From Paul’s letters to the Thessalonians, to pastors  
Who justify actions with manipulative elocution.  
Once facing violent threats, risking death for our choices,  
Now we veil our inconvenience as personal prosecution.  
We’re supposed to be a part of the greatest revolution—  
Our Savior rose again from a public execution.  
Now we participate in tyranny, practice moral prostitution.  
We seek vengeance rather than restitution.

**Dear “Christians,” we can do better.**

## *1 Timothy*

### **“Where Kindness Dwells”**

I wander and meander the cold streets alone,  
My voice becomes one with the earth's groan.  
I feel invisible to man, as I sit here and plead—  
It's as if I don't exist, ignored when in need.

Person by person, passing by, never meeting my eye,  
Their riches on display, unwilling to share, only to beautify.  
I've given up hope in humanity; society doesn't care  
About someone like me, not worth breathing their air.

Just when I've given up all hope, prepared to end my life,  
A woman, as plain as a winter tree—an unadorned housewife—  
A spirit of contentment exudes from her calm presence.  
She asks, “Do you need help?” To my pleasure.

Shock and dismay—“Wait, you can see me?” I reply.  
“Of course, silly!” she says, as she bends to meet my eye.  
“You're one of God's creations, beautifully designed.”  
She hands me a bag full of food; my hunger declined.

She sits and listens to my story of sorrow and strife.  
I feel seen—really seen—for the first time in my life.  
She says she knows a place for me to stay that night.  
I say, “I guess I can go,” trying not to show too much delight.

We start down the street; she helps carry my stuff.  
Why is this lady helping me, a man so dirty and gruff?  
She says, “We're almost there.” In the distance, I see  
The glow of a cross, as if placed there just for me.

She leads me inside; love and kindness exude from its walls.  
A bed, a meal, a sense of peace—my defense mechanism falls.  
Though tomorrow feels uncertain, tonight I start anew—  
Perhaps the world still holds some grace for me, too.

## *2 Timothy*

### **“Mentor”**

Looking in the mirror, blind to who I could be,  
You saw the potential that I couldn't see.  
With listening ears and an open heart,  
Through gentle nudges, your wisdom you impart.

You were the iron that sharpened my tools,  
Your guiding words steered me from fools.  
Your sharp truth, though sometimes painful,  
Kept me from a version of me so shameful.

Your guidance made me who I am today;  
It kept me on a path I won't betray.  
No longer do I fear the lead position—  
To guide others, I now transition.

## *Titus*

### **“A Letter to Restore”**

Tactical pathways where men became fake gods—  
Zeus enthroned for his corruption and lies.  
Infiltrated by the Church, where God became man—  
Jesus the Savior, truth He supplies.  
Tug and pull of culture—virtue cast aside,  
Cretans became leaders—unqualified.  
Unexpected consequences seep through the walls,  
Poisoning the Church with whispers that call.  
Saved by a letter, giving hope and commands—  
Its words ignite hearts, restoring faith's demands.

## *Titus*

### **“Modern Day Crete”**

Crete was a focal point for spreading philosophies,  
Where idols were crowned, ideas became commodities.  
In came the Church, spreading God incarnate—  
Learn to tote the line: participate, not assimilate.

Social media is an epicenter where ideas are mellifluous,  
Where people become famous, personality becomes influence.  
Introduce the Church, spreading the good news of the Messiah—  
Focus on community, not acculturation; Refuse to become social  
pariah.

Stay true to the Word; the world is not new.  
History repeats itself—don't let it consume you.

## *Philemon*

### **"No More, No Less"**

The family of Jesus, new humanity in view—  
Equality in the Kingdom, abolishing master and slave.  
We no longer look at the skin and its shade,  
Long hair, short hair—one gender above another, no more.  
Many friends or few—it doesn't matter here.  
The money you have—rich or poor—now meaningless.  
We are new humans, equal partners in Christ—  
Brothers and sisters, sharing His mercy,  
Healing generational wounds that seemed beyond repair.  
In Christ, we stand as equals—  
no one loved more, no one loved less.

## *Hebrews*

### **“Above All Things”**

Greater is He,  
Than the angels on high.  
Greater is He,  
Than Mother's lullaby.  
Greater is He,  
Than prophets long gone.  
Greater is He,  
Than your favorite song.  
Greater is He,  
Than milk and honey.  
Greater is He,  
Than all that money.  
Greater is He,  
Than the innocent lamb.  
Greater is He,  
Than the strength of man.  
Greater is He,  
Than silver and gold.  
Greater is He,  
Than your household.  
Greater is He,  
Than all that's dear.  
Greater is He,  
Because He is always near.

## *Hebrews*

### **“Indescribable”**

Think of the moments in your life  
That words cannot capture.  
For me, it was that first “I love you,”  
Walking hand in hand, our steps perfectly in sync,  
as if the world had aligned just for us.  
Nervously said on the front steps of the mall.  
Now it’s our spot—etched into our souls  
Every time we retread its path.

A whirlwind of feelings, not a day spent apart,  
Each day leading to the next as we became inseparable.  
Leading to a question—  
The answer that changed my life.

My heart raced a million miles, pounding in my ear.  
The edges of my smile spanned the whole of my face.  
My body trembling with the weight of the moment.  
Building up to that single, perfect point in time  
As she said, “I do.”

The joy and love in my heart—  
Overflowing, above the brim  
Of what the capacity can hold

Such love fills my heart beyond measure, and yet, I marvel:  
How much greater is the Lord's love and care?  
If my human heart can feel so full,  
How boundless must His love be?  
It is, truly, beyond compare.

## *James*

### **“Faith Made Perfect”**

Teachings of the Perfect One, a kinship’s voice expounding.  
Listen and act when Wisdom speaks at the perfect time.  
On Patience and Prayer rely, when trials keep mounting.  
When Envy and Lust creep in, prying from His flawless paradigm,  
Lean into your Faith; let selfless works reflect your plan.  
Guard your mind from empty oaths to God and fleeting Man.  
Speak for the broken; tomorrow may fade without reason or  
rhyme.

Septet- Rhyme Royal (a reference to the word perfect repeated 7 times)  
ABABCCB

## *1 Peter*

### **"Refined by Fire"**

My life is only but a fleeting moment,  
In the grand scheme of God's time.  
Feels like I'm a blooming flower —  
The Day Lily; my life's pantomime.  
Like petals unfolding, endure the growing pain,  
For one brief day of beauty on display.  
As if I'm in a kiln, trial by fire —  
Hold faith, or face becoming shattered clay.

## *2 Peter*

### **“Guided by Your Light”**

Awe fills me at the mention of your name.  
But often, I get in my own way.  
Chained to worldly vices that lead me astray,  
Devices like screens and fleeting thrills,  
Effectively making me smaller than an ant.  
Feelings of inadequacy threaten to overwhelm, but I'm  
Guided by your light when darkness surrounds,  
Holy fire reigns in the night,  
    a beacon that guides me through my fears.  
Insecurities begin to melt away when I am in your presence.  
Juxtaposed to anxiety of the earthly realm,  
Kindness of You overcomes my soul.  
Love washes my sin away, filling the empty spaces with peace.  
My mind becomes clear and settles,  
    like a wild horse tamed by gentle hands.  
Noise dissipates, no longer pounding against my skull.  
Offering my soul, my burdens to you;  
    the best choice I ever made.  
Praise the only One that is worthy.  
Quiet your soul, listen for His whisper in the stillness.  
Rest in His presence; restoration He will bring.  
Stay here for a while, let the world fade.  
Time after time, we try to rush on and take on the world alone.  
United with Yahweh should be the only plan.  
Vehemently refusing to let go of His hand,  
We march on together through the perils of life.  
Xenial is Your Welcome, an open door to perfect peace  
Your protection is needed, as shadows surround.  
Zealously, God, I ask, forever let me be at your side.

Abecedarian -  
Ode to Hebrew Poetry.  
Each line is arranged in  
Alphabetical order.

## *1 John*

### **“Letters”**

John’s letters have power like  
Proverbs and Ecclesiastes.  
The weight of the words humble,  
bringing me to my knees.

I pray, O Lord,  
to live by these Truths  
Guide me through wisdom  
like You did for Ruth,  
To trust you with each step  
When I don’t see the way.

Imprints of Grace I’ll follow  
Each and every day.

## *2 John*

### **“The False Believer”**

Be aware of the deceiver,  
Pretending to be a believer.  
A wolf in sheep's clothing,  
Its presence ever imposing,  
Claiming ideas not real,  
While preparing its meal.  
A snake in the grass,  
Silent as it waits for a trespass,  
Striking at the heel—  
Venom injected, down you keel.  
The Destroyer lies in waiting,  
Poking, prodding, baiting.  
Your life he tries to steal,  
Disguised in religious zeal.  
However, you can spot him,  
For he will not sing the holy hymn,  
That glorifies Jesus in the flesh—  
He will convulse and thresh.

### *3 John*

#### **“Hospitality’s Light”**

When chilled to the bone,  
It’s the warmth of the fire.  
When the stomach is empty,  
It’s the hearty soup that fills.  
When down-trodden,  
It’s the embrace of a friend.  
When stuck in solitary,  
It’s the joy of a deep conversation.

Hospitality appears in many ways,  
But the thread stays the same.  
No matter the circumstance,  
Love and grace are shown.  
Like a light in the darkest hour,  
A beacon to the disheartened  
It matters not the race or creed—  
To share the love of Jesus  
A gift that was freely given to thee.

## *Jude*

### **“The Tug-of-War of Faith”**

Hold strong, little one.  
I know keeping faith gets hard,  
Like a never-ending game  
Of tug-o-war in the yard.  
Feet dug in, traction slippery,  
Can't seem to grip the rope.  
Fingers ache, raw and burning,  
Tired and losing all your hope.

But hold strong, little one.  
Remember, you are not alone.  
You have a team behind you—  
Hold tight as the rope starts to groan.  
Pull together now;  
Perseverance is how you win.  
Don't give up; keep trying—  
We're in this together, and God's all in.

## *Revelation*

### **“Is this the end?”**

Digging my grave with this golden shovel of mine. *The*  
end is clear, though unsure if far or near the time. *Grace*  
be upon those who witness the pillar of clouds, *of*  
which the Son will shine through, like *the*  
arms outreaching—an embrace so comforting. *Lord,*  
be with me, stay beside me in my final breath. *Jesus,*  
my Savior — my only regret was not spending more time. *Be*  
kind to my soul, for I did what I could *with*  
the gift You gave me in my lifetime. To *all*  
those whom I loved, this is my final goodbye — *Amen.*

Written as a Golden Shovel poem

Last word in each line is the last sentence from the book.

“The Grace of the Lord Jesus be with all. Amen.”

# *Personal Reflections*

## *Personal Reflections*

You may intellectually understand  
But you are never fully prepared  
for the actuality of God's Love.

Hell is not just a place but a state of being;  
it is a state without the presence of the Holy of Holies,  
To be separated from his fellowship,  
To be separated from worshiping him.

My heart is moved by the eternal;  
Choices that affect generations.  
Holy habits set forth by mothers and fathers,  
building up people to experience revelations.

## *Personal Reflections*

### **“Open My Eyes, O Lord”**

How your works amaze me,  
Weaved through the fabric of creation.  
Your touch seems invisible  
unless one looks with  
intention to see.  
In the day to day,  
in the moment to moment,  
your love is evident.  
Please give me eyes to see,  
ears to hear,  
a heart to feel,  
a mind to understand,  
a soul to be filled  
by your insurmountable  
love.

## *Personal Reflections*

### **“Temptations, but not me”**

The temptation pulls me,  
like a rope intertwined with my chest  
that can't be untied. Attempting to  
slither between the fabric of my being,  
it squeezes and yanks me  
to and fro, unpredictable where we go.  
It leads to temptation, is all I know.  
Something catches the frayed edges  
of this nylon snake.  
As the cord is pulled, cut from me,  
it thrashes about, holes in its wake,  
leaving me feeling incomplete—  
imperfect, broken, not whole anymore.  
Look in the mirror, accept the defeat.  
But then, the miracle of mending begins.  
That force that removed what I thought was a part of my tapestry,  
is now preventing the strings of my heart from unraveling.  
Pull the right strings back into place,  
weave it back together in time:  
grace-filled healing,  
love intertwined.

## *Personal Reflections*

### **“The Spirit of Apathy”**

Spirit of apathy, always attacking me  
Forever grappling, my internal soul,  
Dragging me deeper into its hole.  
Its vines tethered around my chest  
I fight and I fight, without any rest.  
Feeling like nothing will ever be worthwhile  
Bound so tightly, I can barely reconcile  
Why put in effort, when the reward just pains  
I scream, unheard, until my strength wains  
I relent to the spirit, give up the fight.  
I give in to sin, fueling the enemy's delight.  
Shadows grow darker in the absence of light.  
I weep to the void, in hopes of a savior  
Will anyone forgive my misbehavior?  
Will anyone hear me and help me rise?  
Is anyone out there, strong and wise?

## *Personal Reflections*

### **“Walk in my fathers shoes”**

Jesus, I want to be like You, but I’m feeling like a kid standing in my father’s shoes. Too big for my feet, but looking to grow. Trying to walk in those shoes I’m swimming in—a nearly impossible task. The weight overpowers. Off balance, I go, grasping the air for any support, looking to avoid a face-meet-ground meeting. Gut meets throat, falling sensation. Fear settles in of the impending pain. If I fail this task, will You ever love me again?

Finally, after what felt like forever, but really just a moment, I find my father’s hand. All my little grip can hold is the tip of his pinky finger, yet so powerful and strong it is. I am reassured—no fear of the world because I’ve got him, always by my side. Reassured that his love will always be there. Reassured that I don’t need to perform to earn his love. What feels like a moment that will last forever—I’m standing in the presence of my Father.

## *Personal Reflections*

### **“Among the Redwoods”**

Most days, I feel like I’m standing among the redwood trees.  
My life, inconsequential in meaning and size—  
I am but a sapling in this ancient grove,  
Wondering: will I ever earn my place among these legends?

But today, I feel tall.  
My roots feel deep.  
I no longer feel so small.  
My branches stretch wide,  
To be enjoyed by all—  
Not because I’ve grown  
Any more than I was before,  
But because my confidence in God  
Has increased tenfold.

Standing at eye level with my peers,  
Finally realizing: I don’t have to earn  
“Good enough” to answer my call.  
Still among the redwoods I stand.  
Knowing my place was never earned,  
But always given.

## *Personal Reflections*

### **“Am I Enough”**

Why do I feel the way that I feel —  
Like an orange, stripped of its peel?  
Everyone is judging; I’m exposed,  
Standing in front of a crowd, unclothed.

Every step I take is in the wrong direction;  
Turn around, still wrong, staring at my reflection.  
Handing out advice like candy, so critical;  
Wilting at conflict, feeling hypocritical.

Feels like the weight of the world on my shoulders;  
I’m crushed by these metaphorical boulders.  
Constantly questioning, *Am I enough?*  
Society whispers, “*You’ll never be enough.*”

And then, God whispers back, “But I AM.”

## Personal Reflections

### **“Worship”**

You are God, and I am not.  
I surrender my will to You.  
I will lay still in Your presence;  
I will not turn from You,  
For we are to be face to face,  
So that You may breathe life  
Into my nostrils,  
And I may come alive.  
As Your breath  
Gives me life,  
My breath  
Will give You praise.

## Personal Reflections

### **“A heart disconnected”**

Relying on gut instinct  
and intellectual prowess,  
a heart disconnected  
wants unknown,  
feelings indescribable,  
far out of reach.  
A heart disconnected.  
If analyzed enough,  
others' feelings predicted:  
read their face,  
read their circumstance,  
read the context,  
understand—  
but miss the experience  
of feeling, and miss the point:  
a heart disconnected.

## *Personal Reflections*

### **Bible Haikus**

You are a shepherd,  
responsible for your flock,  
guided by the Lamb.

Saved by grace of  
the Lamb; led to the slaughter  
by my sinful hand.

Engulfing presence,  
incomprehensible might—  
King above all kings.

## About the Author

Corbin Brace is passionate about exploring faith through creative expression. Inspired by Scripture, he uses poetic prose and art to reflect on God's presence, worship, and the personal journey of faith.

When not writing, he enjoys spending time with his lovely wife Sara and his incredible boys, Lincoln and Fenix. With a heart for encouragement, he hopes that *Extol: A Poetic Journey Through Scripture* will inspire readers to seek God more deeply and find His presence in everyday life.

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