

# Journey to My Knees

By Tammi Simpson

**H**eat in my palms crept up my arms, neck, and face.  
Confusion from within made my throat tight, my head pound;  
Hands clutched my ears to escape the drumming sound.  
Weightless legs of iron where unrestricted and stubborn mixed.  
Familiar left me abandoned, stranded in this foreign place,  
Isolated where dying flesh and abundant life kissed.  
Pale flesh mocking the chains that had me bound;  
I stepped into battle where the winner was already fixed.

**T**he enemy ascended slowly as if demanding admiration;  
Contemptuous eyes through flesh and bone, stopped inches from my soul.  
Airing pompous laughter – he deemed the battle droll.  
Superior and full of airs, mocking my apparent weakness.  
Mimicking David before Goliath, I masked my intimidation,  
Every blow fell silent – taunting poured from the deafening bleakness.  
Thunder echoed from above, I welcomed death yet stood more whole.  
Pride collapsed before me naked, falling into utter meekness.

**C**rouching in black stillness, I felt the breath of another foe,  
Sprays of fetid wetness as he hissed forth blistering lies;  
Talons probed the darkness – clawing, reaching for my eyes.  
Blinded to his frame, I was stone in a motionless trance.  
Panic birthed a vile scream grasping for its crescendo;  
My trembling voice exploded, “From where is my deliverance!”  
Light slew the murky shadows and stood waiting for its prize.  
Fear quivered small, weak and exposed – assurance took His stance.

**P**ride and Fear destroyed, the battle had been won.  
Relief revealed my pain masked by adrenaline’s kiss.  
Battles gained despite me by a Power I could not dismiss.  
Wounds bled forth a longing for wisdom, love and truth.  
Every muscle aching – my old self left undone.  
Victories I had witnessed left me standing without excuse,  
Then I heard the distant laughter of an enemy I had missed,  
Fleeing only hastened my enemy’s pursuit.

**I**mpending waves surrounding, my island growing thin.  
A buzzing heard so deafening; it mimicked ten thousand bees.  
Feet liquefied beneath me – I hit hard upon my knees.  
The prison door slammed shut; my heart began to race.  
Death whispered in my ear, “This battle, you will not win.”  
Something happened then, so powerful, I fell prostrate on my face.  
A gentle hand awoke me – in His fist He held the keys.  
The sting of Death defeated; life eternal in its place.

**S**trength sustained my weakness – triumphant in each fight,  
My faith remained intact though like wheat I had been sifted;  
My hoary flesh lay on the ground; the curse of death was lifted!  
Grace covered my dishonor, washed my feet, removed the dross;  
Scales of blindness crumbled as love restored my sight.  
Earth’s rewards and trophies I counted all but loss,  
Nothing was more precious than the grace I had been gifted.  
In this journey to my knees at the foot of the beautiful cross.