

Engage

By: Adam Burrell

In the cold of the winter there is time
time to listen — to consider the groans
of the world. To listen to the ground
crying out — listen to each one's silent
shout. Consider each splinter of doubt
grinding at the center of your neighbor's
heart. The world roils in the coil
of its own devouring. Listen to it —
to each one considering their toil
as the wings of a bird strike against
its cage. And the world turns in a frenetic
unravelling as the widow, the orphan
the forgotten, the overlooked,
wait for someone—for anyone —to
simply engage, to open the windows
of their soul and kindle something
akin to hearing in the caverns of
their ears.

In this cold season consider our king —
our Lord, who considered the height
of heaven a thing to let go of. Who
opened His body and blood to open
our eyes — our ears. Who saw us —
each of us unworthy to be seen,
who considered each heartbeat,
each flicker of the eye, each curve
of the ear, each splinter of personality
and was ready, still, to redeem us.

Consider him as you consider a sunset
over cornfields. Listen to him as
you listen to the ocean under starlight.
And know when you engage with his
brilliant light, he resources your hands,
your feet, your knowledge, your art —
your all — to make the heat of the gospel
alive to each and every fluttering cage.
He calls you to take the hand of the Spirit
as he ignites the hungry souls of those
at your front door.

And in the coming spring, consider
that the one thing you need listen for
is when and how and where you
may, on broken wing, bring each one
you meet to meet your king.
The sunset and the thundering waves
within you are ready to put Jesus
on display. If you will listen,
if you will lean in, if you will — this time —
make it simple and simply, beautifully
engage.