

Infinite Life

By: Adam Burrell

Stop and listen.
The trees are swaying, swaying
in a breeze, in a breath,
in the turning gyre
of the wind.
They are echoing an unconstrained power

Stop and look up.
The sky is declaring glories, declaring
a grandeur that cannot be measured
of the splendor of the very temple
of God.

Stop and feel
the earth beneath your feet.
It is groaning — it is groaning
awaiting a new birth
a new heavens
a new earth
a world turned upside down.

Stop and taste
what's coming — taste
the coming healing
the coming light
the coming feast
the coming fruit
the coming tree of life
the coming lamb of God.
Stop and taste
Jesus — the body, the blood.

Stop and let him be your very center
and let the center hold you.

Then let loose upon the world
a wild, sanctified, beautiful, calming
havoc made out of a passionate,
dynamic holiness.
A Jesus-centered revelation
of new humanity.

A life abandoned to him
A life that mixes heaven and earth
like a toddler's messy
finger painting.

An infinite life
filled with a spirit weaned on poverty
An infinite life
filled with tears made of mourning
An infinite life
filled with humility deep and of the depths
An infinite life
filled with thirst for the good
An infinite life
filled with mercy, purity, peace
An infinite life
filled with Jesus
with his kingdom
with his way

Stop. And go out
and carry to the ends of the earth
this infinite life
though the shadow of death may reel about
you,
and the pitiless sun may bare down on you
and the world may mock and gaze blankly at
you.

Still go out
and bring this infinite life
bring this kingdom
bring

this Jesus

