

The Word made flesh

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“
*it was hard
for to see
that His plan
for me
was to write
poetry for
Him
and not for
thee
do you get
what I mean?*
”

**They said
I never had a voice
that my non-speaking self somehow started
speaking silly slurs.
Similes
slithering softly out of my mangled mouth.
A saved sinner
stuttering metaphor momentarily moving
while making music with God.
I was an unread book,
blatantly
bewildered by berating bullet point pens.
It didn't matter that I was a paperback
they still put the paper back on the book shelf
without even taking a second look back.
And well,
hardcovers lasted longer.**

I was the book
that came without an audio version,
that looked good from pen to paper
but when it came to being said
I sounded like a paper scrapper.
I was the finest scrapper
of paper you could ever see or hear.
I got lost in the buried debris
of the non-fiction, fiction sections of the library.
Lingo
lingering lavishly within these four walls.
Wallow, withering words
awaken through the hollow halls.

And there he stood
as radiant as the sun.
He shone
His light like photosynthesis
as to see my very innocence.
His efficiency in curing my vitamin deficiency
brought me to the conclusion that He is the Author
of Time.
Time,
He took in mending the creases and tears in my
unpublished pages.
Time,
He took in reading each word
of each line

of each chapter
in stages.
Time,
He took
to wait....
For me to realise that the words in my own book
were empty.

Empty of His word
because
in the beginning was the Word and the Word was
with God
and the Word was God but I made it my ending.
My happily ever after,
after my wants,
after my needs,
after everything me
it was hard for to see
that His plan for me
was to write poetry for Him
and not for thee
do you get what I mean?

It seemed,
I never really fit in any book classification
until I was on my face
and knees
in supplication
with my publisher regarding my publication.
I failed to read the line in my contract
where it said,
“Seek first the kingdom, His righteousness
and all things will be added to you”
He never came to subtract
but simply add.
My bad,
I wasn't really good with maths.

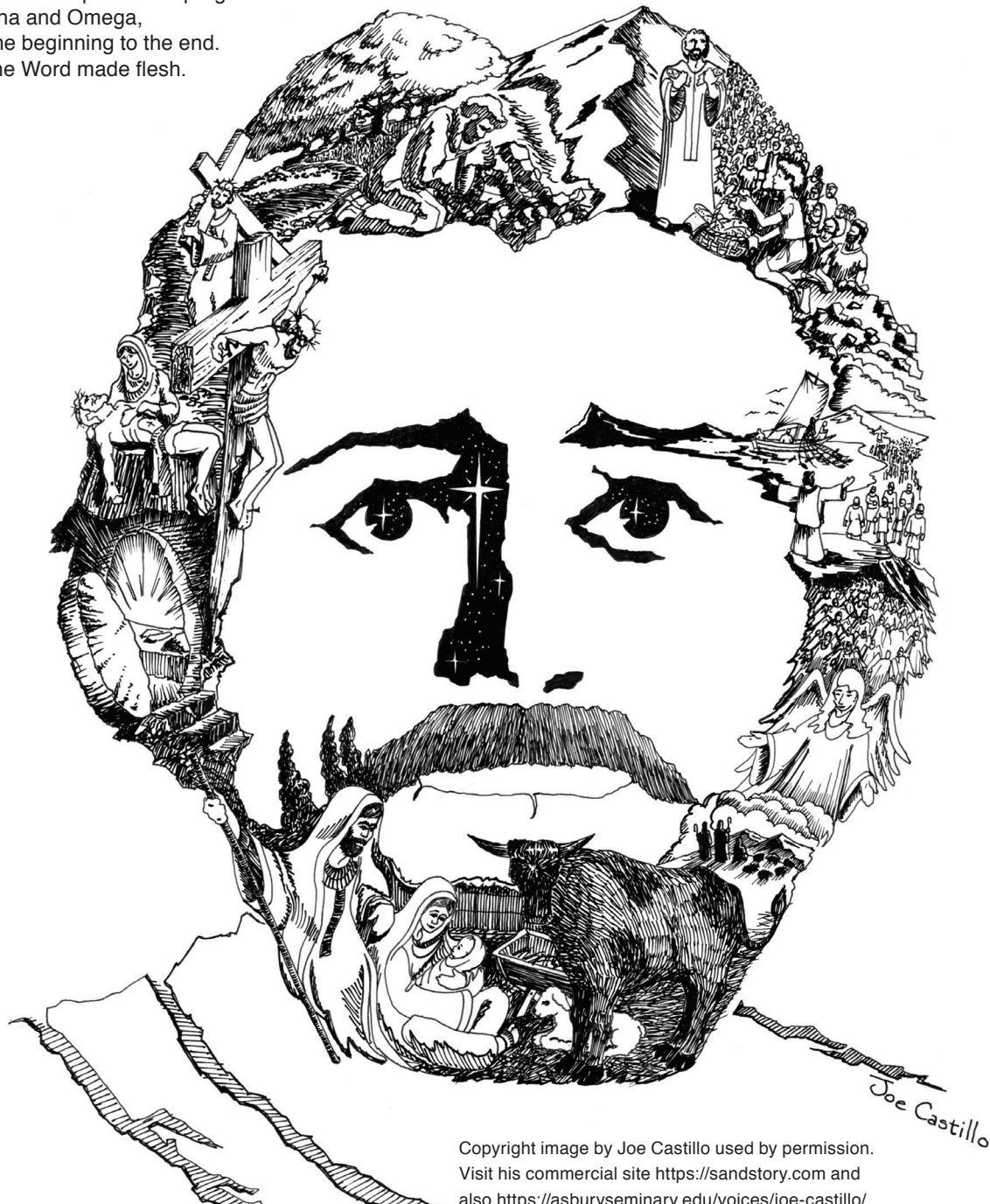
I hoarded myself
like a paper plane
from the biographies to science fictions,
as a nomadic barbarian,
I didn't know where I belonged
until I met my Librarian.
His attention to detail is immaculate,
knowing every word,

comma,
exclamation mark,
full stop
ever written,
crossed out
and erased.

He is the voice of the now
He is my breath of fresh air.
My greatest chapter still in progress!
My Alpha and Omega,
From the beginning to the end.
He is the Word made flesh.

Author information:

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