11-2018

The Word Made Flesh

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Reflections, Impressions & Experiences

The Word made flesh

Janice Tuuina
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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.

"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?
"

I was the book
that came without an audio version,
that looked good from pen to paper
but when it came to being read
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unpublished pages.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

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Author information:
Janice Tuuina is the ICT Support Technician for Seventh-day Adventist Schools (Greater Sydney) Ltd. Since submitting her poem she has married changing her family name so her email address is Janice.Fereti@gs.adventist.edu.au.

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.

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