I Wrestle

i wrestle,

a process of spiritual sweat and strife.

Something tells me He’s practicing restraint

because He has fire from heaven in His Back Pocket.

The fight is not so much about His providence.

He wars through every doubt i cast with unflinching resolve.

i ask for time and He returns when i am ready.

a smile on His face reminds me that He personifies the tsunami

as i race toward the crest.

He dares me and augments the battle

because i am His warrior son

striving

straining

crying out

and i am growing stronger

with every move

because this exhibition is the prelude of holiness.

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