

Cease and Be Still

We battle to own the apostates.
We fight in our bunkers of shares.
We taunt them with jesting emojis.
We rage with our unflinching stares.

We argue our case on the platforms.
We scroll, we like, we subscribe.
We give the guilty comeuppance.
In political tribes, we abide.

And we wonder why we are dying
as descendants are leaving the church.
But our minds are so quickly distracted
by views that we share from our perch.

We've taken His throne in our scoffing.
The gavel we've ruthlessly kept.
Stoned on the wine of our malice,
Mocking them all as He wept.

We rage at the ones who offend us
And wound them with daggers of scorn,
This stain runs ever before us.
Our unity- broken and torn.

So this is the state of our movement.
This is our shameless pursuit.
Instead our loving our neighbors,
There are *errors* we need to refute.

So drunk in the glory of judging,
Admired for rhetorical skill,
Proclaiming our tribe's indignation.
But it's better to cease and be still.

We spew out the bile of our anger.

We play the pawn with the press.
We lie to ourselves in the meantime.
We rant upon those in distress.

The venom stirs in our outrage.
Insulting for glory and thrill.
For we are aroused by the carnage.
Instead, we should cease and be still.

Be still before Christ in your silence.
Wait for the dawning of night
Boldly retreat from the clamor.
Surrender your need to be right.

Featured Image of phone and dagger created by DALL·E