Life is a Scattered Feast

He leads me each day,

(Provider God)

He created me needy,

and messy.

i see

beauty and brokenness,

abandonment and acceptance,

hope and dread,

mourning and dancing,

weeping and laughter,

death and resurrection,

blooming and wilting,

wonder and monotony,

smiling and wincing,

emptiness and abundance,

darkness and illumination,

saying and silence,

complexity and simplicity,

embracing and boxing,

torment and ecstasy,

wandering and epiphany,

sudden moment and long advent,

and everything in between—

day by day.

This is the table He prepares before me, temporary, ephemeral, and moveable

though it may be. The meal is sure. The menu is unknown.

i am a dependent of God.

and life is a scattered feast.