

Passion's Proverb

A lover's exposition of Proverbs 2:1-11

Oh Lord I opened up a failing heart,
With yearning so intense my body knew,
Its spirit's thirst and hunger in each part,
Though each distinct, yet joined in union too.

For soul must not the life of man dictate,
And drive the spirit into numb retreat;
The nobler part must never delegate,
Its rule to sinking glandular defeat.

But when the body serves the noble seat,
Of spirit, and the voice of God we hear,
The body strangely tunes its every beat
To resonate the wisdom that we hear.

I stored up your commands within my breast,
In heated heaving, slaking all my thirst;
Your fires burnt me to a holy rest;
From inner chambers every passion burst.

Such raging blaze would terrify my mind,
If I knew not your steady, keeping ways;
Some error surely would a pathway find;
To penetrate where out the issue plays.

But where the error seeks its subtle head,
To quench the fiery love that in me yearns,
Your Cross pronounces carnal lust as dead,
And from my crater, love like lava burns.

I turned my ear to hear you in my heat,
I understood your meaning in each word;
I gave myself to run without retreat,
I surged in everything from you I heard.

For insight filled my longing, hungry will,
And money treasures' lust could not compare,
With how you jealously my body fill
As well as spirit's once thought lonely air.

What you speak is utterly complete,
Your wisdom and your knowledge ravish me;
Your shield protects me always from defeat,
And guarantees a total victory.

Your wisdom entered into all my heart,
With satisfaction like the tasty fat,
That drips from sacrifice's choicest part,
Not hell, nor devil can compete with that.

On every path that's good and rightly fair,
I know the just and blameless way to walk,
With pleasant steps not haunted by despair,
Of where my enemy will choose to stalk.

Knowledge fills the spirit's thirsty well,
That flows out to the ever-eager soul,
Where holy fires turn the flames of hell,
Into the script of love's supporting role.

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