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Fog Fears

Jen Jones

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Fog Fears

⌘ Jen Jones

The earth so full of fog
fears and blind us
to find us here we are,
awakened, walking at 3 a.m.
down the street on weary feet,
that carry us through the middle
of this lonesome nowhere town.

And I admit that I'm afraid.
Of all this world has
to offer
and all it doesn't
come through with,
how it has nothing
to do with what it
promised.
And at the same time I don't want it,
I say I don't want it, and I mean it,
but I know to be honest I do.
And sometimes dreams
are better off left off,
away from reality ;
but in reality
you never quite know that,
till all of a sudden you do--
and my fear is that it will all be
too late.

The air is just a little wetter now,
and no I can't explain but
I know you know how
the rain falls comfort dripping down,
so you know why I mean
I just feel a little better somehow--
and I'm walking with you,
so that helps too.

The fog is pushing in around--
and the fear of falling,
falling down and being
lost forever
and never seeing through it all again,
it grips us, trips us up-
but God is faithful God is here.
I know I cannot see Him
but I know that He is near-
still, what if we lose touch...
what if life just gets so much that it breaks us?

Now the raindrops whisper down
limb from sky to branch then ground,
plopping splatting soothing sound--
like something old is new again--
and I am glad you are my friend,
quietly walking
beside me.

So then you say that it's the same
with you--
that your heart fears all the tears
the world has shown your eyes.
And what if, too,

we make it through alright--
well, we still have to get there from here
through this air of surrounding cloud-
and what if,
just what if
it's blinding us more than we see...
and all this time that
we're waiting for opportunity,
we're actually wading *in* opportunity--
but for the whole life of us
we've been ignorant to it all.
And I agree. I fear the same.

But even worse is that,
in saying it all,
the cloud seems only thicker, closer.
That in all of this fog isn't just
enveloping me,
I'm breathing it too.
And that's what I fear the most.

A hushed moment, silence
acknowledges our fears in
this melancholy drear of
nightalmostmorning.

But the rain is a little wetter now,
and I feel a little better now.

I cannot reach out and touch my God,
but there's a peace of Him
in you.
And sometimes I know He's put you here
just to help me make it through this

place of no guarantees,
these streets of broken
as soon as they're spoken,
this town of only seem.

And I am here too,
my yes as my yes.

There is a rest,
along those silver sand lined shores,
and someday we'll know it too,
and I can't wait to walk there with you.
But for now, this world is strong
let's hold on tight
to Truth, together.
Iron is might,
and stronger than night fog weather.