

Full to the Brim

An expansive lent

POETRY PRAYERS *for Lent-Easter {Year C}*

Written by Rev. Sarah (Are) Speed

There are a number of ways to utilize poetry in your ministry. You might print and distribute these prayers to members in your community, or read them aloud to open and close study sessions. In worship, you could offer a poem as an opening reflection, a meditation during the sermon, a moment of reflection after the sermon, or as a written prayer printed in the bulletin. However you utilize these poems, please include credit as follows:

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ASH WEDNESDAY

Full to the Brim { *With all that you are*

On My Way

You said return to me
so here I am
skin and bones held
together
with memories and a little
bit of
duct tape. I am bringing
the worst of me,
consider yourself warned—
the furrowed brow,
the achy back,
the slew of judgments,
a pocket full of
assumptions,
the track of negativity
that runs
laps in my head.
I am bringing it all
because you said
return to me,
edits not required,
so return I will.
And not all of it will be bad.
Some of it will be lovely.
I will bring

a wagon full of nostalgia,
a melody that won't
let me go,
a million stories that start
with the words,
"Oh it was beautiful!"
I will bring a mended heart,
a glass half-full,
two lungs, out of breath
from dancing too long,
and dreams that taste
like honey.
I will bring my whole
messy
human self
because I know,
I just know,
deep in my bones,
that you are already
running to meet me.
There are no cuts on
this team.
You said you'd take it all,
so here I come.
Me and all my humanity.
We are on my way.



THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

Full to the Brim { *You are worthy*

What I Forgot

Sometimes I wish I was the fig tree.
No fruit here, just soaking up the sun,
growing roots, turning green,
stretching out my branches until
I can hug the horizon.

Sometimes I wish I was the fig tree,
because she doesn't produce,
and she's not exhausted,
and she probably gets eight hours
of sleep at night.

And her branches,
unlike my shoulders,
are not heavy with work—
pulled toward the ground,
threatening to break.

And her trunk,
unlike my spine,
is not fighting to stand tall
while holding it all together.

Sometimes I wish I was the fig tree
because she knows
what I forgot
many years ago.

You are still worthy
even if
you don't produce.

