

# The River From the Temple

By : Sambelini

A poem about the Presence of God :) It's pretty amazing (I mean the presence of God, not so much the poem)  
I was experimenting with line length!

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## The River From the Temple

The words clung to my heart, like sprayed drops of the sea  
Delivered by the wind, the song, as I began to know,  
And as a shiver, prolonged and constant,  
Ran through my arm, down my side

Another line hit me, pooling around my feet, running up behind me,  
Strengthening the life that seemed to flow across my side,  
Refreshing my toes as the sand melted away,  
Replaced by water, by knowledge,  
Which ebbed, back to sea

As a third string of words rolled over me, I understood them, deeper, purer than the last  
I believed them, I loved them; I was tired of the edge of the bank  
The water was cool on my ankles, the fresh smell inspiring  
But I wanted to drown in it, to be tossed in it,  
To fall in and breathe it and be lost in it  
To live in it, to see in it, to be it

That urge became a new realization, I new deepening, a new breath of air that tickled its way throughout me  
I found myself knee deep in the river of music, with another bolt of raw energy, raw life  
As it ran up my other side with a strange thrill I can't describe, I felt it rush  
Like a current under me or around me or through me or in me,  
Pulling me deeper, further, faster than before

And then I felt lost  
I'd hit an end,  
Gotten stuck somewhere,  
Standing mid-river  
Still thirsty to be deeper, still hungry for more, still filled with an unrelenting yearning to fall in  
The tingling around the edges of my hands and arms danced on the edge of controlling me,  
My heart was still with discouragement, a fear that this was the end

I spoke.  
The words spilled out, emptying me, only that I might be filled deeper and more full with the strange power,  
this pure magic of His presence. I was swept away.  
The tingling flew through my jaw as I began to prophesy and profess and confess any and all things as they  
came to me;  
They flowed through me, and poured out of me as swiftly as they came, but left the lingering residue of  
understanding,  
The sinking weight of peace, the pure, immovable song of joy. And as the river continued to flow and I  
continued to be filled and refilled and soaked in the liquid presence,  
I was consumed by another element: Fire. A Holy fire that does not burn, but almost seems to melt away the  
flesh,  
Reaching past the skin and veins and bones and filling the soul

I couldn't feel my mouth, but I heard myself speaking, singing, spilling out the words in my mind; it was  
me, and yet it was not.

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I was under the surface; I was in the heart of the flame. I was part of the water rushing past myself; I was a part of the flames filling my own body; I was drowning in God; I was burning in His love; I was breathing His life; His jealous eyes were on me,

Abounding in grace that I sank into like an ocean, surrounding me in safety and purity and strength that seeped into my skin and bones and mind and heart.

The music slowed.

I began to run out of words,

Like a tap, dripping out its last reserves,

And the feelings left me,

Like anything that emerges from the water,

Only wet with the remnants

Remnants of the peace,

A strange peace,

And the certainty,

So infallible,

That the river was in me,

Bubbling under the surface,

And the embers of the fire,

Warmer than the flame,

Remained.

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