



Isaiah's Reality

—
WEEK 3

Poem

The Hem of His Garmet

One, two now three
This might be the death of me
For my disgrace is too great to bear
Why isn't my life fair?
I'm tired of being the target
If only I could touch the hem of His garment

For I truly felt His power
Cleanse me through like a shower
It gave me much freedom
As if I was a cupbearer to His Kingdom
For I gathered the grains of His harvest
Just by touching the hem of His garment

Oh, could it be
That He would be searching for me?
Exposed and seen like never before
To be accepted and fully restored!
For I wasn't rejected by my Artist
But rather noticed, when I touched the hem of His garment