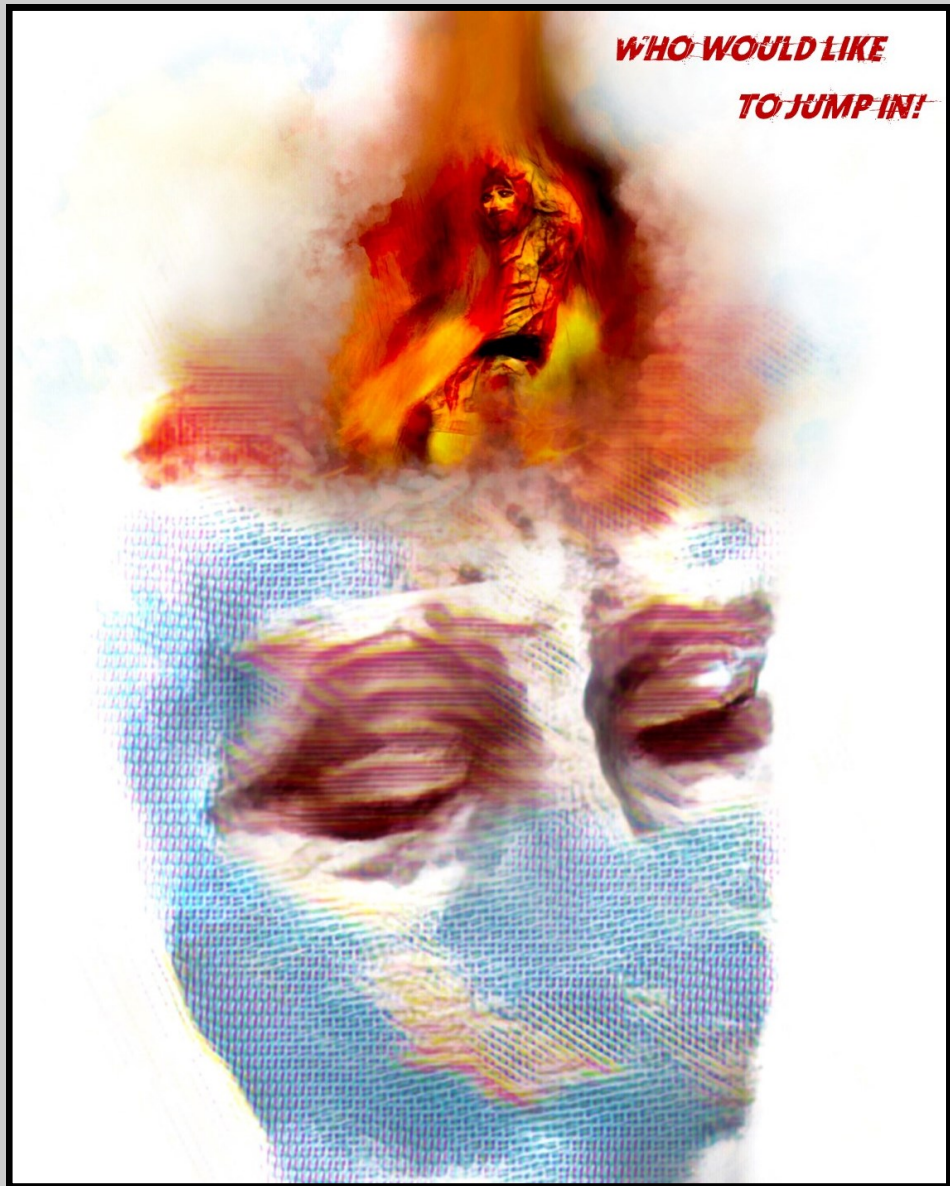


POEMS FOR THOSE **NEAR THE FLAMES**

*WHO WOULD LIKE
TO JUMP IN!*



By
Kelly Koshatka

These poems are dedicated to the precious hearts who attended the 2014 Young Adults Retreat in Ireland. And now, it is also dedicated to the hearts Gathering in the Altar in 2021.

I believe it is because of your hunger and desire for the Lord that the Holy Spirit gave these poems so freely. May they minister to your heart and His.

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An Opening Prayer. . .

**“Lord, I come to You.
You are my first love, You are my Life.**

**My heart forgets all about me when
I look at You.**

**My eyes have nothing else to see
when I gaze upon You.**

**Father, You gave us Your Son
so we could lose ourselves in Him.**

**Spirit, You live to lift up Jesus
and breathe into us the awe of Him.**

**So God, draw our hearts into You.
Let our focus be swallowed up in You
so much that only love moves us
where once fear and failure reigned.**

In Jesus' Name, Amen.



Hang With Me

I invite you to hang between heaven and earth
for even one hour with Me.

Although naked, skinned, raw, and exposed
no hiding place beneath house and clothes.
I'll cover you and you'll cover me as
together we give for others sweetly.

Although defenselessly hanging there,
we will not move nor despair.
To justify, cover or answer is not our goal,
Neither to drink and eat to feed the soul.

Although My words in your mouth were sweet like honey,
and bitter when they reached into your tummy,
yet now you are believing the report,
His arm revealed, the book unsealed.

And you will know as you believe,
and truly in your heart receive
that *I'm in you* hanging there.
Sweet fellowship with God's arm made bare.

And then you'll know what I mean when I say "wife."
What she means to Me in the midst of this strife.
Here and here alone you're all Mine,
Above and apart from space and time.

You've found Me and I've found you
In an embrace so eternally true.

So redeem the time . . .
Redeem today . . .
Use each something to find a way
To fellowship with Me as My wife.
Not just for one hour
But the rest of your life.

TO TRULY BOW

To truly bow before the Lamb
is to bow before the circumstance
you find yourself in.

And instead of trying to change it or them,
you embrace the cross and kiss the nails...
glorifying God
in it
through Christ Crucified
in you.



DON'T WEAN ME



I am afraid . . .

How can I die?

My fears, my needs, my strong soul cries:

“Don’t wean me, take not away the breast,

Feed me with what makes me feel the best . . .

Closeness, love as I understand.

Please, pull away Your nail-scarred hand . . .

And let me go free

And live for you

The way my soul wants me to.”

A black and white sketch of a tall, slender tree with numerous thin, spindly branches reaching upwards and outwards. The trunk is relatively straight but shows some texture from vertical lines. The background consists of faint, repeating text in a cursive script, which appears to be the lyrics of the hymn "In the morning when I rise". The text is written in a light, almost ethereal manner, creating a layered effect behind the tree. The overall composition is simple yet evocative, suggesting themes of growth, aspiration, or spiritual journey.

[illegible]

Ascend Mount Calvary and
die with Me today.

I'm Not Sure



I'm not sure what to think...
my heart is pondering as I take a drink.

Lord if it's You then make it known
by Your Word and Your Spirit
in my heart, Your home.

I want You
I need You
the Real You
the True

The Crucified, glorified, God-revealed You.

Open my eyes and help me to see
all that Your Son is
so He can live through me.

Self-Awares



But what will they think if I do not declare
my reasons
my excuses
my “self-awares?”

They’ll see me wrong
and falsely accuse.
They’ll say things of me that will
wound and bruise.

RESIST Oh my soul, this flood of pride
and look straight into Christ Crucified’s eyes.
Steady . . . focus . . . live with Him there
above the earth with it’s “self-awares.”

MY FALSE CROSSES



My false crosses rob me
of the One I really truly love.

They tread on Holy ground trying to
cover over the beautiful sound
of Christ Crucified when He's shared and preached.

They trample His image when He's taught and sought.
They rip and tear at my mind and heart,
trying to pull me and the Lamb apart.



Help me Lord, please help me to see. . .
My heart is fixed and set on knowing You. . .
So fix my eyes that they might behold the True You.

NOT A SWEET SAVOR



Pee-yew! What is that smell?

Look - is that me . . .

suffering and dying on a tree?

Trying to live Christ Crucified by my own love,
self-sanctified from beneath not above?

It's torture!
It's blemished!
Where is the Lamb in this thing?

My thoughts are raging with injustice and blame.
My feelings are hurt,
my grudges are held.
Who am I kidding? We can all perceive the smell.

Take me down from my false tree.
God already crucified that flesh on Calvary.
And reveal Your Son . . . Your spotless Lamb.
Reveal His nature, Oh great I am.

And may I bear in this body of mine
His dying only.

Let Your Spirit define
what is me and what is Him.
And then His sweet savor alone will I give.

It's Not Supposed To Be Like This



The preaching of the Cross made me weep,
My heart pounding wildly, burning in me.
The songs we sang opened heaven's sky,
I looked, I beheld Christ Crucified.

I saw Him there in the Word, in the songs,
In the long sweet walks, in the prayers and talks.

But then He came in my circumstance.
He looked so different . . . it frightened me.
What had been sweet in my mouth
was bitter in my belly.

The day was dark.
The Lamb was hidden from all except the ones
through whom He was being given.

Where was the glory, the inspirational story?
The Spirit cried, "Here . . . here He is truly."
Here in this place, here in that face,
here in the dark and unjust earth.

Here in you if you'll give Him birth.

A CRISIS

Let's read a book

Let's talk a talk

Let's even act as if it were true in our walk

But God forbid,

In my lovely day

A crisis appear to tear and take away

My precious doctrine from me.

Devouring the things that I thought I'd seen.

Oh Lord, reveal Your Son in me.

Slain Lamb manifest and be seen.



Its All So Confusing

It's all so confusing,
this "beaten and bruising"
this chaos and trauma
this Calvary drama.

Where is my Shepherd by waters still?
My meek and mild One,
with only good things to fill?

Why must He lead me to valleys low,
through darkness and shadows of death below?

It all makes sense now,
His purpose shines clear . . .
In the valley of Achor
through sorrow and strife
I press past my fears and relate to Him as wife.



I Feel So Alone

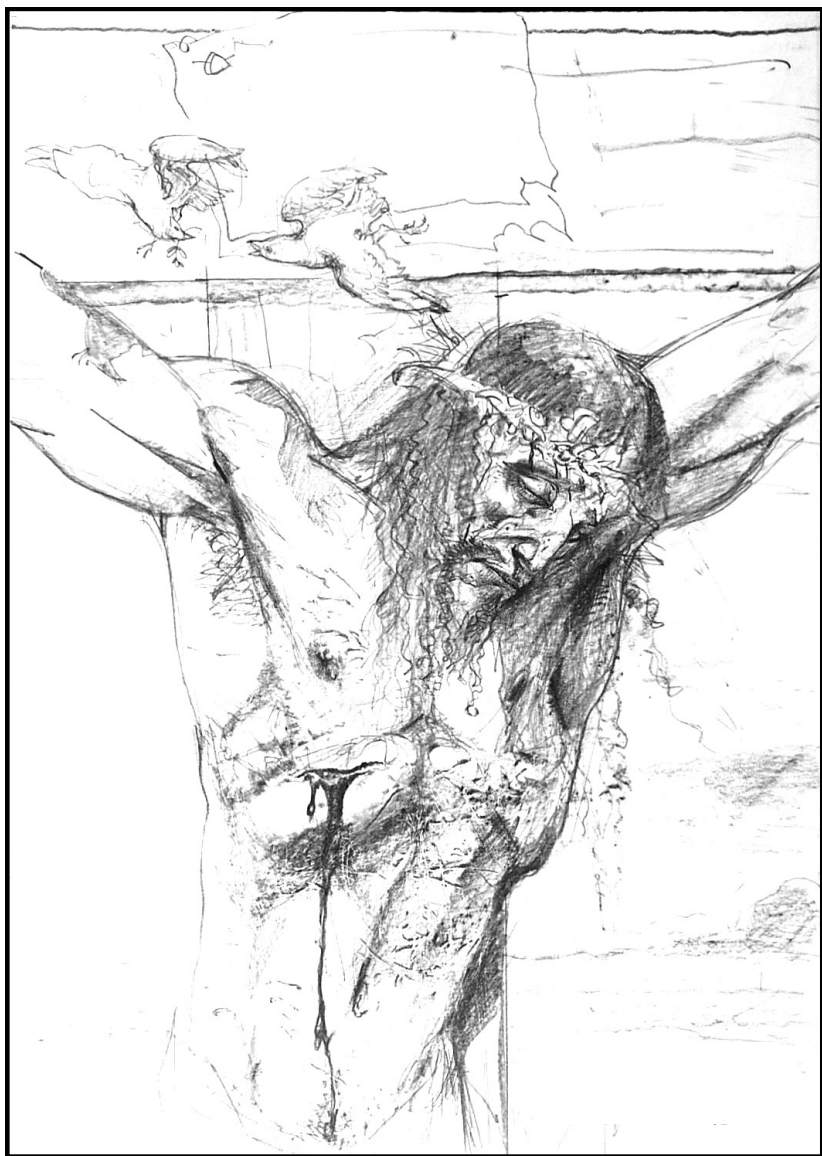
**I feel so alone - no one understands me.
My parents, my friends. . .
my peers abandon me.**

**It's not fair,
it's not right.
In fact, it can't be God to be stuck in this plight.**

**It can't be God?...
Is that what you say?
Which God might you be referring to, if I may?**

**Is it the God of Christianity,
a culture formed by humanity?**

**Or is it the God of Mount Calvary,
Who came and died alone and
misunderstood on a tree?**



PLEASE DON'T FORGET

Please don't forget . . .
in the dark of the night
when fears assail in circumstances plight

When the knowledge of good and evil
tries to seduce you
away from Me and My crucified view

Please don't forget . . .
My heart and My words
My fathering care
to prepare you for this world

Let death come -
see My Son and not those things.
Fellowship in One in all that I meant.
Fulfill My heart instead of forget.



Just Hang In There

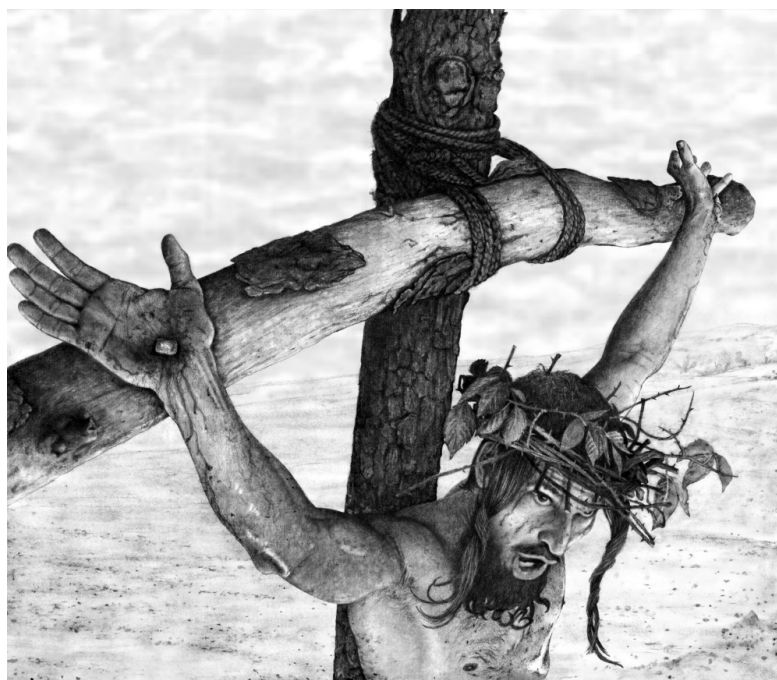
“Just hang in there” - is what He said to me!
Is that a taunt, a joke of cruelty?

Deliver me! Take me down NOW!
I cannot take just one more sound
of people who don't understand
my pain, my hurt, Your reprimand.

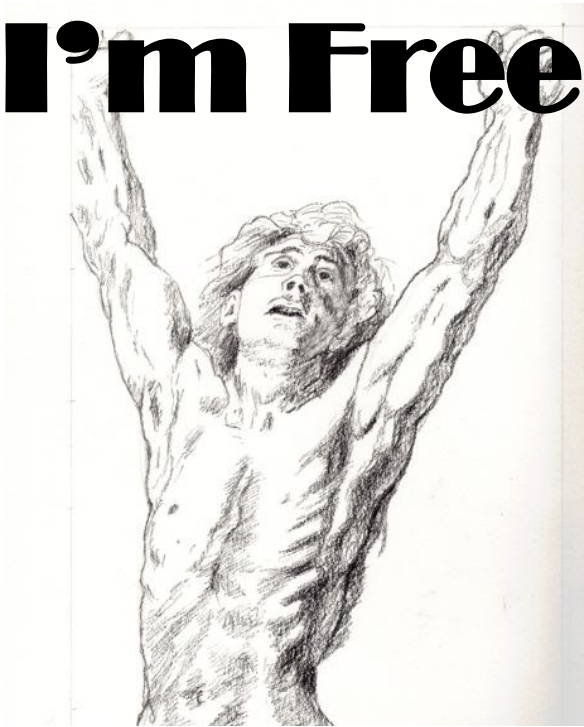
Let me live, Let me go free.
Deliver me from Calvary.

Remove me from the Cross of my own death.
Let not the mortal wound take my last breath,
where no longer I but Christ lives in me.
No, I say, let me go free!

I'll listen, I'll agree, I'll share it far and wide . . .
but let not one nail of it pierce my pride.



I'm Free!



I'm free from this message
I'm free from the shame
I'm free from this curse
upon my name

I'm free to live just as I will
To go where I want to
To do what I ought to

Calvary's hill was an upward slope
Far too steep for my soul to cope
I'm sliding down it's slippery edge
It's fun . . . Wheeee!... It's effortless!

Like a salmon carried by the downstream flow
My flesh knows just where I want to go...

I live with the goats, we eat and we play.
We party hard both night and day.
But I noticed in the midst of all of the fun,
Some of them bit me,
Hit me and used me.

They swallowed me up, hurt and abused me.
I'm empty, I'm aching, I'm bruised inside.
This freedom and fun has all been a lie.

The devil knew that once I was caught,
he'd make me his slave
Through my "freedom" I was bought.

Now I look through dull eyes
At Calvary's Tree
and cry out
"Sweet Jesus.. come enslave me!"

VEILED



Behind the veil
hidden from sight . . .
not my sight, but Yours.
I'm hidden from Your delight.

My face is veiled
my voice not heard
because my heart is towards the world.

You wait with feast and fellowship
with heart filled full of unspeakable bliss.

“Just turn, . . . return”,

You cry to me.

Let Me hear,

Let Me see,

Let our oneness “be”.

(Song of Songs 2:14)

Intercession

Jesus, what do You say when
Your heart opens to pray?

“Father keep them in Thy Name
in oneness, in Us-ness,
in God Who is love-ness.

I gave them Your Word,
the One from Your heart.
The world hated them for it
because they loved me, and ignored it.

Father, though the world hate them,
spurn and disdain them,
keep them down in it,
let My Cross appear in it
again and again through these my friends . . .
my dying seeds.. my Calvaries.

And my prayers go further than these alone
but to the fruit of their lives sown,
that they all may be one,
a harvest complete - Your corporate Son -
Your family.”



RAGE and RESIST

Why do the heathen rage and fight?

Why does my soul flee in flight?

Rage, rage the dying of the Light!

Resist, resist your dark soul's plight!

Submit, submit to God crucified.

Bow to the Lamb with wounded side.

Watch the heathen bow to the Son.

Watch your soul become the vessel of One.

Watch the enemy in terror flee.

Come, Oh come to Mount Calvary.



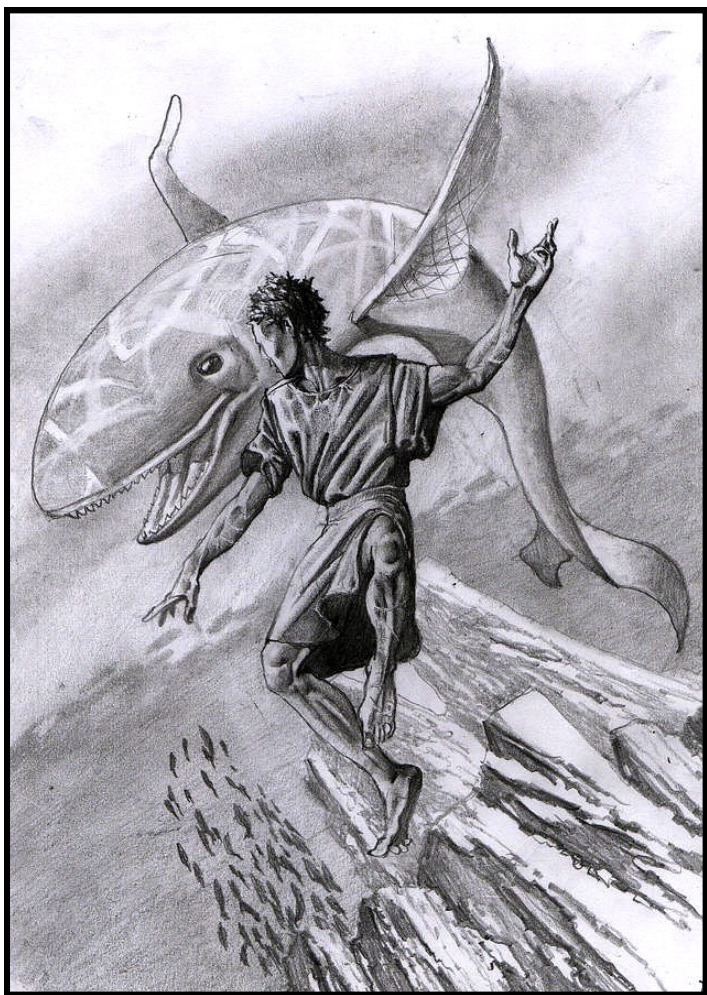
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

Come into Your garden and let the sweet savor flow.
Winds of the Spirit blow and take me where You will,
all the way to Calvary's hill...
if that means You get more Jesus out of me.
Then nail me to - nail me to Your Tree.

I won't run like Jonah did,
and even if I tried and did
You'd have a whale prepared for me
to take me there, to Calvary's Tree.
And we'd go down, down to the depths
and I would taste of your true death.

And you would fill me with Your Son,
and I would rise in resurrection.
You'd send me forth in brand New Life,
and I'd fly with You as Your wife.

The heavens sing,
The angels shout,
"This is what it's all about!"

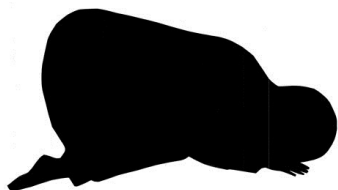


*My Beloved, let me see
The wonders of Your Calvary;
The hidden gardens of Your heart
And deeply fellowship in Your inmost parts.*

PERSONAL NOTES



PERSONAL NOTES



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