

Advent
by Nishaun Smith

It is clear how I started,
stood poised but yet halfhearted.
Now I wait for that week's end.
I seek where my words ascend,
for definite conclusion.
An end to the seclusion.
An end of that same waiting.
Reveal what I had faith in.
My static bide for advent.
I seek of what you said, meant.
I hope when I wake each day,
for resolution, I pray.

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www.about-god.org

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