

The Nails

The nails held God.

God!

He could have said "No"

To it all, but He didn't.

The nails held me.

Me!

I could have said "No"

To God's all, but I didn't.

So, now what?

Will I just exist daily

Trying to pry the nails free?

Or, will I draw near and hold fast,

Surrendered to the Christ

Of That Tree?