

“Make the Prophets Stop!”

Make the prophets stop, may conviction come no more.

Their voice rings like a clanging in the hollows of my soul.

What once was lovely singing has become a shrieking howl,

Both dull and piercing this intrusion I can no more can allow.

I’ve justified, rationalized and excused many a thought,...

But no longer can I take this constant swirling plot.

What do they want from me anyway, why must they ever cry

They do not know my healthy state, understood most keenly by “I”

They penetrate, demonstrate, and press with their heaven sent news.

But I can resist, endure, \overcome through my hardened and unbreakable views.

“Go away” I scream inside, “I hate your nagging lore” “I’d rather not live with this for I
can endure no more.” “Will you please, oh will you true.. stop this loathsome speech?”

And so the Dove, gentle and kind, will cry out no more,

and the Lord’s voice, heard from his view above, mingled with weeping sighs...

joins with the Father, as they mourn, a sound much more saddening than all the prophets
cries.

Silence now, it screams and moans much louder than the past sharing.

Please save me from this lonely state, at least show me that You are caring.

But His visitation came and went, and we have not brought forth.

Another round in the dry, barren, heat with accusations of His lack of caring.

When will we break with our harden pride, and open to God’s own view.

But many issues and “important” things prevent this from coming through.