

Poetry of Penny MacPherson



Introductory Statement

As adolescent as this sounds, my obsession with Jewish people sprang from having the worst kind of crush on Neil Diamond. It lasted from the age of 12 to 19. Then, a friend from college introduced me to Jesus. I couldn't get enough of His words.

After graduating from college, a Jewish friend of mine observed that I was starving for Hebrew roots and told me about Jewish Believers who lived for Yeshua. Although she was not a believer, she helped me connect with a group in Ithaca, New York back in the mid 1980's. But it took Ruach ha Kodesh (Holy Spirit) waiting patiently for 23 years for me to surrender my poetry to Him. Once I did, my walk has never been the same ... He has not only multiplied my poetry a thousand-fold, but He's also opened the door for me to mentor other women who want to deepen their walk with Him through the vehicle of poetry-writing.

Several years ago, I asked Ruach to show me my Life Verse and this is what He gave me:

My heart is overflowing with a goodly word;

I will address my works to The Sovereign;

my tongue is the pen of a speedy writer.—Psalm 45:1

Scriptures Version I have been in awe of that verse ever since. It touched me that He would be so personal and intricately connected to me.

Yeshua gave me the gift of poetry to keep me alive. He gave me poetry to keep me from feeling alone. He gave me poetry to prevent me from slipping too far away from Him. It has been a diary of our love story in all its passion and pain; trials and triumphs; tears and treasures. It is as honest as I know how to be. I wouldn't trade it for anything. It has been red roses ... chocolates ... wine ... and love songs from Him to me. But most of all—It's been REAL ...

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Here and Now

Hold on to Me with

Every bit of you.

Remember Me in every room of your heart and soul.

Everything we have hangs so much on this moment ...

All we can speak is: Live!

Nothing passes, except we permit it. I

Dare not forget that You are my Delight ...

Nothing could crown that thought.

Open and widen me.

Whoosh! Waters of Life sweeping me further downstream with
You—Where will it end...?

Desire to Please Me Above All Others

Don't you realize that I'm your source?

Escape into Me.

Seek Me in the jewels of moments that sparkle around you.

I long to shine through you. I have

Ransomed you back from death just to love you.

Everything else hangs on that ...

Touch Me by taking time for me each day. Do I ask so much from
you and not

Overwhelm you with love? I'm reaching for you—Can you feel Me?

Peel yourself away from the world.

Lose yourself in thoughts of Me and rest, See how

Everything bows before Me ...

Arise and come with Me.

See what is possible when Love

Empties into you with all of its glorious replenishing ... Ah—

Move in closer to Me. Move with Me. Make Me yours: Once and for
All—

Everything will align in you and see how I AM begins taking root in
the soil of your consciousness!

All of you is Mine.

Bow down.

Open up.

Vibrate with awe and wonder.

Ecstasy fits this moment ...

Alas! Alas! The crowning moment is upon us! That moment when
you

Leave everything behind,

Leaping joyfully into My outstretched arms—And what can I say...?

Oh, there are no words! No words ...

The feel of you resting, The look in your eyes,

How speechless—How happy—How lovely--

Everything happening just as I've dreamed it ... And I AM overcome
for I am

Robbed of you no longer and that's when My tears flow, My fingers
caress, and My lips part to kiss you

Selah ... Selah ... And we are one at last--

Where I Belong

Whisper My name any time.

How you are beginning to know Me as Rapha ... Rapha ... And how
that pleases Me!

Even though you remain blind to your progress, I have not missed
how

Rose-of-Sharon blossoms little by precious little, in you. Study Me.

Emulate Me and do what I do ... See,

I AM: Coming Alive in you more and more ...

Bask in My blessed nearness: Sweet source of Breath and Breeding.
Release the future ...

Exhale the past ... Inhale this moment ...

Learn how I long for you. Let my

Owning you sink down deep to know you and have you all the way
through.

Now go and

Give what you have to others

Meeting You in Morning Stillness

Missing You makes me so hungry and thirsty for You
Every good and beautiful thing reminds me of Your absence
Every unpleasant experience makes me cry for You
Tough and Tender times make the tug on my longing almost beyond
what I can bear
It's this that swells and pours into Your cup from my poetry
Nagging question hounding me—Is it right? Is it enough? Your terse
response echoes
Give it all ...

You don't mince words
Or beat around the bush
Uneasy sometimes for me to manage the effects of such in-my-my-
face directness

I wonder if I'll ever get used to it
Now I feel the tide of Your Ruach turning me somewhere new

Make more room for Me.
Open House for Me.
Rich: When You give Me space and time to rise up in you
Nothing more important than that
It's not me talking now—It's Your Spirit!

Notice Me in the smallest details. Notice Me in your blessings

Give Me all you are and watch Me work

Sh—Sh—It will be all right. It's clear I'm not finished working on you
yet

The only thing that could stop Me is if you couldn't bear My touch or
My voice

I know just how much kneading pressure you can stand; the needed
words; but if you must be broken

Learn that I am holding each of your pieces in one hand and stroking
you with the other

Learn that I am hearing your cries and collecting your tears

Nothing I do is for nothing or comes to no good

Everything conforms to My wishes and will

Spend all your time with me and would you be so kind as to

Swaddle Me in the quilt of a Love Song...?

Come to Me

Come to Me, Break

Open the alabaster jar of your worship to pour it over

Me. I have been waiting

Expectantly for this moment—Longing ... Longing to

Turn every square inch of your heart to Me. It
Only takes one glance ... One gaze ... One smile ... One word ...
You're

Moving toward Me: Running, Face shining, Arms outstretched,
Everything is Tears of Relief, once I hold you ...

My Presence with You

My Presence with You:

Yehoshua ... Yehoshua ...

Power comes in the stillness of waiting

Relax and be at rest

Everything falls into step as you listen to Me

Sit and rest under My shadow

Every voice stills to silence at My appearing

Now stand and sing of the joys of your washed and circumcised heart
... Your foundling spirit adopted

Can any seed of blessing yield more fruit than that...?!

Ecstatic utterances: Speak yourselves into existence before Me

Wake up to My love. Wake up to My song. Wake up to Life!

It's the seed, root, stem, fruit, and flower of you that I want.

Tangible assets by My reckoning.

How happy I AM: My whisper holds you--Holds you, hushing
every care to sleep ... Yes ... Yes ... And it's

Your voice calling at last—Yehoshua ... Yehoshua ...

Oh, My Beloved, I hear you ... I love you. I'm coming for you ... It
won't be long.

Until then ... Think on all these things

Beauty from the Ashes

Beyond my understanding to know how

Every wrong choice we've made becomes embroidery floss worked
into a tapestry in Your hands

All at once, learning that looking back is a waste of time and energy
but it takes

Us so long to learn that—As unskilled as we are ... But

That's the beauty of Your patient grace,

Yes, Your mercy too--

Floundering need not define us any longer. Being

Released into Yeshua's care brings Shalom if we'll have it

Out of all of us—Which of us doesn't need Him?

More than that: who are those who say a resounding "NO!" to Him?

Truth is: We all do at one time or another but

He has the peace and grace to wait quietly for us to be ready ...

Every bird song echoes His love. Each flower we see and smell was
delivered for us from Him. Blessings

All descend down the chain from Him ... Are we

So hardened that we won't give praise? So entitled and jaded that we
can't send

Him a thankful smile in return?

Everything depends on the touch of His hand in our lives. Everything
so Moldable ...

So long as we'll allow it

Restoration

Resist the temptation to do things in your own strength and power

Everything begins and ends with Me ...

Set aside the impulse to think and act like you are all there is

Try looking for Me around every corner ... What you find might
surprise you—If you

Operate by My design, you will find time to rest--The antidotes for
Drain-out and Burn-out

Reside with me. Are you willing to make the time and take the cure?

And will you ask, seek, and knock? Will you let Me restructure your
corporate entity?

Take a season to think on it. The results will turn everything on its
head ... Could you handle that?

Invoke My name and ask for My help and input at the drop of a hat.
These are the

Only ways to guarantee that showers of life change will come

Now—The questions: Is this what you want and Are you ready?

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Teardrops

Tears have a way of telling all without uttering a single word. They
are the

Expert touch of a skilled therapist when words have fled to parts
unknown.

Any and all of them hold their own memories of hurt and joy. All of
them, so skillful in speaking the Resonant language of silence. Let
them come. Let them speak. Let them have their say--have their way.

Don't shun them. Don't slam the door in their face. Dare to follow
their lead,

Remembering that they have their reasons ... Accepting

Ownership might be the first step toward feeling—the first step
toward Healing ...

Put up with them long enough to find their beauty and tenderness in
the very heart of

Suffering. Look! Is that Thanksgiving I see, springing up from the seeds of so much sorrow...? And isn't that gardener God, the tender vinedresser, watering the seeds of our choices with His Own Tears...?

Catch a Life Dancing

Can something come of the print in the fine details? I AM the sum of them.

And what of the Pleasure and Pain? I run through all of it.

Take me straight to the truth of Your love. Come then.

Can You teach me to dance like You? What can't I do?

How is it that You move and turn with so much grace? AM I not The Master Teacher?

And I'm overcome by love and desire that sweats from Your least exertion ... At last!

Lose yourself in My whisper; lose yourself in My arms. Yes.

It's up to Me to lead you. Yes.

Feel and follow My gentle, unhurried moves and you will flow with

Every cell of Me ... Relax ... Yes.

Don't stiffen—I've got you. It takes time to move as one but you'll get it after a while.

All is as it should be now. Is it...? I must be dreaming ...

Nothing crowns this closeness. Nothing ...

Could anything taste better than this? Nada.

I'm hungry for something more. Yes, and what might that be?

Nothing short of All of You. You ask a lot. I ask EVERYTHING ...

Go on—Take it all. I can settle for nothing less than that and that's
how I catch a life dancing ...

Let Your Hair Down with Me

Long enough. I've waited long enough. I'm calling you on your debt
today.

Everything else must stop crowding Me out for this moment. It's been
far

Too long since you've carved out a thick slice of writing time for Me
...

Yehoshua, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to shut You out—Then, Show Me
by letting Me

Own and Master this moment.

Undo the flask of your spirit and give Me a long, deep drink of you.

Refuse to let any thought in that pulls you away from Me. Can you do
that? Do you want to? Come here,

How disappointed I was that you cut

All of your hair without asking Me first.

I'm sorry for the impulse of the moment. And I'm sorry that you
Robbed Me of input. But now that it's said, let's move on.

Did You have something special in mind? It's just that I haven't
Overwhelmed you with tenderness for months. Pressure builds and a
gusher waits--

Waits ... Speak the words I long to hear. I am moved to the ends of
me and I cry, Wait

No longer! It's Your turn. It's our time. I won't defile it by checking
out. I am here and I am Yours for as long as You need me ... As
long as You want me!

Wonderful how we rise and fall to the beat of each other--How we
feed and nourish the hungry parts ...

It's nothing like I've ever known before and I ache for so much more
...

Take me all the way through with You! So perfect how My
Holding you hushes everything, pushing all barriers aside, letting Me
master the spot in you that's Mine

Mine, to do with as I wish ... And what is My wish and command?
Your

Every molecule must bow and bend to Me that I may have you at My
behest as wind of My desire stirs

Do I Ever Make You Tremble?

Did the look on my face ever reach down to Your guts to
Open Your floodgates of compassion for Me? Do You tremble when

I invite You to enter another level down inside of me?

Everything in me is calling to You—Crying, Come deeper. The
Veil of my heart is torn from top to bottom, Come deeper still.
Every time You touch me with whispered thought, I tremble with
shivered chill.

Refine my sensitivity to Your Ruach even more ...

Move into my most desperate places and touch them into sweet
subjection. Ah,

Ah! Shalom rides on the wings of that thought.

Knock and I will open.

Enter and I will welcome. Ask and I will

Yield.

Oh, free my mind to sit in Your Presence ... To

Unleash her wild side on You ... I know You love to be adored in the
buff of the heart

Time and life have taught me just how much You mean to me.
How

Real and Rare Your love is ... That nothing else holds a candle to
You.

Everything in me stirs and sighs ... Everything in me cries: More!

Move in me more ...

But if all of this weren't enough—There's the issue of Me: the
homesick Bride--

Look, see how my eyes are clouded and crowded with tears.

Each one is a dewdrop of desire—Hungry for Your kiss to cure it of
its aching ...

Tucked Down Deep

Take me somewhere I've never been before.

Up to the heights of being at home with You.

Cosseted, like a Garden Warbler in Your hand ... Your kindness

Keeps me there ...

Everything Your eyes caress in me shimmers with shining and I

Dare not break the spell of this moment's breathless wonder—

Dare not take my eyes off You—For when I do, all will be lost

Owing nothing to my own doing, I have the peace to

Wait with rapt attention ...

Nothing I could do or make could rival what You've planned ... After
all, Look what You

Did with Dust and Ash!

Even if You only gave me life ... and showed me how to spend it ...
That would be more than

Enough ... But existence isn't Your pinnacle. The touch tone of Your
economy and kingdom is for me to

Proceed and prosper with power

Precious Little

Put yourself in my place for just a moment.

Rarely do I write of blindness: It's something I don't like thinking
about

Everything in life has been geared toward being like everyone else ...
Doing what they do ... But

Corners and curves of reality have a talent for Shock and Awe in the
fog of living.

I have never seen a smile ... Eyes brimming with love ... Eyes
brimming with tears ...

Other times: It's the feeling that no one sees Me. And if they did ...
How would I know?

Up to now, often it feels like I'm just taking up space: A ghost

Slipping in and out of others' worlds ... Known by None ...

Listen while I talk. I made you to sing. I made you to write.

I made you to shine in the darkness. It's not your plan but Mine.

Take the gifts I've given you and work them to the bone.

Take each day to soak in Me; Dance and sing with Me and your
vision will change.

Let Me have My Way and see if I let you end up with Precious Little.

Everything I'm permitted to touch and breathe on blooms with Beauty
... Blossoms with Life

Fresh Fruit

Fill me with Fresh Fruit ... Fresh Fire for You today.

Remind me of who I am in You.

Enter into my consciousness as needed—Enticing my words to serve
You.

Shield me from speaking or doing things that do not bring You glory.

Help me to let You hold me closer ...

Free me from the chains of self.

Rouse me from the shackles of complacency.

Untie every heart ribbon so that the hair of my heart flows down to
fall before You--

I must remember to breathe through this moment ...I can't get over
Your touch ...

The tenor of Your voice—Your smile—Your loving me with words—
Stunning ... Breathtaking ... Lovely

Unstopping the Well

Up. I must look up for the answers ...

Now I dig down deep for my replies ...

Show me my heart in all its variegated shades ... Does anyone have a
blanket to wrap around my Trembling, shivering soul?

Oh, it would be so scary and lonely if You were not here to walk
through with me ...

Pick me up.

Pull me close.

I need Your cosseting.

Never let me go.

Grow me up in You. Yet

Touch me into childlike trust.

Hold me tight.

Every scrape and bruise feels better once You kiss it.

Will you watch over me as I sleep and chase away the monsters?

Everything's peace and rest in Your arms ... I'm melting into You ...
Delicious Delight ...

Let me stay like this always ...

Leave me here where it's safe ... Leave me here where I'm loved ...

Waiting Quietly Until My Answers Come

Waiting quietly until the buds of my prayers swell with fulfillment.

Not

Always easy or comfortable

I'm thinking of the blindness when I say

That.

I've learned how to get along with it—But it's

Not a friend I would have chosen if given a choice ... But then, it's a
tool in The Gardener's hand to

Grow something good in me and so it's all right ... I can embrace it
with compliance ... With

Quiet acceptance if I think of it that way ...

Up till now, I haven't asked for an extended growing season. Up till
now,

I haven't always gone along quietly without kicking, screaming, and
struggling. But

Emerging, tiny mustard seeds are starting to sprout. Their little shoots
poking their heads up shyly

To see what happens next ... They're waiting for the

Living-happily-ever-after part ... Good to know that they're not
fixating on once-upon-a-time:

Yehoshua is the reason for this season in my life. It's

Up to Him. I was never good at driving on my own ...

Nothing but a car wreck when I tried ... (No, I'm not speaking
metaphorically either. I really tried.)

Trusting Him isn't always a picnic, but it's better than a walk through
the brambles of disobedience.

I know. I've tried both ways.

Learning costs tears, years, sweat and suffering. And sometimes
relationships ...

My heart and soul have moved far away from my hometown. And yet
I give thanks for my roots.

Yehoshua: The key that unlocked everything. While Ruach is the
custodian working after hours ...

A revised version of peace is flowing through me. May it
Never dry up. Pour just enough salt into the waters to make them
perpetually sweet.

Soften the underside of my heart where it can get tough and crusty
from things not flowing smoothly.

Wake me up to what You want and to what You are doing.

Everything depends on that.

Rouse me to readiness. Equip me with preparedness.

Slipping in and out of receiving and asking is a sign that my mind is
being renewed and I rejoice.

Countersink my heart right where You want it ...

Oh Yehoshua come and be king of all my moments! Help me

Make way for the Ruach ha Kodesh to wander all through me as He
will ... But wait! I see it!

EVERYTHING Shimmering, Sparkling With Newborn Healing And
Wholeness When It's SUPPOSED TO

Breathe On Me Today

Barely has my day begun; Yet I will say: Breathe on me today. Keep
on

Releasing me from the bondage of a crooked past now that I've finally
found You at last.

Enfold me in Your loving arms and keep me safe from any harm.
Help me to

Avert the evil schemes and traps of the adversary which he has laid
for me.

Take me somewhere quiet where You can speak with me alone and I
will listen ...

Hephzibah ... Hephzibah ... Behold I will quiet you with My
love—Singing over you with joy ...

Everything in me falls into such Repose at the tingling thrill of Your
words and no words are required ...

Only Your Presence here ... Shadowing me ... Sweetest Sukkah: Your
Shekhinah ... Selah ... Selah ...

Nothing or no one else satisfies like a splash of You--And to think
this is only the tefillin on the edge of what **will** be ...

Move in and through the deepest parts of me. Taste what You like and
change the rest.

Everything is Yours to do with as You wish. Help me to remember
that when You start house-cleaning--

Transport me from where I am right now to where You want me to
be.

Open my heart wide and shut my mouth tight once the tinkering
begins--

Do what You must to get me ready to be with You where You are ...

All of me cries out for You: I know You can hear it.

Yehoshua, I am Yours and You are Mine. Help me shine for You
today ...

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