



A SEASON OF LIFE  
IN VERSE

# Face-to-Face

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A Season of Life in Verse

*Face-to-Face*

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*“Pour your heart out face-to-face with the Master.”*  
*From Lamentations 2:19 (MSG)*

# Heart Digested

---

I am falling away,  
ink on paper,  
heart digested,  
wet then dry.  
All of me is words,  
You read, fingertips  
dipping into my braille,  
Knowing every little  
basic, complex thing  
Within my human  
cells.  
Keep me humble,  
kind,  
Without reproach,  
without regret  
Without disdain  
For the people  
You judge  
and You alone.

## Wrists and Ankles

---

There is so much I want to say—  
To type in a small, inch-like  
breadth  
where I could offer my failures  
in an unfailing paragraph,  
And watch You wipe  
them all away.  
But sometimes,  
the ink still penetrates,  
a remembered shadow  
of all the things said  
and done, the thick  
strap grasping my ankles  
As I walk closer and closer  
to Your freeing hand.  
So here they are, wrists  
And ankles,  
And all the words  
I'll never say,  
But You've always  
Known from  
the moment  
You set my life to  
the tick of Your  
time—here, now  
forever,  
and ever.

Amen.

## All This Much

---

The sin of me is so small  
And the brilliance  
and beauty of Your  
universe, so wide,  
so far.  
I am infinitesimal,  
lone and lost  
in all my ways  
Without the strength  
Of the same hand  
That painted  
the macro-skies  
And shaded  
Them as dark  
As my shadowy  
heart.  
It's Your light  
That brightens  
the very core of me  
And it will always  
Be the pervasive  
ask—  
Why do You love me  
and could you possibly  
all this much?



## This Untamed Soul

Broken bits  
and far sharper  
Than I ever meant to be,  
But smoother too—  
honey on flint.  
Run your finger  
Flat against this  
untamed soul,  
Like a lion  
roaring,  
Prowling,  
Or the Shepherd  
circling,  
the metronome  
Clicking to this beat  
called life.

## This Cultural Sea

---

Where is this going,  
You  
and me?  
And as long  
as we're together,  
Set against this cultural  
sea who hates You  
(and me by association)  
Let me never associate  
with anyone but You.

## He Conquered Those Too

---

What is that noise,  
That wretched sound  
coming out of—  
me.  
Alone, ghosted in the night  
And often during the day,  
watching what others  
categorize as "normal"  
And often wondering  
When my time will cease.  
And then there He goes again,  
lifting my head  
To my last world  
Of troubles,  
Showing me  
how He conquered  
those too.

## Their Heart and Yours

---

I am not the rebel  
Except for that one time,  
and all the others—  
Little girl sitting alone  
Against  
the tide of those  
Who can only sit  
together  
Even when the sitting,  
the complacency,  
hurts their heart  
and Yours.

## Heart Once Dark

---

Inner sanctum,  
I'm invited,  
and what bright  
light from  
a heart once  
dark.  
Could it be  
that all your  
Teachings  
aren't mine to  
pile and play  
With like poker  
Chips  
but to make  
A real profit,  
An extension,  
A forever loan  
To those who  
Need you,  
And know you,  
On one level,  
and looking forward  
To the next?

## Lungs-Deep

---

I have no appetite  
for reconciling the girl  
Who was  
To the "who is"  
of my current situation.  
It's still constant though,  
Isn't it,  
The current of You  
singing through,  
vein-to-vein,  
until I remember  
moments of me  
Turning my back  
Only for You to turn  
me forward.  
Like in the chapel  
when all was quiet,  
You moving my fingers  
Through the hymnal,  
Me picking up little bits  
of You I so desperately  
Wanted to seek.  
Or through a girl,  
A friend,  
a nobody,  
(Or was that me?)  
Singing lungs-deep  
against the lookers-on  
Who barely knew  
Your name.

How You've always  
Been there  
even when I barely  
was.

## Strain of Holy

---

I am never alone  
even when alone  
in this room  
With the thoughts  
From the brain  
You've given me  
And the pleas  
from the heart  
You've crafted.  
May I always  
know all the others  
You've crafted,  
Turning their  
flesh this way  
and that,  
Looking  
for the soft  
strain of holy  
that echoes Your own,  
and answering  
Their call  
lost in a room  
too dark for them  
to see.



## Praying Mantis

---

I egg-shelled  
out my heart  
today,  
like that time  
I asked the boys  
to kill the praying  
mantis.  
Limp little thing,  
still praying in my  
hands—  
The very image  
of me now,  
limp but no sleeper,  
bearing the worst  
of this world  
while cradled  
in Yours.

## Little Ol' Me

---

I am small, a little thing  
still childlike  
in all I do and say.  
And there around me,  
Brains apt in the art  
Of manipulation  
and frowning  
the smile on my face.  
It's more than  
Anyone can bare,  
Let alone little ol'  
Me.  
But there I become,  
white lioness,  
Prowling around  
With my King  
at my side  
as my enemies  
Watch Your  
glory escape  
All inches of  
You.  
Your brilliance,  
More than the sun,  
More than all I could  
ever expect for  
little ol' me.

## Close to My Skin

---

The why do I do  
of what I do  
is a deeply set  
temperament,  
An underlying  
undoing of all  
You've done  
that I tend  
to wear—  
sometimes  
like a scarf,  
sometimes  
like the base  
layers close  
to my skin.

## Once Upon a Time

---

Who am I  
To turn away  
a hardened heart  
When You  
Once upon a time,  
Humbled  
my own?

## Screaming “Timber”

---

Worms eat the inside  
Of my fruit,  
My core,  
My heart.  
I go to wave,  
Say hello,  
pat the baby,  
kiss the cheek,  
Falling over,  
Waist-deep,  
Screaming “timber”  
Inside my head.  
My hands, though,  
Go deep with Your  
guidance,  
Your always knowing  
The way,  
Peeling back  
bits of my bark,  
And all of the worms  
That have eaten my  
good heart,  
my good core,  
the good fruit,  
You’ve made  
For me to feed  
Your sheep.

## Float and Go Rogue

---

I am not good,  
but bad  
and holy  
and saved.

And  
the "both/and"  
Of everything  
ever

Because You  
are that great,  
to sever through  
This great divide,  
needle and thread  
tucked between teeth,  
Uniting the bits  
And parts of me  
that desire to float  
And go rouge.

## Your Peace Floods

---

It's a little bit fuzzy  
and overloaded,  
this brain of mine,  
but when Your peace  
floods, a reminder,  
that knowing the world  
Let alone saving it,  
Is not my task  
to claim.

## That Old Familiar Lie

---

What is that old  
familiar lie,  
I tell  
to myself,  
like stories  
to a child?  
That I'm too  
much,  
And You'll  
never love me,  
But how can  
I even write  
this  
Ending  
When I'm  
not the one  
with the  
pen?



## The Blood of Your Son

---

The further I search,  
The deeper You are,  
All depths,  
of all time,  
And how is  
Anyone  
to fathom  
something  
like that,  
without  
the gift  
You sent  
in the blood  
of Your son?

## A Soft Whistling

---

In awe always,  
because when I  
look back,  
even that bad  
had been good  
in the way You  
used it like  
a fine-tipped  
scalpel,  
working away  
my layers of fear  
And always asking  
"Do you still trust me?"  
like a soft whistling  
while you worked.

I don't understand it,  
how You could be  
all I ever want or  
Need when this  
90's kid needed  
Everything just  
to feel alive.  
But You've granted  
Me a peace beyond  
this generation  
and the next,  
nothing Beanie Babies,  
Tickle-Me-Elmo,  
or every boy band  
this side of the Milky  
Way could ever  
provide.  
So goodbye, to the  
Alanises and Sheryls  
who sang my angry  
soul to sleep  
And hello  
To the One True God  
who lovingly  
nudges me  
Awake.

## This Worn Heart

---

I can't see too well  
Out of my dark  
and into Your light,  
But softly,  
You graze fingertips  
Against the skin  
of my lids,  
And there,  
My eyes open,  
seeing all that's  
come to pass—  
an anchored  
road  
linking  
this worn heart  
to Yours.

# Time

---

It sits and stirs  
and works itself  
away,  
illusive,  
like sand,  
until I  
remember  
it's only  
a very real  
fiction  
of Your  
imagination,  
one You watch  
and tend  
deeply  
apart from  
it.

## Your Goodness

---

A man died  
yesterday,  
just another  
martyr making  
international  
news, although  
most don't,  
working nameless  
but fortunate  
to know Your name.  
Help us  
Wade through,  
sift out,  
work out,  
all the wrong  
and box it up,  
pick it clean  
give it to  
the angels  
to burn,  
while  
the only things  
left in our hands  
is Your goodness.

## The Condition of Our Hearts

---

I wonder what  
would happen  
if we stopped  
with all the outside  
talk—  
lamenting  
our circumstances—  
And instead,  
lamented  
the condition  
of our hearts.

## For All the World

---

For all the world,  
here I am  
desiring all  
that's better  
than You,  
but when  
I look to find  
where I've  
stored these  
treasures,  
I find  
only  
the moths,  
the rags,  
the worn  
dreams  
that never  
really  
could warm  
me anyways.



## Finally Free

---

Headlong  
we go into something  
I never thought  
we'd find.  
Little holes leading  
out  
and into  
the "anywhere but here."  
And for so long now,  
how I've labeled  
and categorized  
them,  
set them apart,  
Stored them away.  
And here I  
am now, called  
to dive headfirst,  
but isn't that  
the point?  
This season  
of healing,  
growing  
discontent  
with all the status  
they continue  
to quo?  
So, I'll grab his  
hand,  
and he'll grab mine,  
the one You made

for him,  
and we'll embark  
into what  
You wrote far  
beyond time,  
finally free.

## Thank You

---

Thank you for reading. May God bless you and keep you.

*Whenever, though, they turn to face God as Moses did, God removes the veil and there they are—face-to-face! They suddenly recognize that God is a living, personal presence, not a piece of chiseled stone. **And when God is personally present, a living Spirit, that old, constricting legislation is recognized as obsolete.** We're free of it! All of us! Nothing between us and God, our faces shining with the brightness of his face. **And so we are transfigured much like the Messiah, our lives gradually becoming brighter and more beautiful as God enters our lives and we become like him.***

*2 Corinthians 3:16-18 (MSG)*

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