



Heart Surgery

Who can know where soul meets spirit?
Who can prise these two apart?
Realm beyond our wisdom's limit
Area no man can chart
Where hides the secrets of the heart.

There, can lurk much pain and sorrow,
Fount where thought originates
Deeper far than bone and marrow
Home to unseen hurts and hates
Where sin and trouble incubates.

Man can offer no solution,
Band-aid remedies at best;
Methods based on Truth's dilution
Where man's sin is not addressed
Can never heal the heart oppressed.

Word of God so sharp, incisive
Pierces where dark things may hide;
Spirit's truth so firm, decisive
To the seeking heart applied
Twixt soul and spirit will divide.

Two-edged sword with skilled incision
Cuts to quick where sin infects
Lifts the veil with deft precision,
Source of problem it detects,
The power of darkness disconnects.

Quick and powerful, sharp and pointed
Word discerns the heart's intent—
Spirit's scalpel, pure, anointed
Will not fail or circumvent—
His lone prescription is —repent!

Glad I am that Heaven's Surgeon
Plied His scalpel to my soul
Excised every sinful burden
Injected life and made me whole—
Now bless the Lord my joyful soul!

Vincent Lyons.

