

dry bone

I am the dry bone.
I lay rotting in the desert.
Cold & bare.

The light of the day is the only thing keeping
Me from decomposing fully.
I am realizing that I will soon turn to ashes
But my time has not yet come.

God breathe your breath in me
So that I may be flesh & body again.
I am aching although I have none left.

I know you will do it
You have done it before.
I desire this.

Please help me.
I have nothing left.

{Ezekiel 37: Vision of the Dry Bones}