

Freedom in Believing

Where is the freedom in believing that I am bad, fallen
Where is the life generating truth
In the degradation of my humanity?

Must you tell me that my righteousness is filth
And that my soul is my sinful nature, the old man?

Where is the appreciation of human life
Is that not humanity?
Where is the preciousness of love and purity
Is it found in a soul beaten down
One that is convinced of its inalienable damnation?

I am finding freedom away from judgment.
And, truth in the ability to see myself as beautiful.
I am finding the preciousness of life in my two newborn nieces,
who are not yet convinced of anything.