

My journey – update in poetry

I've only recently composed my latest poem, after a gap of three years. It captures something of my journey during this period, a time where it has been and remains essential that I review all my beliefs, opinions, attitudes and behaviours; to establish how much (or little) is based on or consistent with what Jesus taught us: our Source. This journey really began in earnest in 2019 – when I unintentionally discovered the freedom of naturism and started to write poetry. Shedding my clothes was no coincidence but an outward sign of what I was experiencing and being called to within. To offload all the baggage learnt in childhood, church and society – that keeps me from the simplicity and power of the Gospel. 'I came to set the captives free' – said someone we know. That was His mission – let it be a glorious reality in my experience and yours too!



Malcolm enjoying his local beach, Botany Bay in East Kent, England

Back to Egypt / Set the Captives free

He came announcing freedom.

Not a freedom won by perfection,
nor granted to the worthy,
but the freedom of captives
hearing their chains fall.

He spoke of a Father, of love,
of a kingdom already drawing near.

*'Love God.
Love your neighbour as you love yourself.'*

Upon these, **everything** hangs.

Yet, we grew uneasy
with such wide-open skies.

Love seemed too simple.

Freedom too dangerous.

So, we returned to Egypt.

We exchanged trust for measurement,
wonder for certainty, relationship for religion.

We built new Pharisees, inside ourselves.
Lists, rules, boundaries.
Endless inventories of failure.

We learned to examine our hearts
not for love, but for defects.

We became accountants of sin,
carefully balancing ledgers
that he had already torn apart.

The yoke grew heavy again.
The burden returned.

The captive learned to carry his prison,
within him.

And Christianity became
painting by numbers—

'stay inside the lines',
'follow the instructions',
'do not make a mistake'.

A life reduced to dos and don'ts.
A soul afraid to breathe freely.

Yet still His voice
comes across the wilderness:

'Come out, leave Egypt.'

Leave the shame, the scorekeeping,
the endless proving.

The kingdom was never a cage.
The Father was never a taskmaster.

And love was never meant
to be replaced by fear.

The road remains open.
Away from condemnation.
Away from captivity.

Towards the freedom
we were told was dangerous,
and that he called
the Kingdom of God.

Loving **is** enough.

Malcolm