

## Clip My Wings

by Jennifer Ji-Hye Ko

When i cry out,  
“Lord, let me die,”  
please remind me, Father,  
You clipped my wings so i may fly.

i don't need legs to dance,  
or hips to sway,  
nor notes from my lips,  
to brighten my day.

Just a song in my heart,  
my Lord on my mind,  
though a realm apart,  
i'm not far behind.

Just a lifetime away.

When i can hold on no longer,  
i fall on my face,  
to worship my God,  
in this holy place.

There is nowhere like it,  
i hope you will see,  
that Christ carries on,  
when there's nothing left of me.

i hide in this place,  
though dreary and cold,  
curled up with my Master,  
yes, Him from of old.

When i don't know what to do,  
what to say or where to go,  
i know i'll stand firm,  
no matter how the wind may blow.

Still, as my bones  
are covered with skin,  
here is my soul  
encased therein.

My hair may turn white,  
with wrinkles on my face,  
but i pray with all my might,  
i won't grow old in this place.

My soul has grown wings,  
because of my King,  
yet unable to fly,  
a bird on a string.

Sooner rather than later,  
i pray to depart,  
all of Him for all of me,  
to be nearer His heart.

Yet, when i cry out,  
“Lord, let me die,”  
please remind me, Father,  
You clipped my wings so i may fly.

© Jennifer Ji-Hye Ko  
Used with Permission