

# Daily poem

## Surely, I Haven't Seen All There Is To See of Myself

Surely, I Haven't Seen All There Is To See of Myself  
There are days that I don't see the curves of  
my generosity, as plainly as I see the curves  
that I wear.

There are moments that I don't see my bulging  
sense of humor and intellect, as plainly as I see other bulges elsewhere.

There are many days that I don't think to rejoice  
over my unkempt passion for Jesus, because my  
unkempt hair gets in the way.

There are days that I don't plainly see my Divine "likes"  
my Heavenly "hashtags" or how my image is "instantly"  
treasured by Him, because it's easier to feel significant in  
the courtyards of a public and social platform, rather than in  
the Most Holy place of the private and sacred.

Surely, I haven't seen all there is to see of myself.

When I was created, the Artist of all artists  
sculpted my exterior, but He got real close and breathed  
into me His own Life, my interior. I'm visible, yet invisible.

Surely, I haven't seen all there is to see.

Grace & Truth dare me to not only acknowledge my  
outer and fading beauty, but to increasingly acknowledge  
my inner and forever beauty.

His enough beauty for me is to reflect His image.

Jesus, surely, I'm more than enough in You, and You are more than  
enough in me, through me, and for me.

Surely, I Haven't Seen All There Is To See of Myself.

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