

POEMS BY  
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ALL THINGS  
BROKEN &  
BEAUTIFUL



*What if pain was not forever?*

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## INTRODUCTION

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I often wonder what would happen to the human soul if all that weighed upon it had no release, no escape. Would we simply cease to exist, thrust into the ocean of our agony with no way to bear such a weight? What a gift it is that we are not meant to restrain our lamenting, to imprison our pain within us. Our Father has given us the freedom to pour forth our complaints, our deepest of sorrows. Look upon the blended colors of a canvas, flip through the pages of a tear-stained journal, listen to the haunting notes of a heart-wrenching song, peer into the lines of a lamenting poem. There you will find pain and brokenness that has been channeled into the finest forms of art, the truest displays of beauty. Best of all, our most excruciating of heartaches can be offered in prayers straight to the Lord's ears.

I like to think of my poems as prayers that find their way to truth. When I begin to write, it feels as if the blackness within is pouring straight from my pen, and I hardly know what I'm writing. All I know is that He is listening. As you will see when you turn these next pages, each of my poems collapse into the arms of truth and comfort, even if the journey feels as if I have been crawling toward a tiny glimmer of light.

## All Things Broken & Beautiful

Dear reader, I pray that these poems will quiet you with the gentle reminder that you are not alone in your pain. When you read the darkness in these pages, I hope that you will search for the light that whispers in the brokenness. I pray that when you close this book and lay it to rest, hope has shouted at you as you accompanied me through the deep valleys. Every piece of poetry in this collection comes from the scribbles of a broken human—the pleading prayers of one who has sat in the rubble of heartache. If you should walk away with one truth, let it be this: all that is broken is made beautiful in the end. Remember who holds you in the darkness. Pain is not forever, my friend. May you cling to the Restorer of our souls.

*Part One*



# THE MESS

## BROKEN

---

Heal the broken parts of me  
That still lay tender beneath  
The tumbling chaos of existence.  
Restore the shattered pieces  
That hide under  
The dust of suppression  
And the clutter of self-protection.  
Please mend the tattered corners of my soul,  
That I may breathe freely again,  
And walk in Your glorious peace.  
I search for the key  
That locks me in this prison of brokenness,  
Only to find it clasped tightly in a hand that is  
    my own.  
Wholeness and healing  
Breathe upon my face;  
They are so very near.  
I must simply run forward  
Into the arms of Him who will lavish me  
With these gifts I so deeply desire.

## THE STORM OF THE HEART

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When fierce and ragged winds descend  
Upon the ocean blue,  
I tremble when I watch the waves  
That tumble, crash, and spew.  
The sky becomes an angry grey,  
The clouds begin to weep,  
A storm of terror falls with force,  
And ends the ocean's sleep.  
This is not the beach's shore,  
Or somewhere on the coast,  
I've given you a tiny glimpse  
Of something I fear most.  
The chambers of my trembling heart  
Are filled with crashing waves  
And restless winds that tear me up,  
That throttle hope that saves.  
If you have battled with these gales



## The Storm of the Heart

Of sin and doubt and fear,  
Remember that the storms at sea  
Must always disappear.  
The ocean of the darkest night  
Of which you know quite well  
Can seem a total stranger  
When it doesn't seethe and swell.  
The God who reigns above these storms,  
Can calm them with a word,  
And we must trust that morning's light  
Will show our prayers were heard.  
Your tumbling heart may tear you down,  
And cause you to despair,  
But when the sun breaks through the clouds,  
You'll know that He was there.  
Cling tightly to the boat of trust,  
Through crashing waves of pain,  
Then rest upon His peaceful sea,  
As sunshine soothes the rain.

## SACRED PATH

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I've walked along the shore of Doubt,  
I've climbed the cliffs of Dread,  
I've stumbled into pits of Fear,  
When Hope was all but dead.  
I've crawled through valleys of Regret,  
Through deserts of Despair,  
I've waded through the swamps of Pain,  
And Sorrow's tangled snare.  
I've scaled the mountains of my Shame,  
Crossed rivers full of Grief,  
I've slept in trees of Idleness,  
Attached there like a leaf.  
I've hidden in the caves of Spite,  
With Envy by my side,  
I've crossed the plains of Loneliness,  
And climbed the hills of Pride.  
Dissatisfaction, dark and cold,  
Has lashed me with its waves,  
Bitterness became my chains,  
And I, one of its slaves.  
I've crashed through thorns of Disrespect,  
Through gales of stark Defeat,  
Temptation has consumed me

## Sacred Path

In a storm of snow and sleet.  
I've plunged myself in Selfishness;  
A lake I just can't leave,  
The hurricane of deep Distress  
Has left me much to grieve.  
Indifference has enclosed my form  
In shadows dark and deep,  
The pelting rain of Anger, Rage,  
Has robbed me of my sleep.  
Each cavern, plain, and rugged cliff,  
Each ocean, lake, and stream,  
Each stumble, fall, and grave defeat,  
Each pain-filled, strangled scream,  
Has drowned me in a blackened sea,  
Has led me to my doom,  
Has snuffed out every beam of light  
Enclosed me in a tomb.  
But wait, this map of deep despair,  
So stained with blood and tears,  
Is somehow mixed with something more  
Than sins and pain and fears.  
This journey was a sacred path  
Into the dark unknown,  
Led gently by a mangled hand  
To kneel before a throne.  
The blackened sin inside my heart

## All Things Broken & Beautiful

Had pierced and maimed and slain  
The One who saw my every fall  
Through snow and sleet and rain.  
Perhaps this journey brought me low,  
So He could lift me high,  
Drowned me in the deepest fear,  
That He would hear my cry.  
My sin will never dissipate,  
Nor leave my quaking heart,  
But now I know He's always there,  
My fortress from the start.  
Forgiveness, oh how sweet it is,  
His mercy cloaks my frame,  
When wails of pain consume my heart,  
I'll call upon His name.