

FUEL THE FLAME
Spoken Word - for Youth Councils 2019

by Anna Street

*This is a spoken word piece that can be used however it works for you in your context. A suggestion for underscoring is **Dubstep Hip Hop (Rap Instrumental) by Dope Boy's Hip Hop Instrumentals**. (Can be found on Apple Music, Spotify, Google Play, etc.) When pairing text and music, it needs to be felt out and rehearsed by the artist, but, if using this music, you can find some suggestions on basic timing (and where you could land sections and thoughts) in parentheses throughout.*

(:01) Ever since I heard her say this, listened to her pray this, then watched her live this—

Things shifted. I want this. (:08)

She said, “My need for you is my honor and not my shame” (:14)

(:16) My need for who?

You. Jesus. My need for you.

My need for you.

It's finally getting through to me—into me.

Your raging desire— to set my heart on fire

(:32) You call it ‘first love.’

What does that even mean?

It's a lifetime to learn it, all I know now is what it's NOT—

puppy love-

or fickle crush—

the latest “thing”—

or lukewarm lust.

It's more, this love. It's —

higher than can be imagined-

wider than the naked eye can see.

It's *longer* than can be fathomed-

deeper —

I can't conjure it. Manufacture it. Control it.

I can only receive.

(pause)

I can only give back to *you* what you gave to me (1:04)

This flame of love is a
longing-
craving-
desiring-
burning-
all consuming-
Fire.

(1:14) You told me once that everything I throw into your fire becomes love on the other side—

Burned up.
Cashed in.
Traded-
Dedicated-
Dominated.

Your raging desire is postured to *ignite. my. heart.*
(pause)

All it takes is to *relinquish it* to your jealous flame. (1:39)
(pause)

I give you pieces... with abandon, but often not the whole.
You. want. it. all.

(1:52) I am gifted *passion* and *hunger* to end up *bloated* and *bored???*
Wasting my life curating a counterfeit life?
No. no. no. no. no. (*tension building*)

I surrender! I relinquish it, Creator of this love.

(2:08) (*pleading*) O God of burning, cleansing flame,
teach me to know my number of days.
I need you—

My need for you is my honor and not my shame—

MOVE ME to give it away.

MOVE ME to give it away.

MOVE ME to give it away (*walk out with purpose*)

(Music fades out)