

MASTER THE CONTENT



Run Your Race

Poetry: Purpose & Calling

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Introduction

Purpose is not a luxury. It's the very soil your soul was meant to grow in.

This collection isn't just a poetic reflection — it's a declaration. A reminder that you weren't born by accident, and you're not here to simply survive or check boxes. You were crafted with a calling — stamped with divine intention — and everything in your life, even the detours, plays a part in that story.

These poems echo with clarity, conviction, and courage. Whether you're wrestling with doubt, stuck in delay, or sensing something bigger nudging you forward, these words are meant to awaken you.

You don't have to have it all figured out — just be willing to take the next step toward the “why” inside you.

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THE DAY YOU FIND OUT WHY

“The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why.” — Mark Twain

The cradle was quiet, the stars unaware,
That purpose had whispered its name in the air.
The world kept spinning, routine and gray,
While destiny waited to show me the way.

I walked through the years with questions in tow,
Like seeds in my pocket, unsure where to sow.
Then one morning broke with fire in its cry—
Not *what* I was born for... but *why*.

The fog began lifting, the silence grew thin,
And suddenly life shouted loud from within.
For birth is a gift, but calling is flame—
And I rose from the ashes when I heard my name.

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CHASE THE RIGHT THING

“Don’t chase success. Chase purpose — and success will follow.”

— Anonymous

Success wears glitter and dances with pride,
But purpose walks humbly, with truth at its side.
One fades at midnight, the other burns bright,
A compass that guides through the thick of the night.

I ran after trophies that rusted with time,
Built towers of status, but none of it climbed.
Then purpose came knocking—no spotlight, no show—
Just a whisper that told me which way I should go.

Now success doesn’t lead me; it walks in the rear,
While purpose keeps calling, unwavering, clear.
For what you pursue will decide who you are—
So chase what will last... not what shines like a star.

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THE REASON IN THE WOUND

“Purpose gives pain a reason.”

— *Anonymous*

Pain is a thief with a shadowy face,
It breaks without mercy, it steals without grace.
But purpose steps in like the light through the cracks,
And turns every wound into strength we once lacked.

Tears once felt wasted now water the seed,
Of a calling that rises from struggle and need.
What once was just heartache, now carved out a lane,
Where purpose walks steady through echoes of pain.

It doesn't erase it, or dress it in gold,
But it gives it a meaning, a story to hold.
For even in sorrow, when all feels undone—
Purpose whispers, *“This pain isn't wasted, my son.”*

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WHAT YOU'RE MADE FOR

“Don’t confuse your job with your calling. One is what you’re paid for; the other is what you’re made for.” — Anonymous

A job fills your wallet, a calling your chest,
One pays the bills, the other gives rest.
The desk may be tidy, the title sound sweet,
But calling’s the fire that won’t let you sleep.

You can climb up the ladder and still miss the sky,
Wear suits made of gold, yet silently cry.
For work is a task, but purpose—a spark,
That lights up your soul when all else is dark.

Don’t trade your becoming for comfort and pay,
When destiny’s whispering, *“Come, walk this way.”*
You weren’t just built to clock in and survive—
You were crafted with meaning, born to *come alive.*

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THE DETOUR WAS THE ROAD

“God doesn’t waste anything — not even your detours.”

— Anonymous

I cursed the delays, the long winding trail,
The prayers unanswered, the dreams that would fail.
But heaven sees further than I ever could,
And even my detours were working for good.

The doors that were closed, the wrong turns I made,
The waiting in shadows, the hopes that decayed—
Each moment was stitched with invisible thread,
To lead where His purpose was waiting ahead.

No pain is discarded, no step is in vain,
He weaves every sorrow with purpose and gain.
So trust in the journey, though crooked it seems—
Your detours are shaping far more than your dreams.

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WHERE PURPOSE BEGINS

“Purpose is found where your gifts meet the world’s needs.”

— Anonymous

You carry a spark that no one else owns,
A voice, a vision, a set of deep tones.
Not given for storage or polished display,
But forged for the moment when you give it away.

The world cries silent in hunger and ache,
While gifts lie dormant, unsure what’s at stake.
But purpose awakens when giving begins—
When your strengths serve others, that’s where it spins.

It’s not in applause or titles you hold,
But in lifting the weary, in courage made bold.
Where your gifts touch hurt, like balm to the soul—
There lies your calling. There, you are whole.

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THE ROOT OF THE CALL

“Identity fuels purpose. Know who you are and you’ll know what to do.”

— *Anonymous*

A ship without anchor will drift with the tide,
A soul without knowing will stumble and hide.
But when you discover the name that you bear,
The fog starts to lift, and purpose is there.

You’re not just your failures, your fears, or your past,
You’re shaped for a mission that’s built to outlast.
It starts with a mirror—not made of glass,
But truth from above that nothing can pass.

You were crafted with care, not by accident’s hand,
With gifts that were tailored by sovereign command.
So stand in your name, let it carry you through—
When you *know* who you are, you’ll *know* what to do.

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STAMPED WITH A REASON

“You were born with a reason stamped on your soul.”

— *Anonymous*

Before breath filled your lungs, before time took its toll,

A purpose was etched on the map of your soul.

Not written in ink, but in fire and grace,

A calling that time and doubt can't erase.

You may not yet see it, or know what it's for,

But it beats in your chest and knocks at the door.

Through seasons of waiting, through wandering years,

It whispers through joy and it weeps with your tears.

You're not just a number, a name on a roll—

You're heaven's own handiwork, crafted and whole.

So rise with intention, don't drift or just stroll—

You were *born* with a reason, stamped deep in your soul.

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THE DANGER OF WHYLESSNESS

“If you don’t know your why, you’ll lose your way.”

— Michael Jr.

The path may be winding, the skies turning gray,
But purpose is compass when dreams go astray.
You can run without aim, chase lights in the mist,
Yet end up in circles, with truth barely kissed.

The “what” can be tempting, the “how” may impress,
But without a strong “why,” you’ll just settle for less.
For meaning’s not found in the hustle or praise,
But in knowing your reason through life’s shifting maze.

So pause in the noise, let your questions arise—
The way becomes clearer through purpose-shaped eyes.
Find your *why*—hold it fast, come what may—
Or the journey will wander, and you’ll lose your way.

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THE ONE WHO KNOWS

“You don’t need to have it all figured out. You just need to trust the One who does.”

— Anonymous

I’ve wrestled with questions, with plans gone awry,
Built castles of answers that crumbled sky-high.
But peace never came from my strategies spun—
It came when I trusted the all-knowing One.

The map may be missing, the road overgrown,
Yet I’m never abandoned, I’m never alone.
He sees the whole picture, the start and the end,
Each twist in the story, each turn He will bend.

So I’ll walk with assurance, not needing control,
For He holds the blueprint etched deep in my soul.
I don’t have to know every “how,” “when,” or “why”—
I just need to trust... and take steps toward the sky.

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BIGGER THAN FEAR

“Your purpose is bigger than your fear.”

— *Anonymous*

Fear screams the loudest when purpose draws near,
A shadow that whispers, *“You’re not ready here.”*

But calling stands taller, unshaken, unshy—
It lifts up your chin and points to the sky.

You were made for the fire, not just for the flame,
To walk through the storms and still rise the same.

Fear may surround you, but it won’t define—
For purpose is fiercer, by heaven’s design.

So tremble if needed, but take the next stride—
With courage beside you and God as your guide.
Your mission won’t shrink just because you feel small—
It was built to outgrow every fear, every wall.

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THE CALLING ALREADY WRITTEN

“Your calling is not something you create, it’s something you discover.”

— Anonymous

It’s not built in boardrooms or shaped by your will,

Not crafted in silence on some distant hill.

Your calling’s not forged from ambition or pride—

It’s hidden like treasure, with God as your guide.

You don’t have to invent it or carve it from stone,

It’s already written in pages unknown.

Not made by your hustle, your titles, or pace—

But found in His presence, His whisper, His grace.

So stop chasing echoes that lead you astray,

The map’s in your soul—just follow, obey.

You’re not the author; you’re simply the reader—

Unfolding each line from the hand of your Leader.

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THE VIEW FROM THE END

“Live with the end in mind and your days will have meaning.”

— Anonymous

We chase after moments, we run without rest,
Filling our calendars, doing our best.
But meaning slips past when we don't stop to see—
What kind of legacy our days ought to be.

The end is not morbid—it sharpens the sight,
It sifts what is petty and brings truth to light.
It teaches the heart what truly will last,
And beckons us gently to hold wisdom fast.

So number your days, let eternity steer,
What matters grows clearer when purpose is near.
For when you live with the end in your gaze,
You'll find heaven's weight in the lightest of days.

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BORN ON PURPOSE

“You were not an accident. You were an assignment.”

— Anonymous

The world may have labeled you chance or mistake,

A ripple, a breath, a cosmic heartbreak.

But heaven spoke differently—clear and profound:

“You were sent on assignment, with purpose unbound.”

Not random, not extra, not lost in the crowd,

But crafted with care, divinely endowed.

Your life is a mission, not merely a spark—

It carries a weight, it leaves a mark.

So rise with intention, walk out your design,

You’re not just surviving—you’re part of a sign.

The call on your life is no accident’s trace—

You were heaven’s idea, sent to this place.

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FUELED BY PURPOSE

“A strong sense of purpose fuels resilience.”

— *Anonymous*

When storms start to howl and the road disappears,
When progress is measured in heartache and tears,
It’s purpose that anchors, not comfort or ease—
A fire inside that won’t let you freeze.

The winds may be brutal, the valleys run deep,
But purpose keeps going when others would sleep.
It whispers, *“Hold on. There’s more yet to do,”*
And turns every setback into something new.

You bend but don’t break, you stumble, yet stand—
Because purpose walks with you, holding your hand.
It’s not strength alone that makes you press through—
It’s knowing your “why” that carries you true.

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WORTH IT

“Purpose doesn’t make life easier — it makes it worth it.”

— Anonymous

The climb is still steep, the nights still long,
The battle still fierce, though your heart feels strong.

Purpose won’t promise a smoother way,
But it gives your struggle something to say.

The pain doesn’t vanish, the tears still fall,
But you rise with resolve and answer the call.

Ease is a myth that drifts with the breeze—
But meaning is rooted in moments like these.

You won’t always smile, but you’ll always know
Why you stayed in the fire, why you chose to grow.

For life may be hard and the road may twist—
But with purpose, even pain can persist... and be missed.

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STAY IN YOUR LANE

“Run your race. Stay in your lane. Focus on your finish.”

— Anonymous

Eyes on the prize, not the runner next door,
Comparison steals what you're running for.
Your lane was designed with your pace in mind,
With battles to fight and treasures to find.

Drift not to the left, don't swerve to the right—
Each detour will cost you your strength and your sight.
The crowd may be louder, their path may seem fast,
But your finish was fashioned to eternally last.

So run with endurance, don't race for applause—
The crown isn't given by fickle applause.
Stay true to your calling, ignore all the spin—
The victory's yours... but only *you* can win.

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BORN FOR IMPACT

“You weren’t made to sit on the sidelines. You were born for impact.”

— Anonymous

You weren’t shaped to spectate, to blend in the crowd,
To nod in the quiet while others speak loud.
There’s fire in your bones, a voice meant to sound—
Not silence, but purpose that shakes up the ground.

The sidelines feel safe, but they’re not where you shine,
You were born to step up, to cross every line.
Not just to exist, but to *shift* and to *stir*,
To echo with meaning in all that you were.

So rise from the benches, break free from the fear—
Your moment is now, your mission is here.
You carry a purpose that won’t be contained—
You were made to make waves... not remain unnamed.

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PLANTED ON PURPOSE

“If the dream is in you, it’s there for a reason.”

— Anonymous

That dream in your heart wasn’t placed by mistake,

It’s more than emotion or chance in its wake.

It stirs when you’re quiet, it wakes you at night—

A whisper of destiny burning so bright.

You didn’t imagine it just for the thrill,

It’s heaven’s own fingerprint, shaping your will.

Not every dream’s easy, not all dreams come fast,

But the ones born of purpose are made to outlast.

So don’t bury hope just to settle for less—

That fire inside you was meant to impress.

If the dream lives within, don’t silence its

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SMALL STEPS, GREAT CALLING

“Big purpose often begins with small steps.”

— *Anonymous*

IT starts with a whisper, a nudge deep inside,
A choice in the quiet where doubts often hide.
Not thunder or lightning, no grand parade—
Just one faithful step in the path God has laid.

A seed doesn't bloom on the very first day,
Yet hidden in soil, it still finds its way.
Purpose may tower, bold and immense,
But it's built on small moments of quiet suspense.

So don't wait for perfect, don't stall for the grand—
Take the next step with a trembling hand.
For greatness is born in the humble and true—
And the smallest obedience can carry you through.