Distraction And A Psalm

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Distraction And A Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

Wolves rapine, fleece runs red
and mutton lies the man

He makest me to lie down
in green pastures.

brambles burn, briars scar
and soul-less staves lie in the
hell of a noon day sun

He clothes me like the lily
of the field.

naked go the sores
that stank the rags
which yesterday destroyed

He feeds me like the sparrows
of the sky.

vacuum entrails
scar the mind
with the horseman's wound

And grantest rest,
and peace,
and love.

caldron of hate
set in the valley
of a dunghill

Thou art the Eternal, Master of the Now.

slave of a roaming moment.

ROBERT KLEINHANS