

Endure

Becoming the Archetype

This life is an open wound that will not heal.
I cry out to God with all of my strength.
Desperately, I reach for Him in the night.
This misery keeps my eyes from closing, keeps my mouth from being able to speak.
Is this as far as the arm of God extends?
Has the fire burned itself out?
There is no profit in this way of thinking.
I must escape this frame of mind.
And when I think of all He has done, when I consider all that He is, I am complete.