

Chrissy Helms
Syford Poetry Contest, Honorable mention

The Divine Struggle

Engrossed with my own personal hell
This ball of dirt and dust that I am
Enclosed within a hardened shell
While bound by hard steel links that damn

My striving is so futile, the need so dire
Making worse the tangled mess I'm in
I scratch and claw only to tire
And remain surrounded by all that is fallen

Shortcomings and regrets haunt me
Yet I can't turn from old ways
On my own I sink deeper in the pit
The chains tighten round my neck each day

Each link reads out my past
While I try to hide them on my own
No eraser can keep it silent
I only add more links as I've grown

This soul dead from birth, I live for myself
No hope for me found, or any light
Nor does any way or striving give me rest
Eyes wide open, though they have no sight

Yet in the silence Someone whispers to my heart
This breath gives a heat so unfamiliar to me
I'm drawn to a beauty and love I've never known
Wanting more life in this soul, my heart learns to see

The words go deep, cutting to the bone
Remorse, joy, gratitude and praise
It's inexpressible, realizing what Jesus has done
A struggle remains, but desires have changed

Going to the well, drinking in its life
Though I keep breaking and falling
Now I run to Him when in strife
His comfort and peace removes my pain

Though I fall, He makes me stronger
And each time I arise, He helps me back up
My own gain's just not as worthy
For His glory I keep going, as He fills my cup