



Dark regrets played darts with confusion taking the place of a referee as it caused a
disruption in the deposits of my mind
Altering the metaphysical intercourse
Between Spirit and spirit.

The corner of my left eye twitched open to unfold the crippled woman
dressed in an ambiance of expectations
Patiently waiting to hear the final
“in Jesus name” from my praying lips
so she could get up without her crutches.

She had drunk a mug filled with faith
and belched out hope for all ears to hear

While I made a toast about the awesomeness of the drink
And hid it in under the table

My right hand was stretched out

Black leathered King James on the other

But my mind smirked when my ears heard the words my voice spoke.

If only she knew the uneasy lump of doubt
in my throat Interfering with the miracle.

How did I let this evil villain of unbelief
grow into a giant I can no longer fight?

Why don't I drown myself in the letters of the leathered book?

Pages of truth that spelled out my authority.

But I had the gene of a lion and the mind of a mouse

Scurried in the corner of an open cage

Like a sun who refuses to shine because it's afraid of its own light.


I shut my eyes again, tightly

As I searched for a perfect excuse

To save my timid soul from the shame and embarrassment.



Fredrick Rachel.

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