

# Old Friends Newly Seen

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Wrath and lust come knocking on the door,  
predictably, like they're supposed to.  
I used to let them in, thinking  
they were inevitable anyway.

Those were the days before,  
when I didn't yet see through  
the bluffing needs—the ones that screaming,  
ruin the good opportunities of every waking day.

When I prayed them to end, I just got more!  
stronger ones even. I didn't know what to do.  
Was I dreaming, in my naïve thinking,  
that there was some magic word I could say—

a magic word that would always stop the roar?  
How could it be God's will that my problems grew?  
It didn't seem fair—the devil's scheming—  
and at that, under God's controlling way.

Trying didn't work; trying is the deceptive core.  
The devil snorts his laugh when we're not through—  
through with all our own righteous-in-our-minds-scheming.  
He's the winner in that game of foolishness we play.

But then we learn what troubles are for—  
that God means them until we're too tired to do—  
until we're ready to be still and start trusting  
His keeping of us in every way.

I would sin and sin and sin some more  
if He didn't keep me and do His own will in me too.  
So I thank Him that He is—and is enjoying  
life in me—like I'm enjoying life in Him without dismay.

So knock on, wrath and lust: you're my practice floor,  
on which I dance, and make art of what you tempt me to.  
You keep me dreaming, always dreaming  
of how I please the one I love with this ballet.

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