

BLEAK DAY

When your day
is a cube of despair –
lead casket, closing in
your soul to straitened time
and space – and where
you feel contracted fatally
to nothingness – don't air
(Pandora-lavish) that barbed swarm,
grievances non-retractable,
to sting, to curse the world.

Kneel down, shoot sheer a prayer
(past doubt's low ceiling,
through the fine hatch of possibility)
that He will come,
He, whom death's dungeon walls
and barred doors can't deter.

See! With His key
of golden-wrought surprise
He's instant there!
Your bleak day's now
a stage set for His company
and his grace
to act on. Hear him swear
"Lo! I am with you always,
all your days!"

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