

Whispers In the Night

By Mark Edgemon

I lie in bed to rest, so I can lie during the day.
All us humans are liars in our lairs we call homes.
Why would a Holy God want my soul, which is dead
Or speak to me as phantoms dark, swirl about my head?

I am marked for destruction; I suppose He hasn't heard,
All of us creatures are running on our wheels of misfortune
And are not fit for service in His Kingdom and more or less
Not worthy for distinction, nor even noteworthiness.

"You are my creation," He speaks in a tongue I cannot discern!
"Kou Bac Tou Sintinia," I hear as if from the voice of angels!
And yet, I'm too depressed to care and too far gone to cry.
He knows me, He wants my surrender, I have to ask...WHY!

The End