

## PSALM 7:14

By: Jaimie M. Engle

The time has come  
to grow up  
and put all the  
childish things upon the shelf.

The time to  
give up  
fleshly pleasures  
and really, truly  
learn to die to self.

To let go  
of the way  
you used to say  
that stuff was OK  
for that day.

But for today  
you are forgiven  
and it doesn't come  
from self-help.

It's a different day  
than it used to be  
and its time for me  
to take responsibility  
for my actions,  
for my life,  
my role as mother  
and wife.

To seek godly counsel  
and godly advice,  
then search the Word  
to see if it's all precise.

How can I condone  
what you're doing in my home  
when the sins you are committing  
leave me fearful and alone?

You're out lying  
and cheating,  
drinking  
and drugging,  
chugging  
beers

to wash the tears  
that you pretend

are not there.  
And all the while  
I'm trying to be  
the woman  
that God has called me  
to be.  
And I wonder  
how can I be  
when your anger's seeping into me?  
Unequally yoked,  
my life is a joke  
while your plutonic little friendship  
centers around lust and coke.  
It's a shame how I've been living,  
how I've been  
wasting away  
in the game  
that you've been playing  
where the rules seem to constantly change.  
Your mood always determines  
how much tolerating  
I can handle;  
but the truth is  
that you refuse  
to die to self  
and walk in my sandal.  
It's all about you:  
how you were wronged,  
how you were hurt,  
left broken-hearted,  
when you're the one who started  
this mess  
the day you let my life be martyred.  
But I'm not mad  
or angry,  
no bitterness roots in my heart  
because I should have seen  
the writing  
which grafittied your walls  
right from the start.  
But just because I  
wear this ring,  
just because I said those vows,  
doesn't mean my fate is sealed  
and I can't take the way out now.  
See, I'm to blame

for doing *my* will.  
Knowing you swallowed pills,  
and still taking your name.  
I'm at fault  
for thinking I could cope  
when I knew your first love  
would always be dope.  
And your abusive jeers  
now fall on deaf ears  
and my tongue is dumb  
so I can show you the love  
of the Son.  
For only He can reconcile  
this twisted mess  
that I've created.  
Through His strength  
and by His Will  
I can be emancipated.  
And as I stated,  
I am done with  
playing games  
and nursery rhymes,  
the same lines  
you spew  
every time  
I try to leave,  
then run back home,  
thinking that you've changed.  
Truthfully, you and your father,  
like me and mine,  
are one in the same.  
I'll no longer compromise  
just so you can live  
in denial,  
acting like a juvenile  
while my pain heaps up in a pile.  
You don't want me;  
you just want the life  
you thought you had with me.  
The great illusion,  
a figment.  
But I can't do that anymore,  
can't be a part of this disillusionment.  
So we'll part ways,  
I'll be OK.  
I'll pray

and stay  
in the Word  
and ask the Lord  
to just keep knocking  
until His voice is heard.  
There's nothing you can say  
to make me stay,  
no great masterpiece of drama  
that you can play.  
It's in God's hands now.  
So I'll just wait  
and see what He will manifest,  
because I know  
that in His Will  
whatever happens will be the best.