

This, Too, Shall Pass

You considered it your duty,
ruling whether I was doing:
good, clean, godly work—though truth (in
confidence) you barely knew me.

Your words did drain my energy;
I had no rest, no room to breathe;
and, plunging deeper than I knew,
I spiraled through the black lagoon.

When I complained, you closed your ear.
Before your throne, I flushed with fear,
and waited for that day (Yes, then!)
when I would break the watershed.

I'd toil it over in my head,
the ways I might expel your mess
left floating, soaking, in my soul,
so foul, so cold, so ovular.

Lo I, your words, could not digest.
(They caused me pains below the chest.)
Ignore them? Yes, I did my best—
yet still, they caused me but distress.

These words, I hope, relieve my woes.
I wrote them, that, I may be bold,
and make you know what I long knew:
that yours were always number two.

by Michael Dulman