

“Though Flesh and Heart May Fail”
by: John Gomez



The muse that has been chained with me
Will only let me sing
Of failed and futile attempts to be
More like my God and King.
The heavy heart within my chest
Is second only to
My mind (that organ worst and best,
Recalling all I do)
In how much it is treacherous,
Betraying me to her,
Revealing just how lecherous
I am and needing cure.
And then I pour, as if rehearsed,
Damned verse to holy Lord,
And I beg Him to slay my worst
With shining, sharpened sword.
But often I hear no reply,
As if there were no ears
To hear my humble penitent cry;
Then anger commandeers
My soul and I stand up to scream,
“To hell with this, I’m done!”
But silence falls, and then I seem
To hear “be still, my son.”