

The Wolf's Outside the Door

By Mark Edgemon

How many people that I have blessed,
Have now turned their back on me,
When I am in need,
Hurting...
Cryin'...
Desperate...
Alone...
And afraid?

Hollow self-centered people,
Who's self is more important,
Than relieving someone else's fears,
Needs...
Doubts...
Depression...
Pain...
And desperation.

To them, I gave my best,
My pearls before swine,
When they asked of me,
Money...
Intercession...
Encouragement...
Time...
And involvement.

Now, their chickens are home to roost!
Did they not know that "He" was watching,
Counting they're every selfish act of
Indifference...
Blindness...
Annoyance...
Self righteousness and
Despising?

He Has sent his angel with answer certain,
His messenger of Truth,
Delivering the harvest of what they have sown
Of fears...
Anxiety...
Soulful yearnings...

Dark desperations...
With their meaningless pleas unanswered.

*"Whatever you do to the least of them,
You do onto ME"...God*

The End