

Slowly slumbering

As I lay down tonight upon my bed,
My limbs conceding to a certain need for sleep,
My mind continued restless in a worried head,
Demanding still that I must further vigil keep.

For in this moment of the tiredness of my flesh
The spirit fought to keep the night at bay,
To review some current problems then afresh,
And not foreclose too soon on problems of the day.

I thought about this very troubled world
In which I destined am to live and play a part.
Across my mind the banner of much evil was unfurled
Of awful sadness for so many folk, each with a broken heart.

I thought of my two boys who each must make his way
Across the path of life with problems surely strewn,
And felt a selfish gladness that they, not I, must stay,
Along this troubled path that now leads ever down.

Then came to mind some thoughts of my own special folk,
Of whom I've been a member and for whom I've laboured long,
And wondered, "How long before its corporate heart is broke?"
Or, "How many will survive to sing renewed the Lamb's great song?"

My spirit now conceded to the pressing need for sleep,
No strength was left to ponder further troubles in life's way.
My God, who loves me well, I know, will me in safety keep.
If I am true myself my sleep will surely lead to better day.

Bill Guy