

Receive

This world is full of fakes and posers.
Alcohol diseased, drug over doers.
Building up prison walls for ourselves,
with hateful thoughts and personal hells.
Will these black skies turn to gray?
Maybe blue, but would it stay?
Last long and you will start to fall.
Not long before our minds will stall.
Forget the things that linger pain.
Hate consumes never again.
Devil plays a sick, sad game.
All you do is mope in shame.
Shall we try to seek our piece?
Move it along, escape life's teeth.
Sharp to touch, dull to see.
It opens up wide, we will get free.
Our sacred savior comes at last.
Our lonely hearts will not break fast.
He sweeps us up with love and hope,
and peacefulness with which we cope.
Engulfs our restless loneliness.
Scares it away, not depressed.
We reach our arms to receive it all.
This is the end, we did not fall.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to the Syracuse Vineyard youth group.