

Inward Me

At the end of the day,
when all is said and done,
when the city's asleep,
along with the sun,
my mind settles down,
I think about my day,
no more distractions,
my soul displayed.

I'm filled with sensations,
I want to hide or numb,
I'm not the person,
I've hoped to become.
Failures and mistakes,
life unfair,
Soul is in anguish,
anger, and despair.

I don't want to look,
I don't want to see,
no one needs to know,
the real Inward Me.

I began a new practice,
praying day and night.
Trusting in God,
to make things right.
Each day has struggle,
but still I pray,
Don't know why,
but it helps in some way.

Some days good would come,
not knowing how or why,
I'd feel a little different,
my soul more alive.
The world can distract,
say I need this or that,
so I chased the blowing wind,
growing Inwardly less intact.

My soul alone and empty
with degrees upon my wall.
Accomplishing my dreams,
but how far shall I fall.
Checking all my boxes,
everyone approved,
but the Inward good which filled me,
now empty and removed.

Once again broken
I fall to my knees,
I pray to God for help,
to help the Inward Me.
I gain an understanding,
some may call it a voice,
It conveyed to me a message,

It's always been my choice.

If I choose to be with God
and abide in God's ways,
walk the path of righteousness,
and do it everyday,
I'll once again be filled,
with something good inside,
the Inward me will live,
instead of slowly die.

Distractions are constant,
misdirection everywhere,
I'm in a spiritual battle,
yet God is always there.
Hurry often hurts
and patience brings peace,
forgiveness removes the pain
that hurts me underneath.

Each day when I awake,
my mind is astray,
Will I make the choice,
to let God lead the way?
My pride misleads me,
conniving and deceptive,
I must discern carefully,
stay sharp and perceptive.

The choice with God takes courage,
full of self-restraint,
the path of the unknown,
with hope, trust, and faith.
Each day I must choose
a path for Inward Me,
familiar one of misery,
or of God's mystery.

I know which is good, which one is right,
the inward me resists, it always wants to fight.
It's easier with God, to put my pride away,
to sincerely seek His will and to humbly pray.
God can fight for me, it's a truth that I know,
I simply must continue, a practice of letting go.

I let go of worry, resentment, and self-seeking.
I add God's good, deep into my thinking.
I let go of hurry and all forms of deception,
I ponder how to love, build spiritual connections.
God gives me the choice,
to choose God's ways
To walk more in grace,
the grace that always saves.

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