

# US, Psalms

Things come easy for the untested,  
so they sabotage.

A blow here,  
a blow there,  
and all is taken.

We gave, and gave,  
but it was never enough.  
They were not whole.  
They carried holes in their hearts,  
darkened by shallow karmas.

And we — the givers —  
poured out spirit,  
but they wanted more.  
Not only what we offered,  
but what we never would have given.

And still they won their prize,  
but it was an empty house.  
A house of trophies,  
a house of parts  
but without the Spirit,  
there is no life.

For trophies remind of death,  
parts remind of taking,  
and the house remains hollow.

But through God,  
spirit is restored.  
What they cannot bear —  
what maddens them —  
is that no matter what they take,  
the soul is infinite.

Through ashes we rise.  
With God,  
we are made whole.  
Pure,  
innocent,  
alive again.

And they —  
they are left with dead parts.

Sabotage comes easily to those who are untested, for they strike not from strength but from hunger. A blow here, a blow there, and suddenly everything we have given has been taken. It did not matter how much we gave — even our best, even all we could offer — it was never enough. Their hearts were not whole, and so they sought to fill themselves with what belonged to others. Hardened by their own shallow karmas, they were destined to repeat patterns of taking.

We, the givers, poured out life and spirit, but they wanted more — more than was ever theirs to have. They took not only what we gave freely, but even the parts of ourselves we never would have surrendered. That is the true violence of sabotage. They rejoiced as if they had won a prize, yet what they gathered were hollow trophies, empty shells without soul or Spirit.

For a trophy is always a reminder of death. It is not life but the shadow of taking, a testament to spirit lost and soul denied. But what they can never destroy is the infinite. For through God, spirit is restored. No matter what is taken, the giver's soul rises again — pure, innocent, alive.

This is what maddens the taker, and what strengthens the harmed soul. Through ashes we rise. Through God, we are made whole again. And the taker, in the end, is left only with dead parts.