

MY SILENT, ANGUISHED, PRAYER

by Robert Fitt

O God, the hand that just now reached for alms
Looks strong and well to me;
Should a healthy man go begging?
Is withholding alms so cruel?
He should work for what he gets. . .
. . . look now . . .while begging words cry hunger,
Fleshy cheeks cry “fool”!

And yet . . . His eyes are wan and bland. . .
His feet are poorly shod . . .
Is he conning me, repeatedly
Or reaching out to God?
I feel nonplussed, bewildered. . .
Should I close my eyes and leave,
Or reward his trembling outstretched hand,
To baleful want relieve?

If you'll help me know. . .I'll freely give,
As King Benjamin commands—
But will it bless him, or humiliate
His trembling outstretched hand?
You know I'm not unfeeling,
He looks so tired and old.
Will my offering demean him?
. . . Will he die out in the cold?

Thank you, Father . . .

For logic never brought me peace
Or filled my soul with light;
Thank God you sent the Spirit
To relieve us—both—tonight.