

My Escape

To choose contentment,
A formidable task,
Is not so easily done.
"There will be trials",
My Lord has said,
"We have already won."

But day to day living,
Falls hard sometimes,
I yearn for what could be.
The plans I've made,
So often thwarted,
By harsh reality.

My thoughts again,
Start drifting off,
To a home beside the sea.
Or perhaps a cabin,
Nestled in the woods,
Where there's only room for me.

Knowing myself,
I might grow lonely,
A city might be the cure.
A corner spot,
That overlooks the ocean,
A perfect place for sure.

And yet I know,
As the day is long,
New trials would ensue.
Different details,
But a familiar pain,
Self-pity returning anew.

Still, I dream,
During my waking hours,
A distraction, for just a bit.
Sometimes the worries,
Overwhelm me so,
So I escape from all of it.

Soon I'll return,
To the tasks at hand,
With Jesus as anchor and guide.
Lifting up in prayer,
These trials of life,
Knowing Jesus is at my side.