

The Untamed Tongue

Bless my soul, it's all about me;
The book of James, in Chapter 3.

Our God devoted so many thoughts,
On how the tongue ties us in knots.

In my arrogance, I strut along,
Like a massive ship, or a horse so strong.

Though they are guided by a rudder and bit,
I follow my tongue, in spite of it.

Instead of thinking, the words spill out,
Causing friction, or instilling doubt.

Not pausing to consider the message's fate,
I blurt it out, when I should just wait.

Knowing that words can hurt me too,
You'd think compassion would be my cue.

Scriptures say the tongue can't be tamed,
I know firsthand, and I'm so ashamed.

"I am a Christian!" I piously declare,
Then speak so cruelly, causing others despair.

I cause pain, then I praise my Lord;
Blessing and cursing, a double-edged sword.

This ought not be, I know too well.
My words should send me straight to Hell.

But in my faults, He forgives me still.
Please forgive my stubborn will.

Help me remember from when I was small,
"If it isn't nice, don't say it at all."

May I bless You Lord, in word and deed,
That my speech be fruitful, like a planted seed.

1/31/2017 LJH ©