

What Is It About January?

As I sit here at my desk,
Waiting for words to flow,
The wind is pushing over trees,
Howling with each new blow.

The sun is shining bright one moment,
Then hides behind the clouds.
I can relate as I ponder too;
Stay in, or face the crowds?

During this month I've noticed a pattern,
I simply can't deny.
January is gray and cold,
I long for it to pass by.

Just last week, my faith so strong,
Telling others not to fear.
But here I am, filled with angst,
My choices, now unclear.

One day I am bold and fierce,
Without question I firmly stand.
Today I question every thought,
Unsure of where I'll land.

Oh, how patient is my Lord,
As he carries me up this hill.
He knows my heart and loves me so,
I just want to do his will.

Many friends enjoy their birthdays,
In this first month of the year.
I must wonder if I'm alone,
Thankful, February is near?

I've been like this since I was young,
Always wondering why.
Perhaps I'm low after being so busy,
Missing the holiday high.

No matter the reason, I frustrate myself,
Pleading with each passing day,
"Lord give me strength to get through this month,
In Jesus' name I pray."

I know we're not to wish time away,
And accept what today may bring.
But I don't think it's too much to say,
I'm ready now for Spring.

