

ANGER

Anger hides the pride that gives it birth
And, just like worry, struggles with illusion,
Wishing precious time away on earth
With what belongs to Heaven's retribution.

Anger breeds a blindness in our mind.
While seeing splinters in another's vision,
Logs that block our own we fail to find,
Until with light our darkness makes collision.

Anger states its case with just concern:
So wise, it passes judgment in a hurry.
Wrathful words and foolish curses burn,
While demons laugh who fanned the flames of fury.

Anger plants the seeds of bitter taste
To spoil the sweetness of God's daily portion.
Wrath abandons gratitude in haste
To feast upon the famine of distortion.

Anger with its burden of offense
In flustered circles ranges round and round
Until its venom's strength is so intense,
No pardon sought could live, if it was found.

Anger is not safe unless it's turned
Against the spirit hosts of hell who fuel it.
Souls who house its heat are sorely burned.
Release its fire in prayer, and God can rule it!

— *David L. Hatton, 12/12/1993*