

I'm Hurting Lord

by Shirley Ballantine



Poem: I'm Hurting Lord

A waterfall of pain pours over me,
Cold stinging shock
That leaves me gasping,
Its thunder in my ears.
Reeling, I struggle to defend myself
Against the force that's hurled at me.
Thrashing out wildly I fret and fume,
And slip and lose my footing.
I cry, but no-one really hears.
Lord, surely You see my tears!

The raging river threatens to engulf me.
Fast-moving flood
Hurtles me downstream
Swiftly, out of control.
The rushing river sweeps me out to sea;
Out of my depth, I'm sinking,
Going under, down into the depths,
The pressure pounding in my ears.
Around me deep dark waters roll.
Lord, reach out to my soul.

Despair, self-pity, heartache fills my being.
Out of the depths
I cry to You Lord.
Help me to reach
Your hand stretched out to save.
Draw me up from the depths of despair,
Help me leave my self-pity behind,
Heal my heartache and restore my soul.
O Lord, who stilled the waves and calmed the sea,
Whisper Your peace to me.

At last I lie exhausted on the shore
Emotion spent.
With quiet heart,
My mind be-calmed,
I see Your footprints in the sand,
And know that you have rescued me.
You felt my pain, You knew my need,
Enfolded me in your amazing love,
Filled me with peace, restored my soul.
Lord, thank You for making me whole.