

Depression

It comes over me like
A heavy wool blanket
Carrying with it the
Weight of the world

I'd like to wring its neck
Suffocate it with a large heavy pillow
Cut it up in small pieces
Take a match to it and burn it

It keeps away the sun and the fun
I want to destroy it, but how?
Let the Son penetrate it like a sword,
Cut it up and disintegrate it, and
Bandage me up with warmth of His love.

By Jackie