

But Joy Comes in the Morning
by Emilee Breanne Ward

I say "Shalom"
to wish you well...
that you may go in peace.
But I know
you won't be free
Your mental chaos will not cease.

The darkness claws
at your mind,
tearing and tearing and tearing.
until it digs
into the soft fleshly thoughts
Scarring and scarring and scarring.

"What if I just disappeared?"
"No one would miss me."
"I can't do this anymore."
"Nobody would care if I just ceased to exist."

Darkness feasts
on these words
And offers for you to partake.
While the aroma
seems satisfying,
The nourishment leaves a pit in its wake.

Your entire body
Feels trapped
wrapped up in the pain.
You beg for relief
To shut out the sadness
but it continues to spread like a stain.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God."

How can I
be a peacemaker
when I cannot quiet your mind?
Striving for peace
Is striving for the best
Which I struggle to find.

I cannot take
the darkness
That resides inside your heart.
I shine a light
into your eyes
but it will not penetrate the dark.

I fear that I
will lose you totally
and I fear that I am nothing.
But God...
in all His shining glory,
He fills the cracks with something

Each golden ray
of sunlight drips
in through the cracks of our minds.
He cradles us
in endless joy.
No chemical imbalance can bind.

So, when I say
"go in peace"
I really mean "go in power"
because Shalom
can only happen
through Christ our strong tower.