

PSALM

Dear Lord, why do You turn Your face from me?
Why do I see myself when I look for You?
I am in the pit, in the pit, anxious and alone,
Waiting for You to pull me out.
Waiting, God, for You,
Not the waiting of the faithful,
No, God, not that waiting,
The waiting for the *messiah*,
The resurrection of the dead,
The waiting for the time
You shall be one,
and Your name shall be One.

If only. If only my waiting
Was the waiting of the faithful.
If only I waited with perfect trust.
If only I waited with confidence and calm,
Sure, O Lord, sure,
Sure that You will come,
Sure that You will bind me up,
Sure that You will take me in Your arms,
Saying, “return, my child, return,
Return to me, and let me heal you,
Let me heal you and make you whole.
Let me heal you and make you whole,
As you were and as you will be.”

But, Lord, my faith is not
The faith of the faithful.
My confidence is misplaced,
My trust gone, buried somewhere
I can no longer recall.

Yet You, O Lord, You *are* faith,
Confidence is Your middle name,
Trust, Your handmaiden.
And I, I tremble in Your sight,
Tremble to know that,
Faithless though I am,
Lacking in confidence, in trust, as I am
You love me, cherish me, protect me—
Not for who I am, or what I am,
But for the fact *that* I am.
For I am Yours, O Lord, Yours.
And so I am.

Rita Sherman