

# Confused Little Man

*by Matthew Taylor*

Unknowing, there's knowledge  
 Deep down inside;  
 Unfearing, there's fear  
 Trying to hide.  
 Unseeing, there's sight  
 In innocent youth;  
 Distrusting, there's trust  
 Searching for truth.  
     Not seeing, not hearing  
     Nor knowing why;  
     Not trusting, not fearing  
     Just getting by.  
 Not stable, yet standing  
 Not happy, nor sad;  
 Not able, yet skillful  
 Not angry, or mad.  
     Undetermined, irreverent  
     Disillusioned, confused;  
     Uneducated ignoramus  
     These words could be used.  
 Just living in wonder  
 With many a thought  
 Of faraway places  
 Of battles well fought.  
     This battle's within me  
     With Satan, my foe;  
     " 'Tis God who will guide me  
     Through death-traps to go  
     To heaven through Jesus  
     Who died long ago;"  
     I strongly believe,  
     I know it is so.  
 Describers forementioned  
 My life, they do fit  
 But I am intentioned  
 To take all of it  
     In faith as a baby,  
     In innocent trust,  
     In fearless forgetting,  
     As wind in one gust.  
 Without this assurance,  
 Without my Lord's plan,  
 I'm sure that I'd be  
 A confused little man.