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.