

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.