

Adam Issler Have You Ever Felt Like Job?

Pain thrust your way,
made to feel like a hot-thunderbolt in your lap. Seeing pain
Feeling anguish and toil.
Things taken without justice,
without reason.
Accumulation of torture
thick as ice.
Is this my soul being played for like a game?

The ultimate prize to be tested,
the goal of redemption or the payment of darkness.
Just accepting,
accepting the torment.
Trying to keep the faith steadfast,
clinging to it for everything.
Digging fingernails bloody,
into the Rock cleft for me.
Have you ever felt like Job?