

## From Psalm 102

### *A Prayer of One Whose Life Is Falling to Pieces, and Who Lets God Know Just How Bad It Is*

**102** God, listen! Listen to my prayer,  
listen to the pain in my cries.

Don't turn your back on me  
just when I need you so desperately.  
Pay attention! This is a cry for *help*!  
And hurry—this can't wait!

I'm wasting away to nothing,  
I'm burning up with fever.  
I'm a ghost of my former self,  
half-consumed already by terminal illness.  
My jaws ache from gritting my teeth;  
I'm nothing but skin and bones.  
I'm like a buzzard in the desert,  
a crow perched on the rubble.  
Insomniac, I twitter away,  
mournful as a sparrow in the gutter.  
All day long my enemies taunt me,  
while others just curse.  
They bring in meals—casseroles of ashes!  
I draw drink from a barrel of my tears.  
And all because of your furious anger;  
you swept me up and threw me out.  
There's nothing left of me—  
a withered weed, swept clean from the path.



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