

It Hurts to be Human

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It hurts to be human.

There is an incessant hunger even when we are eating.
A thirst for life, while we are already living.

There is demand for rest even while we sleep.
A yearning for peace in the calmest of times.

There is a call for improvement even during the patterns of growth.
A constant feeling of lost time while we treasure each moment.

There is weight in the lightest of stories.
A persistent nagging to pursue darkness when the sun is shining.

There is heart-rending futility in the biggest impacts.
A pulse of failure even when we succeed.

But God,

Promises to fill the emptiest stomachs,
With an assurance of everlasting life.

He gives repose to the weary,
With provision of a lasting quietness of spirit to those who find respite in him.

He refines the dross from the gold,
With providence that makes our time formative to knowing Him better.

He made a covenant to die,
With the gift of living in brilliance.

He uses our ineffectiveness to highlight his glory,
With a sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart.

It hurts to be a human, but there is merit in our lives.
“For to me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.”