

## Tight Fist

Little tight fist clutching hurt  
Determined, resolute, stubborn, strong  
Grasping pain and pain-giver.

God requests release, surrender  
But little me closes fingers tighter  
Drawing fists nearer the heart.

"I won't let go! He hurt me!"  
She declares, standing poised for battle.  
"I won't give this up!"

This same pain, reminiscent of excruciating anguish  
From one she loved  
Broke her trembling heart  
So long ago.

Now another comes  
Whom she adores  
Slashes her heart again  
Though not with cruel intention  
But out of his own scarred-over grief.

Statue still  
She turns her eyes up to the Forgiver  
Brow still furrowed in resistance  
Yet weary, she wants another way.  
God will not pry her fingers open  
Only help, upon request.  
She can't do this alone.  
"Will You help me?" she petitions.

He squats down to her level  
Looking deep within her heart  
Asks gently

"Are you ever selfish or unfeeling?"  
Slowly she nods yes.  
"Would you like Me to forgive you for that?"  
Slowly she nods yes.  
"First you need to forgive your friend."  
She ponders.  
"Child everybody fails.  
Forgiveness is like waves  
Going back and forth from one to another."

In a tiny voice she says, "Lord help me.  
Take him and my anger."  
He helps loosen her tight fist  
"Can you give all the pain to Me?"  
She hesitates. She still hurts.  
"Yes, Lord I want it gone!  
I need Your love lost in my anger."

She reaches out to take His hand  
Free now that hers no longer carries  
Imprisoned resentment.

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