

Evening Poem of Learning

by James Riscinti

Even in the valleys deep,
one may cry, one may weep.
By God's Mercy comes a Song,
of deliverance, from what's wrong.
Thou I do not understand,
yet, All is purposed by God's Hand.
What I know, I need to learn,
thou it's painful, thou it burns.
The experience that teaches me,
of all of which I need to be.
So if in heartache, I suffer loss,
I know it's not a wasted cost.