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## The Darkest Hour (Job 35.10) by Jodie E. Jones

Early in the morning, just right before the break of day,  
when all feel weak, and forgot how to pray.  
If my troubles and griefs, were weighed on the scales,  
they would be more than the sand on the sea, heavier than a whale.  
What strength do I have to keep living? why go on without hope?  
nowhere to turn for help, like a man at sea without a boat.  
I have no strength to save myself, body is filled with pain,  
have nothing to live for, I'm no more than a drop of rain.  
when I go to sleep, I toss all night, and long for dawn,  
my nightmares scare me, eyes get watery when I yawn.  
life passes like a fast boat, or a eagle swooping on a rabbit,  
prayers not getting answered, could it be my bad habits?  
try to smile and forget the pain, while suffering haunts me at night,  
tears burn my pillow, and night after night, I struggle and fight.  
my feet are bound with chains, they watch every step I take,  
they examine my footprints, keeping track of every move I make.  
I'm nothing but a leaf, they're attacking a piece of straw,  
All lead to the same short life, win, lose, or draw.  
I have wounds that never heal, like a soldier who attacks with hate,  
I mourn, my face has turned red, cause I feel its too late  
The end of my life is near, I can hardly breathe,  
I'm gasping for breath, and I'm not ready to leave  
yet hope returns, when God's unfailing love gives me power,  
but I never said "I GAVE UP THE FAITH" in that darkest hour!