

## OVER THE TOP

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Some of my poems are over the top  
With their visions of a fiery hell  
But when I look upon a bumper crop  
Of lost souls, it makes me want to yell.

Some go to church wearing their Sunday best  
And hear sermons that make them feel good  
Meanwhile, their sins may go unconfessed  
And the urgency misunderstood.

The choir may have them stomping their feet  
Waiving their hands, and dancing in the pews  
And a sermon served up saccharin sweet  
My enlighten, entertain and amuse.

But after the tithes and offerings  
And a sermon preached for itchy ears  
The emotional choir's murmurings  
And the altar calls with oft shed tears

How many hearts have been convicted,  
How many felt a stirring within.  
How many souls have been afflicted  
By the reality of their sin?

Yes - Some of my poems are over the top,  
But I would gladly climb a mountain and yell  
If it would reach some of that bumper crop  
And get them off that path that leads to hell

Gary Field

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