

## Drinking from the Poisoned Well

Tourniquet

Fist through a wall - foot through a door  
Just another day for me to abhor  
There's a wall in my plan for you today  
There's a door with your name where it lay  
Years of hateful thoughts will get you back; I'll be at peace soon  
You think you're punishing me by your anger  
But it's you serving the jail sentence  
Heart turned to stone suffering all alone  
Calibrating how hatred can sink the power of forgiveness  
Anger needs a place to be buried  
Anger needs a process for its gravestone  
The time has come to speak of many things  
Not shoes and ships and sealing wax not cabbages and Kings  
But the way your raging words and actions  
Gouge a monumental chasm between us  
If I could only help you to see what I see  
As you push away the ones who love you  
Your world is closing in on you  
The once many friends become the reluctant few  
And when the few that remain choose rather to abstain  
You'll be left alone with all the pain  
And you'll ponder at length how a day turned a year  
And the years rolled along till nobody was near  
Broken before the One who understands  
That it's hard to let go of familiar land  
But you've got to leave the safe ground behind  
A better place is waiting where there's peace of mind  
Now that you've come to realize  
That chronic anger has a steep price  
Taking more than you can afford to give  
Stealing the joy that you need to live