

### **A Psalm of Michael**

*[A ma-soul-kill. Sung to the tune of Deep Despair. Written for the occasion of being forced to take involuntary leave at Michael's last company, when he felt like they were trying to kill his soul there, when he realized his boss was a psychopath who had been trying to destroy his inner being, when he saw how many hours he spent away from home, with only the honor of working for a famous company, but missing out on his kids' life, how his company was a soul-crushing place, how people hated him there, how no one was friendly, how people loved to curse and use other coworkers as an anger punching bag.]*

I can't take it.  
I can't take it.  
I really can't take that environment  
Where people care so so so much more about work than their fellow coworkers.

How the phrase, "this is a business, not a charity,"  
Comes up way too often.  
They say it to mean that they want to crush your soul  
And if you can't take it, please leave.

Or rather,  
Get the frund out of here.

It is just way too rough, way too mean,  
And indeed toxic.  
They remind me of fascists  
Or genocide perpetrators.

"I will crush your soul," is what they say over and over again to themselves.  
They say it in the morning.  
They repeat it to themselves in the mirror in the morning.  
They say, "I will crush some souls today."  
"I will crush some souls today," they speak.  
"I will crush more souls today than I have ever before," is their mantra.

What and why?  
How can this be that these people enjoy destroying others?  
Why do they desire to make their coworkers fear them?  
Why do they want to terrorize the people they manage?

Oh Lord, do you see?  
Do you notice their evil soul-crushing ways?  
Will you ever be in that building?  
Will you ever stop such cursing and devilry?

I walk through halls of four-letter words.  
My body is there but my spirit tries to flee.  
Horror is the carpet.  
Gall is in the water fountain.

A smile with hatred meets my glance.  
Tough words and angry tones,  
Devils and fire are in their eyes.  
What will be their end?

They prosper. They are given leads.  
They ramp up their cursing,  
And are let into the club.  
They are commended to sounds of curses.

The evil prosper at the firm.  
Satan has his grip on the company.  
There is no respite.  
The men of faith shrink back.

My prayers at my desk are ridiculed.  
My meetings with Christians are thwarted.  
The Lord is not there.  
Lexington Avenue is forsaken.

Each day I had gone to my grave.  
I had been cursed and grinded.  
I looked for nightfall to come,  
And I left to voices of scorn.

I came home on a chariot of literature,  
Worlds came and flooded my thinking.  
Lovely words greeted me,  
And the chariot brought me to my stop.

And the greenery and trees bowed.  
Maples and oaks spread their capes.  
The birds sang me home,  
And the door to family was mine to enter.

Sweet voices of childhood,  
Matrimony and love,  
Food and dinner-time reading,  
True goodness does exist.

So I was safe for the evening.  
The Lord was there,  
But evil lurked in the distance,  
And hatred awaited me the next day.

Until I was humiliated and taken away.  
I was ushered out and stripped of my identity.  
So then things should be good?  
But, no. Evil compounds evil.

Take me, Lord.  
Jesus, surround me.  
Holy Spirit, fill me also,  
And save me from such shame.

I know not what to do,  
Where to go or how to feel.  
I surrender to You, Lord Jesus.  
Yes, You are my only song.

You are my book,  
You are my commute,  
You are my friend,  
And you are my work.

I need You, Lord Jesus,  
Now and in my quaking thoughts.  
I quiver at the thought of my failed life.  
Take me back to restore me.

Restore me.  
May You take away the plague.  
And I pray,  
Repay me for the years the locusts have eaten.