

**Psalm**            **by Sawyer Lovett**

Yea, though I walk through  
a city brimming with too much  
that ignores neighbors living  
blocks away with not enough

I will fear no single entity  
more than myself  
and my own wild tendency  
to close my eyes  
to the things that are hard  
to witness.

Yea, though I am haunted  
by trauma and addiction  
by survivor's guilt  
and impostor syndrome,  
I will ask questions  
when I am frightened  
and offer a hand  
when a fist would be easier.