

STORMS OF LIFE, The

# STORMS OF LIFE, The

By : **Philip Roberts**

Existential poem about the horrors of poverty and living alone.

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mso-para-margin:0cm; mso-para-margin-bottom:.0001pt; mso-pagination:widow-orphan; font-size:10.0pt;  
font-family:"Times New Roman";} In a year where everything goes badly wrong  
A poor man prays for just one thing to go right,  
As all the world seems surely set against him  
He struggles to survive the storms of life.

For nothing seems to work this awful year  
And nothing seems to go his way at all,  
For if he is not ill with chest infections  
Heâs all but crippled by a ghastly fall.

And as his injuries and ailments mount  
He struggles just to live from day to day,  
Though suicideâs a sin as Jesus tells us  
He wonders if heâd be better off in the grave.

Though life was never meant to be easy  
Still, he wonders why it has to be this hard,  
He rarely even dares to step outside now  
And finds himself constantly on guard.

On guard against the terrors he encounters  
Against the many tragedies that beset him,  
He wonders why he always seem to lose out  
And wonders if heâll ever get to win.

The storms of life blow so hard against him  
And even daytime seems as black as night,  
He wonders if heâll ever stay in poverty  
Or if some time soon heâll have a better life.

THE END  
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