I Was
By: Lauren Galvan, '16

"It begins with a grumbling mood, and yourself still distinct from it: perhaps criticising it. And yourself, in a dark hour, may will that mood, embrace it. Ye can repent and come out of it again. But there may come a day when you can do that no longer. Then there will be no you left to criticise the mood, nor even to enjoy it, but just the grumble itself going on forever like a machine."

This is a poem about my past.

It came slowly,
With a temptation
(That all too-familiar *force*).
It pushed my free will to choose wrong.

In the beginning,
I created my sin
So I was not my sin
I was I.
Still choosing.
I could *still* repent.

This dark hour grew darker, though.
I then willed my sins.
chose freely *to* sin.
embraced it.

It came slowly at first
Then all at once.
A wrong here
A wrong there
10 seconds.
A wrong here
A wrong there
2 minutes.
A wrong here
A wrong there
7 minutes 6 sins.

No one ever warned me of addiction
Though I guess it's in my blood.
To their credit, I was always told
practice makes perfect
And I should have known from Physics
It doesn't take much *force* to move something
So weak.

Oh, how science explains temptation.
The Physics of Sin?
Sounds like a great class.
Wish I could've taken it.
Wish I would've heard The Call.

One day, I woke up offended.
Who was I?
My sin was my sin
I felt like my sin
This day, I was my sin.
Temptation used no force, no work, no energy.
He appeared and I was no I.
I had perfected myself, all right
Given away myself, all right
To the *other* side where good is gone.

It was easy to be the grumble.

You see, people said I would be free
That I didn't have eternity --
That I only had *one* life to live.

They said I would be free.

But,

I
Was
The grumble.

And grumbles can't be free.