

Workbench of the Forsaken

Robert J. Lammert rob.lammert@gmail.com

02/01/2025

Workbench of the Forsaken

A warm cup of coffee in hand, I start my day
I sit in front of my workbench ready to work
All the unfinished projects are strewn about
How did I ever let things get this way.

A chair to be fixed with a long ago broken leg
There's the side table that was supposed to be a gift
Even a few long forgotten honey-do items
And my list of 'want to get dones' hangs on a peg.

Why have I left it all unfinished
Some started, some waiting
Others given upon on and left sitting
Where else has my life diminished?

Greed lays next to the saw
With all of the false gods in my life
I should cut off the dead of the dragon I'm chasing
But it is so difficult being caught in its maw.

Caught in the vise, gluttony and pride hold fast
Why do I grip onto accolades and want of more
Forcing all to see my needs and accomplishments
What else in life should I have amassed?

Hiding under the sander are envy & lust
I should level out my thoughts of contentment
Why am I not thankful for what I have?
I fantasize and chase what I believe that I must.

Sloth and wrath sit my the hammer & nail
I am so hard & demanding of others and myself
That missed expectations make me lose heart
Then all of these projects sit or fail.

What can I do, what tools should I use
Where do I begin, what is next?
I don't have a clue where i left off
What if i give up and refuse?

I sat down to start my day, not analyze my life
Where have things gone so wrong
How did I lose track of so many things
Lord, please help me, I'm wrecked with strife.