

Workbench of the Forsaken

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02/01/2025

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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.

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