

Like a kitten

My temptations do not come
like a prowling lion
seeking to devour me;
no:
like a kitten,
they curl up in my lap
purring me to complacency.

My desert experience
is not somewhere
'out there' –
it is shuffling papers
at my desk;
dumping another load
of dirty jeans
into the machine;
commuting in my car,
listening to my angry voice
at the drivers around me
echo the ones on the radio.

The Evil One
is too smart to come to me
in a halloween costume
but comes
in the neighbour
a couple of doors down
who fears the way life is changing;
in the knot of teenagers
walking down the street towards me;
in any person, in every person,
who is not my child, my spouse, me.

Tempted One:
strengthen me with your word,
feed me with the sweetness of your grace,
shelter me in the coolness of your love;
then, together,
we can journey to Jerusalem.

1 Peter 5:8-11

⁸ Be sober-minded; be watchful. Your adversary the devil prowls around like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour. ⁹ Resist him, firm in your faith, knowing that the same kinds of suffering are being experienced by your brotherhood throughout the world. ¹⁰ And after you have suffered a little while, the God of all grace, who has called you to his eternal glory in Christ, will himself restore, confirm, strengthen, and establish you. ¹¹ To him be the dominion forever and ever. Amen.

