

Because I Can

My adversary
Stood over me,
A countenance of
Malice and menace.

“Get up!” he challenged,
And I’d try,
But he’d make me fall
Again and again
Before I could get to my feet.

“Why do you keep on
Knocking me down?”

“Because I can,”
Said my enemy.

Frustration multiplied
Each nuisance and
Every annoyance until
One foe became many,
Taking malicious turns
Cutting my legs from beneath me
Until my hatred burned
Deeply within my soul.

“Why do you keep doing this to me?”

“Because we can.”

I glared at my troubles,
They scowled back at me;
I was taunted and haunted,
Feeling quite weak.

One final try would finish me,
So I felt,
But I could not give up
To my fears or my woes.
I sat up to face my trials
And got to my knees,
Where I stayed for a moment of waiting.

I started to rise,
And felt arms around me
That gave me new strength and
A fresh resolve.

My enemies rushed toward me,
But fell to the ground
As I finally stood on my feet.
The bullies then tried to
Find their own legs,
And just I tried to arise and failed,
So did they, until they lay conquered
Before me and my unseen Friend.

It was not my strength,
But my Friend's,
That gave me victory;
I could not help but ask,
“Why do you always pick me up
Every time I fall to the ground?”

My friend spoke to my heart,
“Because I can.”

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