

This poem does not really rhyme or follow a particular meter, it just flowed out like this.

When you are sitting in contemplation,
And the things won't stop rolling in your mind,
Over and over, wondering what you will find,
Is there rest deep down, behind the scenes?
Have you really found peace,
Do you have the confidence you need to tackle life,
Do you have what it takes to be strong?
To live, and love, and fight?
What kind of battle strategy do we have,
Are we equipped, wise, and skilled in our craft?
But most of all who can you trust?
Who can you lean on, who do you have confidence in?
We are only as good as the foundation we lean on.
Will it crumble, will it stand?
Will it let you fall through or lend you a hand?
Is there something true and pure and worthy of life,
Who else other than God?
With what else would I ever fight but with God's word?
What insanity would drive me to walk away,
From my strong fortress and my armor for war,
To ride into the enemy's camp galloping full speed,
Expecting to come out unscathed,
When the captain of the army is not with me?
I will choose to stay in the shadow of the Almighty,
And rest and gain strength from the light of His glory.