

## **I, Not It**

"It makes me sad, or mad, or glad,"  
says my friend Marge.  
"This It is all in life I've had,  
and It's quite large.

"My It brings in my every mood  
and guides my thoughts.  
It even guides my choice of food,  
makes shoulds and oughts.

"This It is pulling all of me  
down toward the ground  
with unrelenting gravity  
as if I'm bound."

Then one tells Marge to take the "t"  
away from "It"--  
that Christ expired on the "t"  
to make us fit.

When all that's left of "It" is "I,"  
there's no excuse  
to blame an "It" or question why  
you get abuse.

The "I" is God as much as you  
and is pristine.  
Your freedom all to God is due,  
serene, unseen.