



8-4-2020

## living sacrifice

Abigail Shaffer

Cedarville University, [abigailjoyshaffer@cedarville.edu](mailto:abigailjoyshaffer@cedarville.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of [DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#), the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to [dc@cedarville.edu](mailto:dc@cedarville.edu).

---

### Recommended Citation

Shaffer, Abigail (2020) "living sacrifice," *Cedarville Review*. Vol. 20 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol20/iss1/10>

---

## living sacrifice

### Description

This is a poem about a bad day when my chronic illness flared up.

### Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/).

### About the Contributor

Abby Shaffer is a liberal arts student with a concentration in creative writing. She thinks it's pretty great that God gave us words, and she hopes we will make them as true and beautiful and hopeful as we can.

# LIVING SACRIFICE

---

ABIGAIL SHAFFER

Praise Him.  
I praise Him!  
O Lord of my waking,  
Overseer of my lungs,  
Blood-keeper:

Please take as my praise  
All that I lived today. Highest  
Ruler, take the dark smudged eyeliner  
I slept in; take the hours I did not wake  
And smile upon them;  
Look favorably on all the times  
I tried to move and could not, take my  
Throbbing arms and hands paralytic.

Take my rising from the dead  
And take my surprise when I cried bitterly,  
Kneeling on the floor, shivering;  
Accept as a sweet aroma the sour sweat  
That coated my sheets and skin.

Take my tears once more standing up,  
Forehead fallen forward against bedframe,  
Grieving leaning. Take my empty stomach  
And my microwaved pizza and my unbelieving  
Nausea for hours afterward, take my fuzzy-minded suddenly-settling  
Peace as I showered, take my longing to be held for an hour

And take my all aloneness. These are Yours,  
You claim them, I pay tribute. You unflinching  
Plunge me into torpor, anesthetize me for torture,  
Rest me and ready me for more. This is no fellowship offering,  
I am whole, you lay your hand on my head but don't touch my throat,  
I live. O, how inscrutable Your gaze, how heavy Your affection!  
I bend like a reed under the lightest yoke I know, tearstained,  
Unbruised. Without your kind eyes, my God, I would think you  
To smite willingly, unconcerned observe the effects of the curse.  
No, you are lovely, and inhabit feeble praise.  
I curl up in the pew,

And my fitful dreams serveAs worship,  
Prepared beforehand for me  
To give you as I  
(Grateful) sob.