

Close the book on Evil, GOD, 9-11
but publish your mandate for us.
You get us ready for life:
you probe for our soft spots,
you knock off our rough edges.
And I'm feeling so fit, so safe:
made right, kept right.
God in solemn honor does things right,
but his nerves are sandpapered raw.

Nobody gets by with anything. 11-13
God is already in action—
Sword honed on his whetstone,
bow strung, arrow on the string,
Lethal weapons in hand,
each arrow a flaming missile.

Look at that guy! 14
He had sex with sin,
he's pregnant with evil.
Oh, look! He's having
the baby—a Lie-Baby!

See that man shoveling day after day, 15-16
digging, then concealing, his man-trap
down that lonely stretch of road?
Go back and look again—you'll see him in
it headfirst,
legs waving in the breeze.
That's what happens:
mischief backfires;
violence boomerangs.

I'm thanking God, who makes things right. 17
I'm singing the fame of heaven-high GOD.

A David Psalm

8 GOD, brilliant Lord, 1
yours is a household name.

Nursing infants gurgle choruses about you; 2
toddlers shout the songs
That drown out enemy talk,
and silence atheist babble.

I look up at your macro-skies, dark and enormous, 3-4
your handmade sky-jewelry,
Moon and stars mounted in their settings.
Then I look at my micro-self and wonder,
Why do you bother with us?
Why take a second look our way?

- 5-8 Yet we've so narrowly missed being gods,
 bright with Eden's dawn light.
 You put us in charge of your handcrafted world,
 repeated to us your Genesis-charge,
 Made us stewards of sheep and cattle,
 even animals out in the wild,
 Birds flying and fish swimming,
 whales singing in the ocean deeps.
- 9 GOD, brilliant Lord,
 your name echoes around the world.

A David Psalm

- 1-2 **9** I'm thanking you, GOD, from a full heart,
 I'm writing the book on your wonders.
 I'm whistling, laughing, and jumping for joy;
 I'm singing your song, High God.
- 3-4 The day my enemies turned tail and ran,
 they stumbled on you and fell on their faces.
 You took over and set everything right;
 when I needed you, you were there, taking
 charge.
- 5-6 You blow the whistle on godless nations;
 you throw dirty players out of the game,
 wipe their names right off the roster.
 Enemies disappear from the sidelines,
 their reputation trashed,
 their names erased from the halls of fame.
- 7-8 GOD holds the high center,
 he sees and sets the world's mess right.
 He decides what is right for us earthlings,
 gives people their just deserts.
- 9-10 GOD's a safe-house for the battered,
 a sanctuary during bad times.
 The moment you arrive, you relax;
 you're never sorry you knocked.
- 11-12 Sing your songs to Zion-dwelling GOD,
 tell his stories to everyone you meet:
 How he tracks down killers
 yet keeps his eye on us,
 registers every whimper and moan.
- 13-14 Be kind to me, GOD;
 I've been kicked around long enough.
 Once you've pulled me back
 from the gates of death,