

I Complain Too Much

Charles Howze

(this poem was written while I was in prison)

I complain when I'm out
I complain when I'm in
I complained to the judge and still didn't win

Complaining, complaining that's all I ever do
I complain when they count
I complain when they're through

I complain when I'm awake
I complain when I'm asleep
I complain about the clothes and the shoes on my feet

I complain about this
I complain about that
I complain the center gate Sarge took my hat

I complain about the food
And it's a well-known fact
That the chicken is so small, like it was strung out on crack

I complain about the weather
I complain about the storm
I complain about the officer who inspects our dorm

I complain about the schedule and what's coming on
I complain when I phone home
And no one accepts the call

I complain about visitation because they never call my name
I complain when my folks turn their backs on me
I complain when I'm to blame

Now, you can ask the children of Israel
Trapped at the Red Sea
Why they're still complaining
When God done set them free

Or, you can ask the five thousand
Hungry souls they fed
While on the banks of the river
Complaining about 2 fish and 5 loaves of bread

Yes complaining and complaining
That's all I ever did
Like the children of Israel
Who served a 40 year bid

But the Lord changed the fact that I complain too much
He healed me with His love, with His word, with His touch
Now that I've given my life to Christ
I don't complain so much.

■ **Charles Howze** is a community contributor to HEAL.



Flowers
Ryan Humphries