

Psalm 140

by [Jane Simpson](#) in the [June 5, 2019](#) issue

I cobble—an editor at deadline—

Psalm 140 to Sonnet 140.

God, hear the voice of my supplications

*Lest sorrow lend me words. And words express,
gurgles, flow with bubbles, like deep-cut wounds.*

Lest all my words are lamentations, old
parchment ink uplifted in dark scroll script.

Lest I sleep-speak the sorrow words easy
to utter, waiting to choke and smother.

I'd like to know another language, with
words that won't disappoint the sentences.

Then, I'd crack—but wouldn't break—a book's spine
to fill uncut journals with leather-bound
gladness, in the pulp promise of a pine.