

Psalm 31:9-18 The Message (MSG)

⁹⁻¹³ You didn't leave me in their clutches
but gave me room to breathe.

Be kind to me, GOD—

I'm in deep, deep trouble again.

I've cried my eyes out;

I feel hollow inside.

My life leaks away, groan by groan;
my years fade out in sighs.

My troubles have worn me out,
turned my bones to powder.

To my enemies I'm a monster;
I'm ridiculed by the neighbors.

My friends are horrified;
they cross the street to avoid me.

They want to blot me from memory,
forget me like a corpse in a grave,
discard me like a broken dish in the trash.

The street-talk gossip has me
"criminally insane"!

Behind locked doors they plot
how to ruin me for good.

¹⁴⁻¹⁸ Desperate, I throw myself on you:
you are my God!

Hour by hour I place my days in your hand,
safe from the hands out to get me.

Warm me, your servant, with a smile;
save me because you love me.

Don't embarrass me by not showing up;
I've given you plenty of notice.

Embarrass the wicked, stand them up,
leave them stupidly shaking their heads
as they drift down to hell.

Gag those loudmouthed liars
who heckle me, your follower,
with jeers and catcalls.

