

Psalm 23	Antipsalm 23
The Lord is my shepherd,	I'm on my own. No one looks out for me or protects me.
I shall not be in want.	I experience a continual sense of need. Nothing's quite right. I'm always restless. I'm easily frustrated and often disappointed.
He makes me lie down in green pastures.	It's a jungle—I feel overwhelmed.
He leads me beside quiet waters.	It's a desert—I'm thirsty.
He restores my soul.	My soul feels broken, twisted, and stuck. I can't fix myself.
He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.	I stumble down some dark paths. Still, I insist: I want to do what I want, when I want, how I want.
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,	But life's confusing. Why don't things ever really work out? I'm haunted by emptiness and futility—shadows of death.
I will fear no evil, for you are with me.	I fear the big hurt and final loss. Death is waiting for me at the end of every road, but I'd rather not think about that.
Your rod and your staff, they comfort me.	I spend my life protecting myself. Bad things can happen. I find no lasting comfort.
You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.	I'm alone... facing everything that could hurt me. Are my friends really friends? Other people use me for their own ends. I can't really trust anyone. No one has my back.
You anoint my head with oil.	No one is really for me—except me. And I'm so much all about ME, sometimes it's sickening. I belong to no one except myself
My cup overflows.	My cup is never quite full enough. I'm left empty.
Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life,	Disappointment follows me all the days of my life.
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.	Will I just be obliterated into nothingness? Will I be alone forever, homeless, free-falling into void? Sartre said, "Hell is other people." I have to add, "Hell is also myself." It's a living death, and then I die.