

Job 16:13

Authorized King James Version (KJV)

His archers compass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground.

Analysis

Job describes God's attack: 'His archers compass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground.' Vivid military imagery depicts God as archer shooting at Job from all sides. 'Reins' (kidneys) represent the innermost being—God's arrows pierce Job's core. Pouring out gall (bile) suggests internal injuries. This graphic language expresses Job's experience of suffering as divine assault. His honesty in describing feeling attacked by God models authentic lament.

Historical Context

Ancient warfare involved archers surrounding and overwhelming targets. Internal organs (reins, gall) were understood as seats of emotion and life. Job uses military imagery his contemporaries would immediately grasp to describe his suffering's intensity.

Related Passages

Romans 2:1 — Judging others

Matthew 25:31 — Final judgment

Study Questions

1. How do we make space for honest expressions of feeling attacked by God while maintaining that He is good?
2. What is the difference between describing how suffering feels versus making theological claims about God's character?
3. How does Christ's experience of feeling forsaken by God validate our expressions of similar feelings?

Interlinear Text

וְלֹא כִּי לְיוֹתִי יִפְלֶחֶת בְּעֵל יְהוָה				
compass me round about	H5921	His archers	asunder	my reins
H5437		H7228	H6398	H3629

וְלֹא כִּי לְיוֹתִי יִשְׁפַּךְ בְּרִיחָם וְלִמְרְגָּתִי:				
and doth not spare	H2550	he poureth out	upon the ground	my gall

Additional Cross-References

Job 20:25 (Parallel theme): It is drawn, and cometh out of the body; yea, the glittering sword cometh out of his gall: terrors are upon him.

Job 6:4 (Parallel theme): For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.

Lamentations 2:11 (Parallel theme): Mine eyes do fail with tears, my bowels are troubled, my liver is poured upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people; because the children and the sucklings swoon in the streets of the city.