

Dying We Live

The sages cautioned
Not to comfort the bereaved prematurely
While the dead still lie before them
Not too soon to mute their cry.

Gird your loins, my friend
Look into the eyes of truth
The world as we experience it
Neither sanctuary of justice
Nor mean-spirited intent.

Accidents, contingencies, misfortunes
Storms, tornadoes
Not maledictions thrown down
From celestial stars
To enlighten or darken our lives.

Eyeless nature, beyond good and evil
Follows its own amoral laws.

We are all part of Nature – yet beyond her indiscriminate way
We can soften, cultivate and transform raw nature.

Call upon God-given energies
Protect the innocent
Bind their wounds
Raise the fallen
Hide the pursued
Protest callousness and cruelty
Lay flesh and bones on the dry bones of the despairing
Rescue hope from the darkness of cynicism.

Out of nothing God created a universe
And we challenge God to create something out of something
Out of grief, wisdom
Out of memory, consolation
Out of love, hope.

