

"Times 3"

I.

The mark of imperial
Salvation,
Protects my face from
The Sun.
I see you across
The way
A safe distance
From your languishing.

I see you hungry –
 But I do not feed you
I see you thirsty –
 But I give you no drink
I see you paperless –
 But I turn you away
I see you sick –
 But I do not look after you
I see you in prison –
 But I do nothing
I am busy pointing out
The speck
in my brother's eyes
While there is a red hat
Over my own eyes.

It is when I get to work
When I turn my cap around
And we meet eye to eye.
You see the white
of my eyes
I see the water in yours.
I do not recognize you
Until it is too late
You are razed to the ground.

II.

The earth rumbles on
In its humdrum tone
No progressions necessary
For this modern world
Every rotation, times 3
We resolve to absurdity
And deny the music of the
spheres

Chords fall apart
The centre cannot hold
What once was is not
Honey has lost its sweetness
The pastures are barren
This rock too mountainous
For one to roll away

So we wait
While warfare drones
As bellies cry out
As gun shots echo
As widows wail
We listen closely
For your light

III.

(A creative spark emerges
off stage)

Dry bones connecting
New tissues covering
New flesh bleeding
New skin unfurling
Once dead beings
Coming to life
Again

Restorative mercy
Raining across the
wastelands
Cooling our tongues
To breathe life
Into broken relationships
With one another
And the earth

Our first tremor as
newborns
Fervently from our
Lips to the depths
Of our souls
We love
As we take our first steps
Together