

I hope

(Ref. Ps 73, John 11)

Wishful hope comes, poor and petty,
Gambling away today's grace
In a misstepped dance on tomorrow's energies

Nostalgic hope wears ill-fitting clothes:
Yesterday's youth stretched over today's middle-aged corpulence:
A mis-bought longing for a world inescapably gone

Healing hope ignites bright:
Future rising through today's flames,
Warming flesh for chill-winter shadowlands

Risen Hope waltzing, certain, comes:
Gravely clothed, fashioned in eternal reality,
Burning love, inviting as the summer sea.

I hope. You see.
I hope. I like it.
I hope.
I'm free.

Ps13 Side B

Do you know God:
How long division splits Your church?
How long lowest common denominators limits our faithfulness?
How long days of compromise unseat godly leaders?
How long unaddressed injustices eats the joy from our hearts?

Oh God, I don't know:
How long your patience persists;
How long your love lasts and how short life runs;
How long and loud the songs of praise can be;
How long will be the list of the answered prayers.

Do you God know:
How long days of sunless winter last?
How long scars on the backs of your people run?
How long wicked words plough through righteous fields?
How long the wait of the hungry for food?

I will wait, it is not my time you are wasting.:
Oh God I know you, who knows how long.