

**David BALL**

## **Wounded Love**

When our hearts just ache with a wounded love  
And our spirit breaks then it is enough  
To let the morning come and call us to prayer  
In our brokenness, Lord, You're always there.

When the bombs rain down, pounding fists into the Earth  
With the skies ablaze and loved ones underneath  
Then the morning comes and calls us to prayer  
In the rubble and the pain, Lord, You're always there.

When all hope seems gone and our victories few  
In the healing work that you call us to  
Then the morning comes and calls us to prayer  
In our shattered hopes and dreams, Lord, You're always there.

When the nights are long and we cannot sleep,  
Nightmares realized and our fears so deep  
Then the morning comes and calls us to prayer  
In the loss of certainty, Lord, You're always there.

We can build our empire and our towers higher  
We can try to turn our face from the raging fire  
But those of us who turn to You have a higher call  
We who follow in Your path love not guarded walls.

When our leaders plot and ignore the poor  
Set our world ablaze seeking human power  
Then the morning comes and calls us to prayer  
In the power of the weak, Lord, You're always there.

When our ears refuse to hear You calling  
And our eyes shut tight to war's sinful folly  
Then the morning comes and calls us to prayer  
In our frightful ignorance, Lord, You're always there.

When our hands are closed around what we can grasp  
Our own mortal lives that so quickly pass  
Then the morning comes and calls us to prayer  
In the letting go, Lord, You're always there.

When we just let go and live into You  
Let love flow through us and our hearts be true  
We let the morning come and call us to prayer  
In the glory of our God, Who is always there.



**David BALL**

## **Guilt for Leaving Lebanon in Flames**

I hold my cowardice up,  
but it just mocks me  
like a smiling mask.

I escaped with my life  
and in the running, I lost it  
somewhere along the way.

Remember your clenched teeth  
when the thud of lives  
crushed just down the road  
took the time to wake you up?

Remember the way  
the blood pumped faster  
through your heart at the roar  
of the poison-fire vultures overhead?

That was not real fear,  
not like they know it,  
that was just not knowing,  
that was just not wanting to die,  
that was just an instinct,  
to carry on with the dying of everyday.

What good will it do to a person  
to keep her or his life?  
No, what good is guilt?

Why do I let it mock me so  
like smiling masks,  
when it, as cowardly as I,  
is the true life-taker?

What good will it do to a person?  
No, there is no good in war,  
not a game but real bodies scarred,  
and spilled from trucks, windows, schools.

No way my rage would fit,  
if I simply looked at it  
and saw what it really sought.

What good would it do? What?  
That I should write now  
and lament for leaving  
and, left, silently obey  
stern warnings of 'not now'  
and 'wait a bit' and  
'do not rage at all.'  
(If you know what is good for you;  
and we do.)

Know, that is,  
we know the thought behind the mask,  
know that what you felt was in no way real,  
they simply do not exist:  
the fearful crinkle in his voice,  
the pulse of my quickening heart,  
the frustrated questions I could never answer,  
the gasp for breath in the night.

If it was not a dream,  
 it might have been a memo  
 dug from the hollow files of chosen death,  
 where all you can do is turn it over  
 and scratch a few futile cries  
 into its unfeeling blank silent surface.  
 Unread.

A memo knew once the suffering of a tree, but ...  
 what good? A memo cannot now understand any  
 suffering  
 from its cubicle tack-board in some lifeless tower.  
 Not of death vultures beyond the clouds,  
 not the smell of fresh-caught fish from a river,  
 not children, alone or guilt.

A memo is really death.  
 A memo is how we live without living.  
 A memo is an opiate.  
 A bureaucrat's initiate,  
 a most carefully conceived fate  
 that wipes my tears with 'not now'  
 and 'wait a bit' and 'do not rage at all'.  
 It is simply not convenient, you see?

I cannot help but rage and seethe and plot  
 but I end up waiting,  
 wishing I could love again.

And thank you for your patience with me  
 your words understood my hatred,  
 you spoke gently, without judgement,  
 you said that I can love, and do,  
 even through my rage.

