

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.



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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.

