

RESPONSE

I. The Lost Child

**I chose a wrongful purpose
along a wrongful path
to harm, to hate, to kill
with brutal, crafted wrath.**

**Until I am dead
I act on my belief:
I am commanded
to gouge the world with grief.**

**I know you seek undoing
of wrongs I uphold.
In so doing you make take
the shape of my own mold.**

**For we were formed together
on this costly sphere
to walk the myriad ways of life
and mark our being here.**

**I chose a wrongful purpose
you work to unfulfill.
Is your goodness bright and vital
through your passion and your will?**

**My goodness dies in darkness
and I am lost in wrong,
a child among God's* children
grown terrible and strong.**

***may substitute with "all"**

II. The Charge

**As we respond
to what has been done
and what may yet occur,
we take reckonings
of our alignment with God*
while beckoning one another
to action.**

**With freedom to disagree,
we determine
our compass of duty**

**and summon one another
to be watchful and ready.**

**We act to console,
to rebuild, to protect.
We act
for loved ones gone
and for the ways of our life,
the life we cherish.**

***may substitute with “good”**

III. The Meadow

**One mad, mad morning
a meadow is culled,
stripped of God’s* gift
to season with wisdom.**

**We decry
the destroyer’s prize:
a meadow rendered
a wasted ruin.**

**No, no, no...
the meadow yields
a bounty of ever-bearing fruit,
See, see -
the meadow displays
an eternal bouquet.**

**Yes, yes,
the meadow
of our ephemeral beloved
flourishes forever
in the landscape
of our hearts.**

***may substitute with “the”**

IV. The Blessing

**How could it be that
soured by anger,
stung by fear,
doused in sadness,
and grappling for a sense of forgiveness,
I can feel arise in me
a visceral, fathomless**

love?

Could it be
Love appears?
A visceral, fathomless,
relentless and powerful,
ridiculous, infinite,
stupendous, miraculous
love!
Love revealed!

Love for scraggly grasses
standing sassy
by the roadside...
Love for an ill-behaved stray
craving my company...
for the goofy, lanky youth
all gangly in his growing...
for you in the night
especially when you -
snore! Yes, snore!

I can feel arise in me
a tender and durable love
for all the dear immediate.
May the source of this love
some day release its store
to all the world!

I give thanks, we give thanks
for this sudden blessing
in the time of trouble,
this feisty love
come apparent,
charging up and down
the sinews and the blood -
this wellspring
of true life and soul.

BCK