

The Constancy of the Sun

The constancy of the Sun
above the veil of clouds,
hails a remembrance of the stillness
of the Christ within.
Such solace is a blessed kiss
For that I thank God daily
As all such memories past
throw the terrible mixes of light and dark,
the storms and woes,
tears of heartache and pain
with the occasional splash of sheer Joy,
which somehow makes the rest worthwhile.
In those moments I pray that I may not forget
those times of burning bright when in darkness,
and forget Him not in times of peace.

Yet to others when I see their pain
I pray that they too may understand;
had they but a grain of faith
they would be healed in their hearts.
Disease and Pain are curious folk,
for perhaps it is an education
for the Healer and the Suffering,
and even for those observing
but I see through many
that these maladies are a sham,
a self constructed poorliness
excusing themselves from life.

The saddest of all,
those sheep who have lost their way.
What started as a little escape,
an attempt at being free,
turned against them
like a drug demanding more.
All hope gone,
reason walking aimless,
no medicine in the world,
no healing touch a balm,
this they believe,
this is their faith,
disease becomes religion.

How do we restore that touch of light
where the shepherd finds us once again,
Returning us to those pastures green
And the hope of still waters.