

Wishing the darkness of her skin would
Mask the eyes that follow her flight as a
Hunter stalks his prey.

"Have we not all one Father?
Has not one God created us?"
Father God, where are You?
Or are You there at all?

We speak of freedom
To grow, to dream, to create.
But a fine young man
With keen mind and the
Spark of imagination
Yearns but to put his hands to
Drawing board and
Surveyor's tools
To build the bridge of stunning grace,
Gigantic strength.
To carry men
Where but for him they could not go.
He would shape a building, plan a park
To give his dreams to others.
But instead his hands clench
Cold and filthy steel,
Hurling refuse cans

No better than machines can do.
Spilling the stinking rot of
Other's waste into the insatiable maw
Of ugly grinding gears.
But, withall,
The stench that pours
Into his body with each
Breath of life is
Sweet,
Lovely,
Compared to the vileness of
A brain left to rot with disuse,
To decay with neglect.

"Have we not all one Father?
Has not one God created us?"
Father God, where are You?
Or are You there at all?

We speak of brotherhood;
And the work of righteousness which is
Peace.
This we intone in pompous places:
Churches,
Synagogues,
Stately dinners
Where black and white neatly put

As on the piano's board,
Fit exact proportions:
Eight,
Three and two,
Eight,
Three and two
Nicely balanced,
Meant for harmony.
But soon ritual is done;
Fingers touch and move,
Symmetry is shattered.
Dissonance sounds,
Raucous jarring noise of strife.

"Have we not all one Father?
Has not one God created us?"
Father God, where are You?
Or are you there at all?

Tell us, Father God.
Tell us, Blessed Lord
In the pain we feel
With every anxious
Child of Yours.

Then never need we ask again!

Amen

