

Lamentations Before Sunrise

We are all unwilling recluses.

We know the trifles of distraction

that pull us away from the tethers of reality

In the morning, we wake from restless sleep and fearful understanding

the darkness covers and we cry in the GethseMany of our aloneness.

And we taste the same legions of despair.

There will be a time of feasting, but for now we are alone.

We must taste this food of a hundred days lost

Trust the Father

Wash the hands and feet of the beloved- even if the chasm brings bewilderment with consolations few.

We will set our course away from the high wind of desolation toward the disambiguating light of our great Hope.

Our (dis)ease is alienation

Our hope

redemption's release