

A Poem by Jeanne Lohmann

Meeting for Worship

Now, for this space, I put them all aside,
the awesome things for which no words will come.
Such grief must go where only God is guide.
Our lovely plane darkens. Nightmares ride.
The sunlit waters thicken into scum.

Now, for this space, I put them all aside.

I read of torture others bleed. Outside
the thin screams rise. They keen a steady hum.
Such grief must go where only God is guide.
The aging skeletons no robe can hide
when eyes go out and soul surrenders, dumb,

now, for this space, I put them all aside.

Beyond compassion's reach, our guilt or pride,
is hurt so huge our human mercy's numb.
Such grief must go where only God is guide.

Who could contain these evils, and confide
the awesome things for which no words will come?
Such grief must go where only God is guide.

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