

No One

No one is ready to break bread or to share a bottle of wine
No one is willing to bring flowers for the dead of others
No one offers shelter to strangers needing rest
No one welcomes lost children into the warmth of their homes
Steel and iron divides home from home, heart from heart
Children are taught to fear strangers and to prepare for war
They view the deaths of thousands as a video-generated abstraction
Automated fun as fire power is projected across immeasurable distances
The unit-cost of death declines like any mass-production commodity
With increased volume

This is not a land sheltering under the cross
In place of sorrow the people find comfort in the misfortunes of the stranger
They hope that the more potential enemies are in trouble
The safer their own lives will be

Abraham Lincoln knew no one evades what must be their due:

“Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said ‘the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’”

Everyone honors Lincoln but cannot heed his warning
Everyone like drunken fools pisses on the dove whenever it appears
Everyone like locusts devours the wealth that has fallen to them
Everyone chases away the sick and the poor instead of washing away the dust on their feet
Everyone fears those unable to help themselves
Everyone cries themselves to sleep, fears hunting them deep into their dreams

Everyone is prodigal while praising the good shepherd

The food we eat is diverted to gasoline
Children are not allowed to explore
Fear is redeemed with fear
Suffering by even greater sorrow
Death at a low unit-cost by wholesale slaughter

Christ's fountains stand empty
Whoever thirsts for love feels the dessication in their flesh
They whisper the words *love, peace*
Sirens emitting their warning inside the hearts of every person
no peace, no love
Christ's blood hardens

Everyone imagines they can inherit a beautiful, goodly country
But everything in it is strangely mute waxen and hushed
We have returned to a time of violence, to a season of tempests and debacles
Youth will still be young though asked to act as adults
Parents despair but discover hope growing within from a seed of desire
Children stubbornly will be born

A time for testing has arrived, a harrowing of hopes and ambitions
A season of violence springing from seductive visions and brutal facts
That ask for response only when Christ's blood has hardened when
Nobody knows what a response is that comes from the fiber

Have pity on those whose happiness lies in what they can touch and smell
In the laughter of people they have too often seen angry or tearful
Have pity on those with pain and suffering enough
Have pity on those who resist the dreams of their rulers
Have pity on those who can never be the people
The mighty imagine they must make us