

WHAT NOW.

The dank waters of despair sit in stillness on the dark lake of early morning,
The acid rain cries across the valley,
And I face what we have done ,
squandered our inheritance....

Almost too breathtaking to look upon this scene of stale water, stunted growth
and strange colour,
unfamiliar to the land.

Almost unbearable,
too overwhelming even to cry out...

But cry we must,
to break the spell , the spell of ignoring,
And cry, cry, cry the waste ,the waste,..
`til tears start the flow ,
first from deep inside,
slowly rising to cleanse us of our shame ,
opening us in humility.,

This, a bud of love offered in faith that some small thing is possible.

And the tear?

The tear, a first offering of clearer water that begins to cleanse the land.

Ger Murphy, January 2012.