

Oh How I wish I had listened

The bread line stretches far to my right, as I stand and wait to receive
My daily allotment of bread and weak coffee that no one will drink.
The guards stand silently around so no one will create a scene.
No, we all just shuffle silently forward to get our rations, so lean.

Those, who are able, then go to work where the officials direct them to go.
If they're lucky, they'll even collect a paycheck, though it will be so pitifully low.
But it doesn't really matter. There are no bills, no mortgages to pay.
We live in government housing and, in our lives, we have no say.

We are not the exception - not the few dishonored and left poor.
Oh no! This New World includes everyone, even those who once had so much more.
My family, at least what is left of them, have lost all and now can only try
To understand how this all came to be. What changed? And why?

It all started last year when everyone was running scared
of this virus that was spreading far and wide, and no one was prepared.
Then, we woke up one dark morning hoping, soon, all would, again, be right.
Only to learn of the millions that were missing. Taken from their homes during the night.

The officials quickly stepped in. "See, we warned you!" they loudly proclaim.
They took control of everything and now nothing is the same.
Oh, if I had only listened to my brother before he disappeared that strange night.
He foretold this all was coming. He shared this vision of Light.

Of light that pierced the deepest darkness. Of light that knew no sin.
Of light that shone brightly through his eyes and left its mark on him.
Not like the mark we now all carry. No, this came from deep within.
A surety of safety and joy, of salvation from this world gone dim.

Oh, how I wished I had listened. Before it became too late.
Listened to his tale of salvation, before I accepted this fate.

I look around me at the length of the breadline, and at the guards, standing tall and strong.
And pray, once again, that this Jesus hears me. And forgives me for being so wrong.

Susan Mouw – Author and poet
The Road to the Cross
Go Set A Watchman
As In the Days of Noah
Roadtothecross.org