

Inspired by love and anger,
disturbed by need and pain,
informed of God's own bias,
we ask Him once again:
'how long must some folk suffer?
How long can few folk mind?
How long dare vain self interest
turn prayer and pity blind?'

From those, forever victims
of heartless human greed,
their cruel plight compose a litany of need:
'Where are the fruits of justice?
Where are the signs of peace?
When is the day when prisoners and dreams
find their release?'

From those forever shackled
to what their wealth can buy,
the fear of lost advantage
provokes the bitter cry,
'Don't query our position!
Don't criticise our wealth!
Don't mention those exploited
by politics and stealth!'

To God, Who through the prophets
proclaimed a different age,
we offer earth's indifference,
its agony and rage:
'when will the wronged be righted?
When will the kingdom come?
When will the world be generous
to all instead of some?'

God asks, 'Who will go for Me?
Who will extend My reach?
And who, when few will listen,
will prophesy and preach?
And who, when few bid welcome,
will offer all they know?
And who, when few dare follow,
will walk the road I show?'

Amused in someone's kitchen,
sleep in someone's boat,
attuned to what the ancient exposed,
proclaimed and wrote,
a Saviour without safety,
a Tradesman without tools
has come to tip the balance
with fishermen and fools.