

TRUST

Trust is faith's experienced sister,
a mortal creature, born of earth,
strong as sinew, flesh and bone,
but fragile as a hasty tongue.

Faith requires breath and light,
communion with the Other;
an irrational response to love
eternal and forgiving.

But Trust demands a constant touch,
as Doubt has potent power,
to poison a neglected heart
and breed a plot of pain.

So shall we send Doubt on its way,
through Faith which heals our wounds?
Or, does Trust as an earthly bane
resist Faith's sacred balm?

"Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani."

Ancient words caress my ear,
they relieve my battered soul.
I'll live within my Lord's refuge,
until my heart's remade as whole.

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