

“Darfur” – The Darkness of the Night

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a single tear

a drop of blood

a frightened look

a shattered dream

a silent stare

an empty stomach

a cry for mercy

a painful reality

an untimely death

The enormity of the tragedy; too great to grasp

The number of impacted lives; too monumental to comprehend

What are hundreds, or thousands, or hundreds of thousands of lives?

Numbers of such enormity, numb our senses,

Diminish our resolve

Focus instead upon the integrity of one

One innocent child plucked from parents

One young woman violated by dozens

One dejected person too weak to beg for food

One person frightened and alone among the multitudes

Is not each person entitled to a life of promise rather than fear?

Is not each individual deserving of a safe haven in which to live?

Is not each life unique, precious and worthy?

Is not each human being created in the image of God?

Our voices and petitions serve as relentless reminders

Of vulnerability and tragedy that can no longer be veiled

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Not enough perhaps; but a beginning

Far better than an averted eye,

A deaf ear,

A hardened heart,

An empty soul.