Help

H. Eugene Johnson

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HELP

The boils of Job afflict us today
As we cry of our innocence,
Like an eagle swooping on its prey
Striking with holocausts and Chernobels,
Surd evil and suffering intense.

Senseless misery endless and bold
Blasphemies of divine justice,
Unable to scrape terror's mold
With our broken potsherds of piety
We grovel near the abyss.

God where are your healing hands
For our clay, flesh and bone
And the ravishment of our lands?
Now, from this earth ransom us
And companion us back home.

For the sickness of our station
We seem victims of a mindless milieu
Palsied by the powers of destruction,
Why don't you send help, God?
"I did, I sent you."

H. Eugene Johnson
9/13/96