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Help

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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
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