

WINTER

God, God
today the sun did not rise
on the landscape of my heart.
There is nothing to see but darkness,
nothing to feel but a cold
that goes as deep as my bones.

I am like a bare tree standing alone
amongst the dead leaves of memory.
Storms of grief and anger beat against me
and there is nothing to shelter me.

Why did this happen?

I did not ask for winter.
It came suddenly, beyond my control,
stripping away my comfort
and leaving me desolate and helpless.

It hurts to think.
It hurts to be.

I know that I can't turn back the season.
Never again, will I enjoy this last summer,
but in the deep cold of frozen sap,
there is a message of a spring to come
and already, where old leaves fell,
there are the beginnings of new buds.

All I can do today, is lie still and wait,
knowing that when the greenness and light
come again, I will be bigger and stronger
than I was last year.

Then invite your friends around
to listen to the music.

If you trust enough to do this,
you will quickly discover
that God has a wonderful way
of turning broken lives
into gardens.

Joy Cowley