

I Could Dream of a World

I could dream of a world where the hungry are fed and the rosy-cheeked children can play in the sun.
But a dream is a flash and when waking is come, then it dies like a leaf on the ground.
I could dream of a world where there's fighting no more and the weapons of war have been turned into
plows.
But a dream cannot last in the heat of the sun and it withers, no more to be found.
I could dream of a world where the land is not raped by the greed of the titans of money and power.
But a dream is a flower in a dry, arid land and its fragrance is lost in the dawn.

Where, where to begin? The walls are too high and we are too small.
Dreamers and fools feasting on hope, chasing a light, hearing the call.

I can dream of a world where all women and men can be partners and peers in the shaping of life.
But a dream is a bird as elusive as mist that is borne of the wind and is gone.

Where, where to begin? The challenge is great and we are so few.
Hearts overwhelmed, eyes filled with tears.
What can we say? What can we do?

Come now, and wake from silence and sleep.
Come to the moment and fear not to weep.
Come face the night, though the darkness be deep.
Speak in the silence around us.
Come now, and plant the smallest of seeds.
Come, dare to walk where charity leads.
Come, practice love in word and in deed,
Grateful that mercy has found us,
Loosening the chains that have bound us.
Holding the friends who surround us,
Naming the fears that confound us.
Calling the Spirit, trusting the vision,
Calling the Spirit, trusting the vision,
Breathing the God-life beside and within and around us!

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