

Lonely Lord

Lord, lonely lord,
So forsaken in your search for yourself,
So forlorn in your endless making,
Trapped in your history.

Lord wondrous in your constructions,
Thwarted in your calamities,
Burdened with our pain;
It is your pain, also.

Lord, lonely lord,
You need us (if such may be said),
Us the separate appraisal,
The honest mirror.

Lord so lovable
In your falling short,
Forever seeking synthesis,
The next death on the cross.

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