

Can These Bones Live?

the answer is yes

It's the question we ask at the end of our rope,
when the storm is raging,
when the monsters under the bed have introduced themselves.

When everything around us seems to be on fire.

It's the question we ask when hope slips through like sand in a bottle,
when the mockingbirds stop singing,
when the news reporter leads with another mass shooting.

It's the question we ask when the depression moves in,
making herself at home, making a mess of it all.

It's the question we ask
when we're not sure if Easter will come.

Will it be Lent forever?

Will the sun ever rise?

Will this hope lead to something?

Can these bones ever live?

Poem by

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