

Midnight Mass

A Maria Dolorosa, with a prayer for peace.

Of Humanity's darkest hour, it can be said
It began back in the Beginning,
With Cain.

And yes, still we question
Our duty to others not ourselves.
Then, jealousy begat violence,
And violence begat hate: It still does.
And now hate begets torture,
And torture begets beheading,
And when everyone has lost their heads,
Atrocities roll in, wave upon wave.
And now the brother's name is
Evil One.

And all of us are sailors,
Wailing our prayers.
And the mass of people surging forward,
Heartbeats strong with the bad blood
Coursing through their veins,
Jama'a gathered all together beseeching,
Beseeching the Almighty, the All Merciful,
For the insanity to end.
And the one small ray of hope
Is this:

It's always darkest before the dawn.