

Eve's Dilemma

I want it to stop...the torture, killing and death
But I don't know how to make it happen, myself.
Tears, prayer, and faith haven't helped the innocent;
They were of no harm, who hurt and died for our sins.

It goes on and on...this reality of grief.
Mourning turns to dark, desperate aching of loss;
I long for somehow, some way to turn back the clock,
Yet we've moved beyond promises of redemption.

This heart is eclipsed; all of life is passing by...
We did so little, so late, to savor Eden.
Now it's gone away and we are left to suffer.
Am I the victim, or one who caused the problem?

By Judy Hays-Eberts

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