Finding God in 2009

Patricia Gangas

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La Verdad en La Sangre
Sarah Gonzalez

Along a well traveled path, navigating like I Am The Urban Sprawl,
I saw a mother and her child standing among the weeds that trace these train tracks,
Waiting for gasps as each blue-eyed young blood watched as they trekked by.

Glass glistens in the ghetto like a peace offering gone astray, walking the black pavement swiftly turned gray,
like the discolored skin of a labor worker working a 9 to 5 day.

These are the true people, falling down like ring-around-the-rosie
and this time it's not soft from clanking jugs of wine,
We're smearing war paint on our cheeks this time.

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In the dark blue night
snow slides like a white cloth
over a dreaming world.
The song sparrow, stately as a glacier
salutes the skies with music of secret hope,
and the winter moon, in crystalline clarity
sails the universe as a pure light of peace.
Constellations reach through the centuries,
to touch the warring earth
blanketed beneath the snow.

Yet, a subtle grace leaps in pure whiteness—
Our holy God, tangled and forgotten in the uncounted years
voices His solemn vow of love in the rushing sound of wind.

O, ice sculptured God of extraordinary love
extricate our world from its own destruction,
give us courage to rummage
through the drawers of life,
in search of You.
We are like lost snow geese running across the ice,
so, give us hope to make our way home
faith to find You again.