

Hear Me Quickly, Lord | Ted Loder

Hear me quickly Lord
for my mind soon wanders to other things
 I am more familiar with
 and more concerned about
 than I am with you.
O Timeless God, for whom I do not have time,
catch me with a sudden stab of beauty
 or pain
 or regret
that will catch me up short for a moment
to look hard enough at myself –
 the unutterable terror
 and hope within me –
and, so, to be caught by you.

Words will not do, Lord.
Listen to my tears,
 for I have lost much
 and fear more.
Listen to my sweat,
 for I wake at night
 overwhelmed by darkness and strange dreams.

Listen to my sighs,
 for my longing surges like the sea –
 urgent, mysterious, beckoning.
Listen to my heart beat,
 for I want to live fully
 and stay death forever.
Listen to my breathing,

 for I gulp after something like holiness.
Listen to my clenched teeth,
 for I gnaw at my grudges
 and forgive myself as reluctantly
 as I forgive others.

Listen to my growling gut,
 for I hunger for bread and intimacy.
Listen to my curses,
 for I am angry at the way the world
 comes down on me sometimes
 and I sometimes on it.
Listen to my cracking knuckles,
 for I hold very tightly to myself
 and anxiously squeeze myself
 into others' expectations,
 and them into mine,
 and then shake my fists at you
 for disappointing me.

Listen to my footfalls,
 for I stumble to bring good tidings to someone.
Listen to my groans,
 for I ache toward healing.
Listen to my worried weariness,
 for my work matters much to me
 and needs help.

Listen to my tension,
 for I stretch toward accepting who I am
 and who I cannot be.
Listen to my hunched back,
 for sometimes I can't bear
 the needs and demands of the world anymore
 and want to put it down,
 give it back to you.
Listen to my laughter,

for there are friends
and mercy
and the day grows longer,
and something urges me to thank.

Listen to my humming,
for sometimes I catch all unaware
the rhythms of creation
and then music without words
rises in me to meet it,
and there is the joy of romping children
and dancing angels.

Listen to my blinking eyes,
for at certain moments
when sunlight strikes just right,
or stars pierce the darkness just enough,
or clouds roll around just so,
or snow kisses the earth into quietness,
everything is suddenly transparent,
and crows announce the presence of another

world,
and dogs bark at it,
and something in me is pure enough
for an instant
to see your kingdom in a glance,
and so to praise you in a gasp –
quick,
then gone,
but it is enough.

Listen to me quickly, Lord.