In human flesh
when things don’t mesh
in head or heart or bone,
we find ourselves estranged,
alone,
from what we knew as home

And seek for some stability
in that which once was there for me.

But things un-lock
(o wandering flock)
to desert waste and want and fear
(no manna here!)

Yet heart’s desire
in hearts afire
hear still some sounding far off choir
of truth and beauty
yet perceived

Awaiting but a Bridegrooms’ voice,
creation new.
O flesh,
rejoice.

Judith Coyle, IHM
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