

# I hear your music

It strums and hums who I am  
finds me when I'm jammed  
makes me a balloon flying  
yet anchors and keeps me trying.

But when I hear them decry and condemn  
into the camps of "us and them"  
and I join them in their soundproof rooms  
I can't hear your music in the gloom.

Help me leave the stifling shouts  
within those walls, help me out!  
I want to hear your music there  
breathe the freshness of your air

but the judgers' stern refrains  
echo too loud inside my brain  
drowning music from others  
who could be my sisters and brothers.

I feel strangely alien there  
not one who's loved and dear  
I wonder if I'm being cast out  
and I feel the darkness of doubt.

I yearn for the music of your heart  
that pulls me in and not apart  
I crave the touch of your gentle hand  
that helps me up, helps me stand.

Sing to me your blessed Psalm  
anoint me with your healing balm  
when I feel so aggrieved,  
bound up and squeezed.

Show me a freeing loving place  
send the Spirit and your grace  
from beyond confining walls  
let me hear the music of **your** call.

*Author's Note: This is written while reflecting on the intense polarization I observe in society and social groups. I wish I could say I never partake in this thinking, but sadly, I cannot. In this piece I try to reflect on what it does to me when I fail to see individual human beings as such, when I fail to make an effort to respect them and love them as whole persons (as God does) rather than categorizing them as being in this camp or the other. I think of an individual whom I judges based on a statement he made that triggered a knee-jerk reaction in me. But when I spoke to a person close to him and discovered more about him, his loves, values, and experiences, it changed my whole attitude toward him and softened my heart.*