



A JOURNAL FOR THE
CONTEMPORARY CHURCH

The FURROW

Chris McDonnell

Journey Time

June 2020

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Out of all this
must come laughter
and the gradual drying of tears,
fears diminish as the finish,
slow to show at first is seen
-after all this is done and gone.

When raging hurt swells
and finally breaks composure
surely born, when worn
by passing days
you reach that no-more time
-after all this is done and gone.

When dull deep ache, easing
drifts away, nights in sleep
return, when much is lost in distance,
just as day is chased by dusk
and only birds remain
-after all this is done and gone.

When night-wrapped world has turned
and night lights that burned
are blinded by the sun to nothingness,
when dawn dispels those darkened hours
and day flares in brilliance
-after all this is done and gone.

Then indeed comes morning awakening,
time for rebuilding, remaking, reshaping,
as sunlight breaks,
dreams stream between blinded windows,
fingering hands open in expectant greeting
-after all this is done and gone.

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