

Ascendancy

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Who lifted up the Gods
Or the God to be
So high above us?
So high we could
Never ever reach them,
even when we reached for them,
even when we fall?

So high and distant
Regardless our desire deserves
Reserve how hard we try
Our prayers appeals depend
To bridge the gap on them
Looking down to hear us see us
Seize us out of this world abundant
Of human and other
Persons unheard?

Not wishing to tread upon
Deity deigning generosity
We hesitate
To call upon
Distant Gods or God
Fearing this is not

The time we really really need
 To turn to them: look up!
 To ask their help: bend knees!
Fear they will turn us down
 With 'No!' unexplained
 Or worse, more likely
 Stay silent, perhaps
 Never having noticed
What to us at this small hour
Seems our gravest need,
When they, knowing later will
Take all their strength and
Purpose added onto ours
On our behalf to prevail...

Or, indeed, that such a time
Has long already passed