

Aspiration

I cannot live in aspiration,
Where hopes are always unfulfilled
And failure is assured.
There, condemnation is as certain
As the air they breathe,
As inescapable as life.

I have been brought into a different world;
Some words are still the same
But meaning shines to me with life, not death.
The Spirit certainly brings life,
The letter surely kills.

The desperate pleading of the hungry man
For light, for life, for any tiny scrap of real food
Has given way to thanks for needs fulfilled.
Not needs erased, not even needs forgotten,
But real needs, deep felt but met in him.

No longer can I trade in condemnation,
Heaping on others my inadequacies felt.
No more the cry “we should”, but rather “he has done”
His finished work my ransom and release.

Dave Taylor

July 1995