

Quiet now be Calm

And he said to the sea "Quiet now be Calm"

Don't panic Mr Mannering. Don't panic Mr Mannering

The gales are blowing, The waves are crashing. We are going down.

Don't panic Mr Mannering

But why do we panic

The baby in the cot screamed

A pitch of sound cutting through the eardrum and nerves of the parents

The adolescent slammed the door and used each step as a base drum

The bride cried unable to fit neatly into the dress

The questions without logical answers were asked

The statement quiet simply being

Look at me. Look at me. Look at me

The gales blowing. The waves crashing. Going down.

And he said to the sea "Quiet now be calm"

Listen to the Christ and try not to take yourself so seriously

Don't panic Mr Mannering

But why do we panic

The economy portrayed on the TV as disaster

The weather wetter as global warming bites

The bombs falling on innocent and guilty alike

The years passing expressed in grey hair and stiff bones

The recognition of the influence I have

The reality being

I am not in control

The gales blowing. The waves crashing. Going down.

And he said to the sea "Quiet now be calm"

Listen to the Christ and do what you can, were you can, when you can.

Don't panic Mr Mannering
But why do we panic
They may think, when they see, I am a failure
The unfamiliar may harm me
The inhibition frustrate me
This lack of self-belief my greatest enemy
The excuse not to try
The fear
What may happen to me
The gales blowing. The waves crashing. Going down.
And he said to the sea "Quiet now be calm"
Listen to the Christ who loves you, take up your cross.

Our faith is full of irony

Irony
Irony

How comfortable is the storm
Which attracts the attention I seek
Which blames the world and excuses me
Which legitimises my taking the role of victim

So much more terrifying
The calm and still waters
Upon which I may take responsibility

And direct my own

small

loved

life.