

## DO UNTO OTHERS

We sit filling plates, while others are starving,  
As the homeless walk by those locked, empty homes.  
See the woman with her house in the rash bas she carries?  
She sleeps in the field, making pillows of stones.

There are fights at the dumpster behind the food center  
Over food slightly spoiled – but better than none.  
“Throw it out! Don’t give it, or they’ll expect handouts,  
Please don’t encourage these unfortunate ones.”

The pious read smugly about the AIDS victims,  
Saying “God punished those who aren’t living right,”  
And then they complain about the arthritis,  
And wonder why they can’t sleep through the night.

We’ve learned all too well not to see those who need us –  
To pay no attention to escape, to ignore.  
And, in the mist of our own guilt-numbed senses.  
Would we know Jesus Christ if He knocked at our door?

We should give out of love, of our time, of our substance –  
Not let love of riches rob us of care.  
“Drop your head, turn your back, close your ears to the voices.  
If you shut your eyes tightly, they’re almost not there.”

Van A. Travelstead