

If You Were to Welcome Your Brother's Cry

If you were to listen to your brother's whisper,
yes, indeed the one who lives on your doorstep,
in your building, in your city or in your village,
perhaps you would hear him say:

Say, do you love me?

If you were to listen to your brother's call,
no, do not pretend to be deaf,
you know his distress, your eyes have crossed his,
you know very well, you have understood:

Say, do you love me?

If you were to welcome your brother's cry,
that cry that pierces the layers of your occupations,
he is wounded, imprisoned, humiliated,
his cry is loudly banging on your door:

Say, do you love me?

If you say yes, if you really love him,
if he is someone for you,
Take the risk of moving toward action.

If he is gagged, give him back his speech,
If he has irons on his feet, liberate him.
If he is hungry, give him some bread and more than just bread.
If he is on his knees, lift him up.

Only then can you say:

Lord, you know very well that I love you.

Anonymous