

Formidable: Genevieve

FORMIDABLE

The ageing cloister reproached the light and smouldered in its gloom. Sights, sounds, thoughts echoed amid the halls of shame that had mouldered here for aeons.

We can't abide the light, they said.

We only yearn for doom.

Sin, guilt and punishment, our ghoulish friends, are here.

Fear, fight, power, might – in the guise of what is right – hang from rafters, rotting now.

We can't abide the Light.

Fanatics raved, their radical views a seething mass of hate. Zealots shrieked, warmongers too, in angry raging mobs.

Come join with us in our extremes which fuel the fire of excess ire.

We activate, we agitate, we kill, we cage, we decimate.

We want, we need, we yearn with greed.

We dominate, we aggravate, we teach to hate, we sow the seed.

We can't abide the Light, they said.

We only wish to bleed.

The world is changing, as it does, but we can't see the good in that. We fear the worst, the lack, the loss that loom at us from futures gleaned in fearful scenes.

We fear we've failed – we know we ail.

No good can come from what we fear – the end may well be near.

We can't, we don't, we know we won't.

We don't abide the Light, they said.

We prefer the drear.

FOR – MID - ABLE

She spent much time in questioning and knew that dogmatism was not for her –

She preferred to be FOR freedom of thought.

She preferred to be FOR acceptance of diversity.

She preferred to be FOR growth and FOR joy.

She preferred to be FOR, rather than against.

She spent much time in wondering and knew that extremism was not for her –

She preferred to be MID – middle of the road as they say.

She preferred to remain in the stillness and peace of the MIDDle path.

She preferred to remain in the centredness of MID.

She spent much time in pondering and knew that pessimism was not for her –

She preferred to feel capABLE and viABLE.

She preferred to feel ABLE and empowered.

She preferred to feel ABLE and full of hope.

I can abide the Light, she said.

She knew she was FOR-MID-ABLE.

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