

Creative Submission: Poetry in Free Verse



Love Thy Neighbour

“Love your neighbour,” we say
but that only counts if they think like us, right?
If they value what we value
If they are kind like us and not mean to our children
As long as they aren’t at risk because
then we would be too

Surely it couldn’t mean that we are called
Called to love the foreigner and widow
And refugee and immigrant

“After all,” you say,
“we weren’t called to be missionaries”
But the country you weren’t called to
Now it lives across the street
He didn’t call you across borders
But now your boundary lines have been crossed and now what do you when Jesus asks to love your
neighbour,
And your neighbour is them?

You thought you could avoid the
Hardship
And discomfort
And awkwardness
Because you weren’t called
But then they came into class with their hijabs, and the grocery store with their children
And came late to the appointment with their turbans and took over the park with their picnics
“Can’t they go somewhere else,” you say,

“Because we aren’t called to this!”

So, you wish they would go from your spaces and your places
And that they would leave your street, or maybe you should
So, we can rid ourselves of this inkling that maybe Jesus wants us to love them
And go back to how it used to be
When our neighbours looked like us
And thought like us
And it was just a little bit easier to believe that He had called us to love them

ARTIST BIO

Author is a Vanguard College alumnus that wrestles with accepting the ways that things have always been done and seeking to live life in a way that challenges cultural norms. They do this by living cross culturally here in Canada and sharing the ways and life of Jesus with youth from various religious and cultural backgrounds. They have chosen to remain anonymous to protect those youth and this ministry

