

A Valentine for the Broken Hearted
February 14, 2008

Rejected love exploded H/er heart and blasted fragments of divine, radical love to the outer edges of the cosmos.

Shining slivers floated to uncharted galaxies light years away. They fell into black holes. They turned into dark matter.

Particles of love joyfully danced on the surface of the sun and rested cross-legged and cool on Pluto.

They swam in the deepest oceanic depths and glistened in the Himalayan sun.

They became part of red/black/green African earth and vegetation. They hung in the mist of the Amazon rain forest.

Love dust became desert sand upon parched, cracked earth. And chunks of love dirt became flood-soaked Mississippi mud.

Love shimmered in Manhattan rain and turned into rainbows on hot wet Miami concrete.

Love/Grace became the taste of Parisian hot chocolate.

Fragments of Holy Spirit's heart kissed the starving child, and the woman raped in war and left to face surgery after surgery after surgery to repair internal damage.

Shards of love pierced the soul of the rapists leaving them wounded too.

A piece touched the homeless and the sick and the prisoner.

And a drop of God's own radical love found me and mingled its love, unmerited favor, amazing grace with my desolate tears praying prayers of thanksgiving out of sheer obedience.

And I became large, as expansive as the being and the presence of God's own shattered, scattered heart.

Happy Valentine's Day.