

Pulling Power

*Come to me,
All you who are weary and burdened,
and I will give you rest:*
What a welcome invitation!

At the end of the road,
a light in the window,
a hot bath, relaxation, the smell of bread,
time to off- load...

*Take my yoke upon you,
and learn from me,
for yoke is easy, and my burden light.*
Not an everyday sight, nowadays,
well not where we are, on this land:
a pair of oxen, yoked together,
ploughing a furrow:

one ox can pull one ton,
but make the connection and two oxen,
it is said, can pull seven -
sounds like a good invention, the yoke
provided we both want to go in the same direction:

but hardly a must- have accessory for us, nowadays.
Or is it?

Do we bow our necks to virtual yokes,
which masquerade
in virtual disguises,
pulling us this way and that,
playing havoc with our better judgement?

All those things which seemed good to us,
which we embraced, eagerly
out of enthusiasm or the need to belong,
or the need for a cause –
where are they pulling us now?

In the trial of strength,
Are they stronger, too strong,
a burden, a yoke, which we need to lay down?

