

Melismatic Flower

As she rests naked in my arms,
let me rest naked in Yours.

With my name on her tongue,
she bends to me

as a kiddish cup bends,
rolling to the heart,

so she murmury summons me,
careful of my sleeping.

Father, please keep the cloister
of Your arms around me

where daybreak blends
into sweet forest.

Mountain Ranger

Every thought of the Lord
is a mountain
sculpted with love and fragrant

Praise Poem #1

Carefully, God holds me in his hands,
for he knows I am broken.

Here He comes now,
bare hands serving as a bowl.
I taste the hot soup he labored over.

Praise Poem #2

Even if He slept like a creature,

as lullaby winds from His Father's hands blew through His beard and hair like Torah, so gates of paradise and Court stayed shut certain ages, and Pharoahs did not quit, while those who mumble with the dead had heard the only rumble,

I think He would have stayed up a hundred years,

eyes peeled on the hungry Baptist, on Herods, on Mary, and Zacharias, eyes transfixed on all who strayed, and on perfect, fumbling Peter,

and ultimately decide to take a tree to make His cross

so He could sacrifice Himself for them:
the man who spoke as never another spoke.

Praise Poem #3

Am I not a fool?
Yet God lives in my house.

When I wake up
I say, make me pancakes
and He does.
I say clothe me
and He clothes me in what I want.

So I step barefoot
into a platoon of pressed habits.
As the little birds
hear the hawk,
the fixed moan of the Cross
still consumes us,
with its joints and declination.

The sallow waves
He allows to swallow Him;
till at his ankles we reach up to His
fishing arms.

Then our Lord like an ancient

helmsman steers a boat
coping upwards in the cove of Heaven;
upwards underneath the turning
wheels of stars.

Praise Poem #4

God called me to a South Dallas ministry.
I chose to be broke, homeless if need be.
My big old house couldn't hold
all the gifts he's been giving me.

Everyone,

Help me hold on to the Lord.
I cannot wrestle him alone.

Praise Poem #11

He has done the dying for us.
Now death too is ours.
He has sweetened that displeasure.
 I can't get so low as Him.
 Always He is the higher minister.

He has woven countless wayward paths
into a bloodsoaked robe.
You clothe Yourself with us: Your workmanship,
 and call us Your own righteousness.
 Alive with you, we will worship You.