

Desmond's Light

The long telescope in his arm,
he spun in the yard
between the corners of the sky,
but nothing came.
The little shooting stars
slipped like minnows
through his fingers.
The entire cruise ship,
windows flaming,
was gone,
even the fair moon survivor,
yes, even that fat dollop
of our own gibbous moon,
bent like an aproned nurse
upon the night,
he could not catch.

Our own moon
is a bowered garden.
We can almost sprinkle her
with the tidal surf,
fill her ivory back
with water for a bird's bath.
Oh Desmond,
cannot see,
makes such a beautiful glory.

*boughs are dizzy
teeth touch the moon
cannot speak for laughing*

Oh Desmond come,
get your silly bones
to bed, mom says.
Father put the glass away,
“good,” he says, “you’ve got
the lens cap on already.”

*in one blink
the herd of notions
moves*

In a wild shame
Dez shrugs alone.

*a white eddy moon
following him
to his empty bed*

The Lord, the Lamb, speaks.
His words link the star lights,
form aisles in the sky
so that Desmond
will tear free,
running to the light
of the altar.
Only God is Love,
and if there is One who has walked
the very life of Love,
as Christ has manifestly,
certainly He is the Lord.
Only God could live that life,
and God certainly would live
that life.
God serving is the open secret.
Those who say it's wishful thinking
do not know Him.

For there was one who set the countless
heads of the herd of man running,
ran him festered with disease,
rampant with the fever of death.

*mother of all living
we are droves
driven*

For even the man Adam, who knew,

*one who first began
to take up thorns
in his hands*

departed from a pure mind,
was born again in the dawn of the crow's call,

came to her Earth, followed her,
leaving the rock.

*loveliest of all women
some apples upon her breast
some in hand¹*

It is desperate,
it is gruesome, where I began
to find that I was bound,
neck greening,
tormented by the past.

*cover me dove
lest the flames burn me
naked with distress*

There is no hope
in numbering my own
“righteous deeds”,
but because of His
great mercies we have hope.²
We revolve around these
new each morning.

It brimmed in You,
your gentle breast,
throughout Your life.

*tied to altar horns
to sickness as by cords
we became His holy Temple³*

There against Him,
I offer my smallest,
my most regular prayers.
“God be merciful to me,
a sinner.”⁴

*all spring and summer
the herd of notions*

1 Charles Kennedy's translation of Old English poem, “Genesis”

2 Referring to Daniel 9:18

3 Psalm 118:27

4 Luke 18:13

comes closer

Golgatha,
I am on your black side.
Golgatha,
which I never
would come near,
in the darkest hour
Christ discovered you
for hidden pity.

*step by step
none knew
He sought the cross*

The heart that shaped
the world was broken,
the holy lamb
who gives freely of himself
to loathsome dead men
so they might partake of His glory.
Rough tormentors,
professionals hardened by many executions,
scourging, striking, mocking,
proved Him, could not find any limit
to His patience and sweet lowliness,
the bottom of His humble heart.
In extremity the honest man
was good at death.

*Father forgive them
for they know not
what they do⁵*

Instead of killing you
He killed His only begotten Son.
For it is the God
who commanded light
to shine out of darkness
who has shone in our hearts
to give the light of the knowledge
of the glory of God
in the face of Jesus Christ.⁶

5 Luke 23:34

6 2 Corinthians 4:6

We became the cause of God.
For whom He foreknew
He also predestined to be conformed
to the image of His Son,
that He might be the firstborn
among many brethren.
Moreover whom He predestined
these He also called,
these He also justified,
and whom He justified,
these He also glorified.⁷

What God speaks forth
is medicine.
His gleaming commands,
are the gate of life.
His fierce sword cuts off the enemy,
and devils cannot assign my place.

*every thought of the Lord
fragrant mountains
sculpted by Love*

He calls me near to pass
through death.

*mostly He speaks to me
hanging from the cross.*

The salt debrides me,
what was rubbed raw
is fresh in Christ.
With songs of triumph
He surrounds me.
Grief flows down my cheeks
loosened by His forgiveness.
Praise Jesus, there goes the old man,
passing peacefully.
I am raised in Jesus with His Spirit.
And praise God,
ready to be raised again.

*all the mountains of the Lord
bloom continually with springs*

Forever, Love has
always been His Way;
He has established a streambed
running through Israel.
He waits and waters us,
gives water to His pasture.
Try to see Him watchman moon.
Lay your spy old wolf.
The young man will overcome
the evil one.
The child's mouth will fill
with praise.

*drink drink from My hand
My hands will work
your healing*