



# Seeds to the Wind: Metaphysical Poetry

by

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## Acknowledgments:

Sometimes prose does not express the things we feel, the things God takes us through, or the artistic intensity of concept made living in us. Several of these poems date from 2002, but most of them run chronologically from summer 2003 to November 2004. There is nothing magical about those dates: my book *Did You Ever think of This?* contains 48 of my poems, and this book continues, solely in poetry, a non systematic presentation of who Christ is in us, how that affects us, and how we relate to others.

I thank God for His love of poetry; the scriptures are filled with poetry, though not ornate and flowery, or metered, like much in the poetic tradition outside of scripture. But without that rich, sober, intense imagery of the Bible, with its declaration of the glory of God and the urgency of man's need for salvation, and Christ's unfathomable atoning work and restoration of the image of God in those who believe, all other paradigms of poetry would fail of possibility.

Thanks to my brother in law Art C. Boldt and my sister Sylvia for their wonderful help in laying this book out and getting it ready for print. Thanks to my wife, Tandy, as always, for proofing. She is not a poet, but has a keen eye for beauty in making our home a place of style and comfort in so many artistic, creative ways. And thanks to Sylvia and Scott Pearce as always for hosting my works on their website, The Liberating Secret.

I majored in English many years ago in college at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and then at the blooming age of 50 went back to Austin Peay State University to get an MA in English. I had loved poetry before, reading the great tradition of poetry and growing in grace, I found the urge to combine Christian spirituality and art. May the Lord bless you if you persevere to read this book.

*Seeds to the Wind*

I enjoy  
rippling maple leaves,  
green, in a dry  
August wind,

each branch  
hung with clusters  
of brown, windmill seeds.

Trees fertilize  
random soil  
as the wind fancies.

By the time I die,  
I hope for poems  
numbering like these seeds,  
that strike up a new tree  
now and then.

In a man's life,  
he hopes for a solid trunk,  
God to send the rain,  
branches spread in dignity,

and lastly, for the chance  
to grow old hearing about  
saplings on the rise.

BC 8-11-03

## *Two Swords Bleeding*

One sword rose up in a field  
where Abel's sheep lay burned.

Cain, with tool in hand,  
harvesting stone,  
ground cleanly sharp its whole way down  
to cut rows of grain,  
looked hard  
with an eye that could not wait.

He threw another lamb  
on the altar,  
where, blood with blood,  
alerted God of a sacrifice  
Cain should not have made.

The other sword,  
a piece of wood with nails,  
took all the drops of blood,  
with every lie and sabotage,  
every dark plot,

every climbing star  
that seeks to shine upon its own,

but at last is hating all alone—  
and took upon his body  
all the sin.

This too alerted God of a sacrifice  
that we should not have made;  
but had he not—  
but had he not,

We'd still be in our pain.

BC 6-18-02

*One Drop from the God-forsaken Tree*

Drops from the God-forsaken tree,  
bled into me, from where you hung  
in agony,

dripped sweat and blood  
my sin had wrung from you.

Your sweetness entered me,  
and rose a royalty.

Your body, hammered hard,  
with metal banging shrill,  
pounding in my ear,  
sent demons screaming.

You, the temple,  
still and hanging,  
set your people free.

BC 8-20-02

### ***God Just Grew 10 Feet Taller***

God just grew 10 feet taller.  
I mean He's bigger than He ever was;  
or did I grow smaller,  
or am I just the same,  
but see differently?  
God just grew 10 feet taller.  
He's getting bigger all the time.  
I knew He was an omni  
in all the major categories,  
but somehow when He gets bigger,  
it takes me by surprise  
each time.

BC 9-15-03

## How to Fish

Revelation is pure,  
understood of itself—  
unmistakably quickening.

Simplicity ignites,  
a flash,  
single in intent.

“I” never finds it.  
It finds “I.”

Origin—above,  
the senses  
never lead there.

Reason,  
unchecked by revelation,  
torments.

Try to make a net  
to catch heaven’s fish,  
they slip through,  
the net tangled in confusion.

When invisible nets  
drop down,  
fish come in schools.

BC 9-30-2003

## *Risen!*

The painful sting of  
the old memory is gone;  
it lingers just enough, as a trace,  
to say, "Don't go that way again."  
Kierkegaard calls it remorse.  
Paul calls it "those things whereof  
ye are now ashamed."  
Today, conviction brightens:  
the new man is here;  
Christ is risen in a body,  
more than what appeared out of  
the Arimathean tomb.  
That brightens  
with new blindness  
to old darkness.  
Sorrow touches us at times,  
to remember the pain  
that got us to the Cross.  
But condemnation knows no  
rightful bit of ground—  
the enemy perceived  
at his old, accusation game.  
Discipline we know:  
those old thoughts and feelings  
hurt—yow! But what a joke  
they really are.  
Suffering we flee from,  
but embrace even more  
as glory.  
On His throne,  
in those high, high places,  
we revel to be,  
and are.  
It makes the scepter  
in your hand today,  
the one of dignity.

BC 10-2-03

*The Leaf of Faith*

October gray showed up.  
At the roof's edge,  
one brown maple leaf  
lay flat on the last shingle.

It recoiled from the edge,  
to dance its way back,  
but rolled flat,  
then slowly up again,  
hovered,

resisting, but lost  
to the shingle's edge.  
A dramatic leaf in death!

The scene turned to the slow motion,  
a few seconds of "No-ooooo."

Then came the final roll,  
no last grip—  
missed—  
and up it went into the air.

BC 10-25-2003

### *Norman Looked Down*

Norman was a wise old man  
who also lived to be 98.  
We knew he was wise.  
His books leave bonfires  
of truth everywhere among  
the designated desperate.

Norman loved a good fire;  
he hated being cold;  
but he incinerated the nondescript.

Legends and stories of Norman  
bring laughter and tears.  
We even laugh at what was not funny  
at the time.

Often, things he thought funny appalled us,  
or things appalling to him drew laughter  
from some. About the time one predicted him,  
strange things happened.

Norman's in heaven now,  
though we have no objective proof  
of that. That's how he would  
want it. Maybe he can't prove  
that we're still here either.

Anyway, to get to my story,  
Norman looked down to see  
what everybody was doing with  
his books and tapes—and memories  
of his words and extreme doings.

He saw that different ones make  
of him what they will.  
One has pot roast, another duck—  
others eat only broccoli and fish.  
Some pig out on ice cream all the time.  
Still others don't eat at all.

He thought about asking God if he could  
come down and eliminate some confusion  
about what his words mean.

God said, “No, I’ve thought about doing  
the same thing Myself, but one trip  
was enough. Remember when you said in  
*God Unlimited*, quoting Kierkegaard I think,  
‘Only the truth that edifies is the truth for you’”?

In his heart, Norman knew this.  
He looked at God, and God looked at him.  
So they went off in a merry dance  
and so do we.

BC 10-29-03

*When There is a Breeze.*

After I sat and thought for a long time  
about moves both offensive and defensive,  
I tired of them all.

The moves all meant complicated  
effort to prove something,  
arguing when it's time to let words  
drop into nothing.

Why care as long as faith sees?  
That ease sounded pleasant.

So I put down this and that,  
to open all the screens  
for breezes through the house,  
refreshing in smell.

Fence posts enjoy this all day.  
Flags don't rise and fall predictably.  
That's why we watch them.

BC 11-13-2003

*On Main Street*

Remove the complex and clever,  
leaving bare nerves.  
Rub with ammonia.

The nerve will desire again  
its wild agents.

Only then, dip clear river drops,  
without so much as dust to taint,  
and pour gently.

The smile really starts  
with this.

BC 11-13-2003

### *How the Bitter Apple Grows Sweet*

When the bitterest apple hangs on the tree,  
the rays from the sun, day after day,  
arrive with necessary heat and light,  
to warm the apple, slowly cooking it  
to its cool ripeness. At the same time,  
stores of rich nutrient join with  
the luscious water of the ground,  
from the rains, or rising up  
from the subterranean.

The nutrient, in the water,  
rises through the ringed trunk, with  
its ribbing of bark, to reach the  
hungry apple, which, taking the  
love of the penetrating sun,  
along with the deep satisfaction  
of water and nutrient, turns into  
the apple, ripe with sugar, that  
falls into the hand of the picker,  
to give pleasure and ergs to the more  
marvelous tree called you or me.

BC 1-15-04

*Why Retake the Stars?*

Why retake the stars?  
Are they not incidentals in a cyber world?  
The numinous calls to us with  
a grieving heart to let awe and supremacy speak.

Then we are ready  
for one miracle after another.

He who is beyond the stars,  
in the stars, cataloguing the stars,  
bursting forth new ones—  
arranges this inviting script,  
continually in revolving aura

BC 11-17-2003

*Let's Fish Today, Mr. K.*

Mr. K, we've both been to hell,  
and seen choice—  
tried to grip  
the near shore,  
when the far shore always calls—  
heard the sirens, loved the safe way,

hated the safe way,  
looked one more time  
at what must be done,  
to find it has been done,

been disciples reproved:  
“Where is your faith?”—  
loved the Lord,  
feared the Lord,  
trembled,  
walked into the house of smug assurance,  
walked into the house of always falling short,

heard no echo,  
distrusted when hearing no echo,  
longed to be alone,  
feared being alone,

let go,  
saw the Cross dragged up  
to the beach, no one on it;  
saw a sea of blood, took forgiveness;  
saw a risen Christ, questioned;  
saw Christ in heaven,  
joined him there:

So could we say  
that the best of things  
for us, in the midst of  
all disclaimers, is just  
to go fishing today,  
and let the scoffers  
say of us, whate'r  
they may.

BC 1-20-04

## *Castles*

I sought my castle in the air,  
not on earth; for I guessed there,  
no problems anymore would eat  
away at ease. But earth will greet  
us every time. It's a grim fact  
that our mortality is backed  
by evidence too sure to doubt.

My mother died; my father died;  
others too. So I can't hide  
from my own creeping onset of  
the wasting. But I look for love  
to do one thing, and that is keep  
me certain that my final sleep  
will only let the spirit out.

On earth, that spirit never tires  
of playful wishes—new desires,  
suited for infinity.  
I ply them, though an enemy  
obstructs. It's meant: yes, God does mean  
our troubles—that from what is seen,  
ergo—the unseen comes about.

Our castle in the air's on earth.  
We live with constant pain. The birth  
that reconciles each tragedy,  
though, speaks insistently to me:  
“The time is now to see God here,  
in every circumstance. Then fear  
must exit—doubt too go out.”

BC 1-22-04

*When a Thing is Blue it's Blue*

And when a thing is blue it's blue—  
Picasso blue. Thinking there is something you  
can do may only make things worse.  
So why fight back, obsess—rehearse  
the details of a plan you think  
would extricate you from the brink  
of mental hell or soon collapse?

What if you draw back to rest? —  
not fight or defend when pressed,  
but sit and wait, not lunge to try.  
Let the angry impulse die  
without a word or deed, and wait  
until the words of Spirit state  
a view you hadn't seen perhaps.

The dire and awful feelings, not  
in guilt resisted, save a lot  
of useless torment. Take the pain,  
and wait to see; do not disdain  
in you the working of Christ's death.  
Soon enough, His holy breath  
will rescue you from evil traps.

The very second He decrees,  
you'll find release—one that frees  
you from concern. Out will go  
the pride attached to any blow  
you've taken. Inside, though you die,  
you'll see the eagle's freedom fly  
and not a single promise lapse.

BC 1-26-04

*Lord You Don't Protect Your Name*

Lord, You don't protect Your name:  
detractors always do the same  
things and never fear the earth  
will swallow them in all their mirth.  
Their scorn continues without fear  
of retribution: it is clear  
to them that You do not exist.

Or else You do, but don't address  
Rebellion: for You're powerless—  
in need of love Yourself—and so  
must people please and not drop woe  
on fat cats, or let saints return  
blow for blow when their hearts burn.  
But what if there's another twist?

Accepting wrong as meant to be—  
that's anathema to me.  
Why should we, Your own, still die—  
experience pain—have to cry  
out for relief—wait to see  
a future day when misery  
to memory's a distant mist?

Still—You do give us release  
now. We know the inner peace  
of living water from a well  
that no words or deeds from hell  
contaminate. We go  
inside, away from grosser flesh,  
to drink. Once again we're fresh  
in a world of grueling grist.

But wait—there's more. We start to see  
the anguish and the slavery  
of others—that Your death again  
in us gives hope to them—that sin  
has ceased to rule. Exposing need,  
Your pain becomes our creed  
of grace where once the serpent hissed.

BC 1-27-04

## *I knocked Upon a Door*

I knocked upon a door and it  
would not open, no, not one bit,  
but mocked my face. The hardest brass  
glared at me. To try to pass  
its barrier immutable,  
tired me—left me full  
of wretchedness and over-care.

Injustice, with its wolves afire  
from woe, and circling close with dire  
designs—their sickly grins stretched wan  
across my body—teeth set on  
a feast of blood—the claw-torn flesh—  
left me in need of old news fresh,  
told speedily to stop despair.

Why this hard door I cannot break?  
Why enemies, like some mistake?  
Have I misfired, gone too far  
in faith, that punishment's now bar  
me from my blessings? I think not.  
More likely God's high trust I got  
in battles. Now what come's unfair.

Unfairness sent from God—not some  
mistake—as if my faith had come  
this far to falter. God decrees  
a cross for me, so that in these  
losses—gone some vital thing,  
life's sweetness—the suffering  
endures its price to make repair.

This offering—not punishment,  
is really grace, love that's spent  
to win a battle that could not  
be won without a fire so hot,  
of sacrifice, that Christ's own love  
is all that I am thinking of  
in the miseries I bear.

BC 1-29-04

*Some Think the Universe is Bright*

Some think the universe is bright  
and sharp—focusing on the light.  
To look at dark and evil things  
too long, retracts what brings  
God's essence in the green and good.  
When a person, daringly, would  
obsess on death—death has a bite.

You can look into goddess blue,  
lose your mind in sunrise drops of dew,  
wait until your favored burst  
of color, argues down the worst  
of death in Nature. Death is there,  
but what's the harm? In its bare  
essential, it's nothing but dishonest fright.

Preoccupation with the dark,  
the morbid, tends to make one stark.  
Pale and drained, death grows more  
supreme than life. But if before  
conceived, you will to know God's sign—  
Christ's resurrection—His design,  
thereby, convinces us what's right..

The killer, corpse—the ghosts of all  
their horror, plus their hate—will fall  
away at once. Allowed, we see  
the gentler side—fertility—  
outlasting lies, those wearily heard,  
that life is meaningless, absurd.  
Lovers win. Scornful spite

will burn, raising up the hair  
on necks at first—before the bare  
truth, spoken by a beckoned child,  
will mock that spite. No one defiled,  
thinking beauty will not last,  
will pass life's gate, but fall fast  
into hell—into self-gratifying night.

BC 2-13-04

### *Too Confining is the Law*

Too confining is the law  
of God—no loophole and no flaw.  
It mirrors light that shining pure  
exposes me. I can't endure  
the scrutiny, here naked in  
its search—locating every sin—  
discovered in my impotence.

I thought perhaps I'd *sometimes* keep  
its words! Deception is the sleep  
that thinks that way—as if a man  
just tries to fail, but really can  
obey with stronger will. The law  
is such that it must leave us raw,  
though, stripped of any innocence.

Not until we cannot do  
the littlest thing—we're truly through  
with imitating Christ—will grace  
be seen. The Spirit face to face  
with us, in union, two made one,  
is confirmation that we're done  
with works. It's grace that now makes sense.

Depression ends; a sprightly lift  
surprises us with ease. The gift  
of total energy, not we,  
but He inside, in unity  
with us, dispatches living by  
the law. My spirit, soul, and I  
live on the grace side of the fence.

BC 2-21-04

*Two Doves Flew*

Two doves flew off into the night,  
each a powdered, scented white—  
wings of lily, spread into a hell.

Each said the other could tell  
of winds across the sky,  
the view of paradise nearby,

though in a darkened blast.  
These are things that threaten never to be past,  
but always tell again the moment that will bring

continuous suffering.  
Up where the worlds ends,  
it began to begin.

The doves flew back in, from night,  
over the waters of chaos, in a light  
they only could see.

Over the churning green, the thick waves, unevenly  
piled up, where hardly good is seen,  
but sinking ships are everywhere in the sea of spleen.

The aqueous man, the fish, rose  
to meet them. Fins spread, he knows  
how to skim the waves through the dark.

Now matter how unruly stark—  
irresolvable, or how simply shunned the obvious word  
to see the truth, the fish-man can be heard

in the night with hymns. Why would one ever guess  
that the very worst of all distress,  
would be forced to offer up an unexpected blessedness?

BC 2-25-04

## *Sabbath*

Sun through a window  
hits hair, cheek, and arm.  
All is still, except  
the sleeping computer,  
with its filtered sound.

An occasional car shoots by.  
The news is in the box.  
Mail will arrive later.  
Books lie about waiting to be considered.  
Conversation occurs hours away.

Sun through a window  
concentrates almost too hot on an ear.

When together, a mind tires,  
a body tires—  
emotions return from their galaxies  
or percussion—  
Sabbath blesses us.

BC 2-27-04

### *Isaac's Nightmare*

Isaac loved his meat and loved his son.  
Esau would have the kingdom be undone.  
Rebekah played the hero in her day,  
When Isaac would not let her have her say.

Convention be thou damned, the lady's true.  
Detractors of the scheme cannot see through.  
Her heart protected Jacob—she was sly:  
Some lies are true; some truth is but a lie.

Resounding in the heavens, waters roared,  
Approval of Her Wisdom thus restored.  
Isaac was the head, but by my life,  
Wisdom often crowns instead the wife.

Abraham, much sager, asked of God,  
Why Sarah, militant, would take a rod,  
And have her lord send Ishmael away,  
That freedom unmolested have its way.

Oh Deborah, you too could drive a man  
To war when necessary—when the plan  
Of God hung on a single, golden thread.  
Oh Wisdom—without You, our men are dead.

BC 3-3-04

### *The Furnace Door*

The furnace door would open too far—  
coals erupt, blowing it ajar,  
to cause regret. The kept mind knows  
resisting fails: pressure grows  
through reaching, meddling hands.

Those tempted honestly can say  
the same predicament today  
might fall to anyone. But will  
the door close back until  
its perfect time? It stands

with force both ways until with ease,  
one puts a finger in the breeze—  
can close the door in peace. Flare-ups die:  
ductwork routes the new supply  
of warmth to its demands.

BC 3-02-04

***Fire Fire Fire Burns***

Fire fire fire burns—  
burns the metal that it turns,  
into the finished sword.

Vultures vultures in the air,  
spy those kings and nobles there,  
a fallen feast now gored.

Sinners sinners wash your hands,  
accept the Lord as He demands,  
receiving your reward.

Fire fire fire burns,  
He of union with you burns  
like molten liquid poured.

In the fire, in the flame,  
fire/light, all of the same—  
to go where light is stored.

Suppress the fire, suppress the light,  
suppress the light, woe brings the night,  
a place of no accord.

Release the fire, release the light;  
release the light, henceforth no night,  
but light of truth adored.

Before the throne, before the glass,  
before the crystal sea we pass,  
not there to hold or hoard.

In the rainbow, on the roof—  
not a whisper now aloof,  
but rushing wing-spans roared.

BC 3-4-04

*Man of Fire*

Mortal bones beset me,  
flesh not protected,  
mind watching the clock,  
racing against demise,  
but for this one fact:  
I am a man of fire.

He of the heavens  
begat me new,  
still in this body of demise,  
yet cloaked in fire—

an embryo new of jewel,  
already inside this rotting skin.

Though beset,  
I cannot go higher  
than be the man I am,  
someday to be revealed,

but presently known—a man of fire,  
now cloaked.

BC 4-14-2004

## *Letting Go*

“Not for you,” was the word.  
Surely I would have heard  
something else, like, “Fix that.”  
But no, regarding the matter at  
hand, that voice, hard to argue  
with, made it plain, that to remain true,  
I must abstain. “But why?”

This is a question, causing faithfulness to die  
if persisted in when the heavenly  
grimace appears. Then, no matter how reverently  
we ask, or no matter how many tears we drop—  
His immovable voice quietly says, “Stop;  
or run ahead into your own lust.”

The voice urgently crying, “I must,”  
isn’t so undeniable after all.  
Why rush in—precipitate a fall?  
No, that urge will eventually subside,  
though at the moment, its horrendous tide  
seems irresistible. But in a moment, an hour,  
or even days, or weeks—perhaps years, the power  
will drain away, leaving only certitude  
that Christ’s will is refreshing indeed, and food  
for all we are—barring nothing. And how worthwhile  
to have waited for His way, without the thrust of guile.

BC 5-5-04

## *The Spirit of Praise*

The Spirit of praise has fallen,  
the mantle of holiness is near,  
garments of love have covered us,  
Jerusalem above removes our fear.

Grace is the water all around,  
wind blows within and without,  
the new man lives in ecstasy already,  
no matter what the devil is about.

One roar of the beast from his sea,  
sounds but the call to see Mount Zion,  
we the redeemed have entered into rest,  
Wisdom raises its hands with the Lion.

Where snakes strike with deadly wounds,  
the lovely Spirit draws all poison out,  
with antidotes of wine and milk,  
swallowing also the former doubt.

We walk as those who verily know,  
trembling often before we see release,  
but our weakness makes the pure to sing,  
for His presence known is all our peace.

BC 5-20-04

## *Attachments*

Many there are who debate  
the helping professions, whether  
the soul aspiring in life to be great,  
lets itself get attached as to a tether.

Then one lives or dies as some other soul goes,  
in ecstasy soaring, or in depression's pit,  
according to the pleasing, or alternately the throes  
of friend, child, or mate—that's the sum of it.

Tossed, often worn, beaten perhaps  
by rising or falling events, the committed one,  
to see another through, suffers each lapse  
as to itself, in death until a certain thing is done.

Others, of cooler spirit, supposedly, stay  
maddeningly objective, tendering exclusively in facts  
and not given to the extreme play  
of ups or downs in the fluctuations of another's acts.

This latter looks enviable—the former tossed  
violently, while the cool soul remains placid.  
Just when one we're committed to looks utterly lost,  
the latter does not break down in life's certain vat of acid.

Can one truly live so heartily and stoic of frame?  
And does no attachment secretly, with time, wear away  
aloofness, since in constitution we're all the same?  
Is there not a certain connectedness that finally captures us one day?

Troubled thoughts over this—whether or not to let go  
and attach, or conversely, to hold fast, distancing in soul—  
brought a moment of confusion and fear: the former flow  
of Spirit life might stop and hell begin to take its toll.

Should I get attached or not? Such an easy resolution came—  
that this or that person is not the one I pursue,  
as where my tether is. All of life either way is the same,  
“Holy Trinity, I am attached to You.”

BC 5-26-04

### *Dimensions*

Holy water runs through the soul,  
along its non eroding banks—  
the refreshment of life's terrible toll,  
Come drinkers, from all ranks.

Not only drink, but swim,  
or float—rest there easily;  
for watery love carries them  
to new destinations who can see.

Birds and angels reach out—  
grasp the imagination, now true;  
and old things wondered about,  
in hope, resurrect in something new.

BC 5-28-04

### *Bishop of My Soul*

Bishop of my soul, the dread of things  
too great would end up its own penalty:  
unattended, when an adder stings,  
its poison soon would find its way through me.

But what if when the dreaded adder strikes,  
I grab the tail and use it as my rod?  
A deadly instrument that no one likes,  
works then to bring about the will of God.

Flee when you can or should, no error there:  
but sometimes cornered, sometimes sent, we see,  
that one must handle what one would not bear  
often times, to set another person free.

BC 6-14-04

*Wreath in the Sky*

Warm is the sun in the sky,  
quiet the blue all about,  
bitter it is to die,  
but sweetness is swallowed up doubt.

Fresh is the green of the tree,  
fresh is the green, living grass,  
much one considers hard,  
wishing it soon would all pass.

The bitterest death is first dire,  
the hardest to love is our Cross,  
divorcing light from its fire,  
multiplies much empty loss.

Light is the cloud rested high,  
risen from turmoil beneath,  
easy to touch when we die,  
curling its heavenly wreath.

BC 6-24-04

## *Dictators*

In my world, gardens abound everywhere,  
and the finest air, which dictators,  
for you and me, spare,  
but not for themselves,  
which is hardly fair.

Tyrants, for all the promises they bear  
when courting power (at the time when  
care weighs the listeners down)  
have no intention to disclose their selfish plans  
until fully safe to do as they dare.

Then, when you expect fulfillment,  
like the yearning for that icing covered éclair,  
instead they seize your hair,  
tear off your clothes, leaving you bare  
to the elements, and treat you like, not *they*,  
but you are the dreaded, wicked tare.

But for all this wounding of spite,  
though anger would explode with its scorching  
flare, to pay back in kind, I know that this  
would only bring despair.

So I retreat to Paradise, unseen,  
where, in a little known sedan,  
I sit with real contentment. For there  
no tyrant rules, and I may bear my heart  
at will, everyday, among lilies much too fair  
for sight by any eyes except those  
who seek a wisdom that is rare.

BC 8-5-04

## *Secrets*

In one quarter, healers say, “You’re only as sick as your secrets.”  
Some hiding is not good.  
Better yet, when in a new day a person says,  
“You’re only as well as your secrets.”

The unrestrained self pours out everything—  
on the news, in magazines, on talk shows—  
as if healing comes from  
every vomit.

The general décor of select jewels fits wisdom.  
But when no secret death occurs,  
or when no secret glory awaits the one  
who loves a thing hidden,

then a man is only a city without walls,  
easily breached, blind to dignity,  
and closed in all vital senses to the little cloud  
in which secrets get told.

To a prostitute there is nothing new and nothing old.

BC 8-10-04

## *Insights Follow*

What if truth were total,  
meaning one burst of flame,  
followed by instant discernment  
whenever challenge appears.

Let no time or gradual unfolding  
occur, but always say an instant word,  
like one huge key on a ring,  
that unlocks every plot.

Truth is like this.  
So why did Jesus unfold the Father's plan  
in stages? Conditioning prepares,  
but even then, shock and disbelief have staggered  
the most intimate of followers—sometimes to revolt.

Desperate ones go on,  
seeing the uselessness of finding a spot  
only to stay in it. Even that one key  
gets stale if plots don't bring drama  
continually.

If I don't use my key over and over again,  
I never see the glory in it  
unrecognized before.

And all those mansions in my father's house?  
I've just gotten started,  
not expecting an end to the discovery.  
Love keeps its fascination at all times.

BC 8-16-04

## *Truth's Danger*

Who thinks that truth is safe,  
a place of comfort where a simple rule  
here or there allays all?

Truth is a rock in dangerous water,  
where freedom lies protected  
by peril so great that  
only those in love with severity  
and gentleness escape.

One without the other will not do,  
or fear will abuse or cower to abusers.  
The price is solitary vision,  
not isolated or immune,  
but able to love God more than  
closest rivals.

No one can see to let go until  
divine light shows the threatening grip.  
Those we love, the things we love,  
take a miracle to hold second.

But as we see our one love,  
again and again,  
each bitterness turns to what is  
noble and good in God,  
in the rapture that only suffering  
can offer the chance of.

BC 8-18-04

### *Chill or Grill or Wait until*

What to do now, when a twist arises,  
someone not in keeping with the law.  
Back when dinosaurs roamed the earth  
with terrible teeth, they would rip flesh  
from bone in their hunger. A sin was a  
real sin like the book says, and sinners knew  
that the dinosaurs would eat them.

Then came a new wave that said all  
have “feet of clay”—dinosaurs too,  
so everyone should just lay off  
and see possibility in all. In came  
the ice age, the era of the big chill.  
It wasn’t supposed to be a cold time,  
so much as a time when any souls could  
gather around without the fear of  
the dinosaurs.

Soon, however, the dinosaurs turned so tame  
that sinners took over. The dinosaurs had a new rule:  
“Thou shalt not call any thing a sin.”  
The problem was that the sinners now had  
turned into dinosaurs themselves, eating anyone  
who looked in the book and didn’t see through  
the word sin to make it mean something else.

New dinosaurs rose up to challenge the old dinosaurs.  
Someone called something a sin,  
a practice long considered forbidden. A few people  
even confessed secret immoral practices  
and stopped doing them. This was worse to  
the vegetarian dinosaurs than having the high faith  
not to see a sin at all.

The reformed dinosaurs brought in enough heat  
to warm up the ice age and begin a new time of grill.  
No hour of the night lacked for grilling,  
in large groups or small ones, as long as  
a nice leg or breast could crackle on the spit,  
bringing insight to many. When meat lacked,  
the reformed dinosaurs gnawed bone or went out  
to hunt prey for the grilling. To find a sin brought great reward.

It was best to find it in another, but finding it in oneself brought high praise too. No one much chilled anymore with the independent concept once called “feet of clay.” Reformed dinosaurs even eat those.

Some dinosaurs, discouraged by chill and by grill, started up a once heard of practice of praising the Creator of the dinosaurs. This did not meet with much favor with chill or grill, because chill and grill thought they were the Big Dinosaur in little dinosaur form, and so the point must be about dinosaurs and what they can do.

The chills did not think they were guilty of this: they were “seeing through.” But they worked so hard at loving “----ers” that no one could tell the chills apart from the world except for certain mantras including the name of Christ. They read the book now and then, but largely found deeper truths in lands to the east where dinosaurs can’t tell the difference anymore between good and evil and therefore live confused all of the time.

The grills read the book a little, but only if it supports what they think about “sinners.” The book doesn’t get much favor with them either, however, because one must interpret it by certain doctrines leading them to overlook what the book says about many other matters.

Dinosaurs that praise the Creator of the dinosaurs and still read the book as if it is a book, find out that “feet of clay” can exist in a fellowship. But in order to not be ridiculous, with some practices, one must see one’s way through to removing them from the village. This is not popular, but a few dinosaurs spoke up and reminded the others where the book says that discipline doesn’t hurt anyone and might even indicate love.

The earth may yet survive another ice age or melting. It’s been around a long time. If a “sound mind” ever takes over, a golden age might arrive.

BC 8-20-04

## *I See a Miracle*

I do not see a miracle, much less  
have thought of one. Flesh rules  
the day, either the work and guilt kind  
or the carnal indulgence kind.

The work and guilt kind tries to  
keep the law, prizing sweat and  
commitment, taking John's word "ought,"  
as if he does not mean a fresh supply  
every moment from the vine,  
but a self-driven will to be like Christ.

The carnal indulgence kind sees no law,  
and so walks no rope high in the air,  
with breathless tension swallowed  
in serenity, but crawls drunkenly  
on the floor already, in a fantasy of  
self-enamored sacrifice.

Both these enemies hardly seem friends.  
One would like to explore new,  
unknown regions of cold with each,  
or else subject them both to a duel.

The would-be icy tong or overwhelming logic  
leaves the hero in danger, too,  
of either enemy's camp. A fight with the  
toiling, or a fight with the carnal,  
could entangle the mind of one  
bringing good news.

A strange strategy enters. The one who  
spoke to Elijah in barely a whisper,  
says, "Hands off; call this friend.  
What looks forever, and with rising momentum,  
will suddenly halt in a moment of need.  
I might need you to render aid then.  
But for now, wait and worship Me."  
I see a miracle in this.

BC 8-30-04

***Go with the Wind***

Go with the wind.  
Do not try to make it go with you,  
Those who do succeed for a while,  
then end up tired before they start.

If you are not the wind,  
then don't blow.  
If the wind is not you,  
then don't go.

Catch the wind, and it works for you.  
Let the wind catch you,  
that's good too.

Wrestle with the wind—you lose.  
Even ships in storms,  
go with them if they're  
meant to be.

How do we know?  
Because behind them all  
is a mind that works by  
unity.

BC 9-10-04

## *When Time Stops*

In eternity, time stops.  
Before that, there is never enough—  
after, all we need,  
so much, that we have time to play.

Play makes work that satisfies.  
The rampant worker,  
non-eternal,  
frantic, dies.

Efficiency deceives by making toil  
a never ending burden.  
Privilege slows down  
to where time stops,  
so that miracles can surprise us.

One miracle is all I need.  
It's the one that does not  
live in time.  
Everything regenerates  
from that.

BC 9-10-04

## *The Work of God*

Sometimes the work of God is to rest,  
though one might fear what it means  
to let go of more activity—  
to get caught not doing.  
Why that's a crime—  
the worst shame of all,  
letting another die.

Is a life just another shed, or field  
to maintain, keeping the paint on,  
fixing the roof, mowing or planting?  
The fear of disrepair or unruliness  
drives the need to keep a proper surface  
on a world in decay.

Never let the underlying death  
show through, admitting that all of it  
will end in waste,  
get burned up some day.

But death is Nature's way, and God's at that.  
Take a seed; it must die—  
no fixing there, but yielding a spot to lie in,  
to rot in, until a new life springs up fresh.

Fixing the old, again and again—  
sometimes is saving a seed from its destiny,  
its glory. A seed cries out;  
it does not want to die,  
and in my time, neither did I.

But I did once.  
When the other seeds cry out,  
I do again.  
Does it get easier each time?  
I think so. But then, when a soul on fire  
in pain screams out, it is always  
hard to go.

BC 9-26-04

## *Gray October*

God does not always give  
the October of colors,  
or even heavenly blue.

This year He chose gray  
the last two weeks,  
almost every day,  
and the air hung sultry too.

After a summer rarely seen,  
where storms in their eccentricity  
ripped through,  
the grass uncharacteristically stayed green.

This gave high hopes  
of an escapist fall.  
But for no known reason,  
gray gloom and damp sweat  
settled in.

Some leaves showed streaks of color  
along the streets, but gray prevailed,  
with the quick dumping of leaves.

Even cool dry nights now  
would bring an edge of pleasure.

Today, God brought back the longed-for blue,  
with majestic patrols—thick clouds—  
passing leisurely by.

The sunlight on a neighbor's dark, metal roof  
is often too bright, but often equally  
an unlikely conjunction of harmony.

One red leaf carried from a neighbor's tree  
onto the metal roof.  
It slid a few feet and stopped.

Several delightful slides  
kept my attention—  
how far this time?

I waited as the red leaf, alone on the roof,  
sat, with two steep feet of slope to go,  
whenever the next puff would up and blow  
it into its spin toward the grass below.

Then it would float while I watched  
in awe again at these things in  
a regimented world.

But to my surprise,  
it began its slide, folded,  
and slipped into the gutter—  
lost to any conclusion I had thought.

Thankfully, I recovered from this abruptness  
when a squirrel jumped from the branch  
on one tree, to a thin branch  
on the tree near-to.

Down the branch went,  
weighted with squirrel,  
and up the branch swung,  
Mozartian,  
keeping a connection in nature  
of graceful motion to a mind  
in need of it.

BC 10-30-04

## *Old Friends Newly Seen*

Wrath and lust come knocking on the door,  
predictably, like they're supposed to.  
I used to let them in, thinking  
they were inevitable anyway.

Those were the days before,  
when I didn't yet see through  
the bluffing needs—the ones that screaming,  
ruin the good opportunities of every waking day.

When I prayed them to end, I just got more!  
stronger ones even. I didn't know what to do.  
Was I dreaming, in my naïve thinking,  
that there was some magic word I could say—

a magic word that would always stop the roar?  
How could it be God's will that my problems grew?  
It didn't seem fair—the devil's scheming—  
and at that, under God's controlling way.

Trying didn't work; trying is the deceptive core.  
The devil snorts his laugh when we're not through—  
through with all our own righteous-in-our-minds-scheming.  
He's the winner in that game of foolishness we play.

But then we learn what troubles are for—  
that God means them until we're too tired to do—  
until we're ready to be still and start trusting  
His keeping of us in every way.

I would sin and sin and sin some more  
if He didn't keep me and do His own will in me too.  
So I thank Him that He is—and is enjoying  
life in me—like I'm enjoying life in Him without dismay.

So knock on, wrath and lust: you're my practice floor,  
on which I dance, and make art of what you tempt me to.  
You keep me dreaming, always dreaming  
of how I please the one I love with this ballet.

BC 10-6-04

## *The Unholy Bondage*

I sold myself to think what you think—  
feel what you feel,  
but I didn't really.  
I wanted to belong.

The thought of your franchise not mine,  
compelled me against the  
deep distress of a voice inside  
not yet known.

I hated what I did,  
but more that it was not my own—  
free and from a well refreshing,  
drunk from daily.

Why did I sell myself?  
I was an ignorant slave.  
When you spoke the word of the Lord,  
It was a music I heard delightful,  
but not of my own playing.

Whether you did good or evil,  
I was your slave—  
lost in the effort to belong.

When I could try no more,  
I thought that I might die;  
but to do the same was death itself,  
so whatever the answer was,  
it was not that.

I cried, "Lord, make Your word alive in me."  
The breath of sweetness filled me.  
Into the refuge I went;  
into the strong tower I went;  
into the hiding place I went.

What about all my sins?  
He spoke to me anyway,  
of what He did once to cleanse the  
consciousness of the worshipper.

He is the word.  
He is the holy.  
His breath and word filled me.  
In my agony and distress,  
He attracted me,  
wooed me,  
wrenched my tears,  
released my anger into Him,  
put His stop on word and deed,  
took me into silence,  
united me in presence.

Once again I could sell myself  
to what you think.  
Should I not listen to you?  
Might you speak what He says?  
You might.

But I say, "Thank you; I will see  
what the one who leads me says to me."  
Into the tower,  
into the refuge,  
by the quiet waters.  
I will know.

In that I will know, I do know.  
In that You do speak, I listen.  
The voice of my friend  
for good or for evil is not the end.  
It is the signal of my seeking.

You wondrously lead.  
With my friends, I do not try  
to be in or out with them.  
With You, I can be in with them—  
I can be out with them.

You alone I must always be in with,  
and am, and by Your voice I know.  
Then I am free not to speak,  
not to do,  
but free as well either way,  
by the freedom of Your breath.

You are worship and praise.  
You are the glory of all my days.  
You are the author of my ways.  
You are my presence day or night,  
whether in the hideous hell  
or that which can delight.

I sit and hear your silent wonder,  
the courage or fear,  
the dread and awe,  
the rolling in of Your chariot—  
black cloud and flame,  
with roar and breaking.

How then can I fear  
one created in Your image?  
It is You that steals my heart,  
and I give it to You.

BC 10-14-04

*I'm Where the Monarch Is*

I'm where the reigning monarch is—  
with the King and His cabinet,  
where the four creatures cry holy,  
where the elders cast their crowns.

I'm where the bride is,  
celebrating, though the official supper awaits.  
Governments go on,  
unaware of all the preparations,

considering this or that power  
ruling over the souls and commodities of us all.  
For now they do in a lesser sense,  
as good or evil command the body.

But how inferior to view things this way:  
where the present and passing, alone,  
dictate how our souls are won.  
The principalities surely gloat in this.

But when a soul will cut free,  
even when not able to,  
the governor of all, releases us from tutors  
into a perfect liberty.

To look in the mirror then  
is to see one beautiful, not myself—  
but then myself reappearing transformed  
in an embrace as one.

This is the free soul, which looks  
not by the body or by the eye of the world,  
but by the hidden eye of mystery,  
where King and subject unite,  
where bride and groom know continual glory  
in eternal light.

BC 10-15-04

## *Syncretistic Hell*

Don't falsify the record if you please:  
the facts stand elementary. If these  
do not convince you, then I fear your end.  
Think not that good and evil deeds will blend.

Once upon a time a fact stood bold  
as a warning—reliable as told:  
men feared to add in all ingredients.  
Where all beliefs are true, not one makes sense.

All, good or evil, evolve until they're saved?  
Hell is a hate crime. God would be depraved  
to send you there. In His community,  
everything's accepted—then one's free?

When all the stops are out, and we've been hurled  
for too long in an ever darkened world—  
sophisticates in shock will see their lie,  
and all the rest will mock them from on high.

BC 11-9-04

## *The Future Election*

The Lord is coming soon,  
how soon, we don't exactly know.  
The news networks can't say either;  
in fact, they appear unconvinced of His coming.

When that election comes,  
the vote will not be close.  
Oh, the majority may have voted against Him,  
and the polls will have indicated  
a 666 victory all the way;  
but when He comes, His own vote  
for Himself will be enough.

His chariot is so great  
and His hosts so numerous from those unseen worlds,  
that UFO lovers will wilt aghast  
at who the real aliens are.

Democracy will temporarily fail,  
for kings don't worry too much about  
the polls or the final vote count.  
But after the king and His army  
make known who's really boss  
and who's been boss all along  
(Lord is a better word)  
then democracy can start up again.

The elect will cry out so joyfully  
that the celebration would continue  
long into the night, except that  
there will be no more night anymore.  
No one will write old nature poetry  
about the sun or the moon, or even  
various temples, shrines, and other  
places of worship and oblation;  
they will not exist, for only the Father,  
and the Lamb, and the Holy Spirit  
will be the light and the important places everybody  
thought about before.

Maybe the best thing of all will be the networks;  
they will finally have the real scoop.

BC 11-3-04

## *The Knight*

A knight eagerly sought a field of darkness,  
knowing it a place of beauty once, but presently in duress,  
so that he might restore it to its former light.

No place of darkness should be that dark, so the knight's trust  
in a mission properly inspired, therefore, must  
succeed, with fiery battles fought, not ending in disgrace.

Darkness first recognized is not the half of darkness, for even though he sees  
the weight of resistance ahead, he does not yet imagine how these  
demons will stir hell and fury against him out of their own lustful thirst.

Who knows upon first commission how it will bring about death;  
for death is theoretical until experienced—equally the weakness in which the breath  
of rescuing deity must move before a battle's done.

When new to the call, a knight dreams on his armor—the thrill of first fight,  
maidens chanting, the gleam of his sword, and the early dispelling of night,  
when in conflict he first prevails, but long before the battle's through.

A few battles won do not constitute a war, when the terrain is large—  
the enemies re-entrench, and are not willing to quickly let a new hero barge  
in with noble vision to change everything and put them askew.

The weariness of everyday, and everyday a fatigue unexpected learned,  
turns early tastes of victory into one wilderness after another, slowly burned  
into his mind as dryness and waste accumulate to measures of unbearable distress.

The knight calculates how to preserve water, strength, and rations to last  
long enough to hold out, and whether he should in one sudden blast,  
attack and try to shatter the long held positions with forceful weapons of the light.

This acrid, quick strategy does not work; a more settled, patient plan  
must emerge in which darkness to the knight's mind becomes more than  
something to resist in kind, in a sudden dispatch, to regain his sense of bliss.

The darkness must break into his mind as yet darkness, but greater still,  
belonging to his master, so that already Lord of it, he knows his sovereign will  
win and has therefore won, even in the midst of the knight's most confounding distress.

This deep void, and no other—this impossibility, with nothing to his mind  
that can possibly avert depressing retreat, so another task perhaps he should find—  
that nails him to the board with finality, of how God his soul will keep.

Where the dirt is packed tight and arid, where every iron tool kills his mind,  
he draws back from depression, he dies to all he had hoped in early victory to find,  
seeing that most people, and he too before, lived life like a flirt.

He had not really seen the enemy's abyss, or the grace he would need, nor  
did he even know, but by shadows and ideas, in his early optimism before.  
But he hears now the voice of God, too fine for his ears earlier when a preening lad.

He learns too the darker side of the bad—the intractable ways of the serpent,  
which never retreats from him in battle. He discovers not to resist when sent  
against evil, but to concentrate on invisible streams of water for which he yearns.

Out of the nothing comes his refreshing, the creative word from his master  
that he now hears with restorative power; the visions multiply faster  
even in this darkness he stays in, all the while accepting in his heart the agonies of love.

These agonies twist him, but he does not let them steal his life to destroy  
his former dream. Instead, he enters into the mystical, using it to his employ—  
that where misery had beset him and almost turned him away, he now finds ecstasies.

His horse senses the new energy; his sword gleams brighter; his imagination flares  
into what enemies cannot see, what comes from another world and scares  
them far worse than the knight they saw when first on his course.

An old cliché comes to mind, one frequently said about certain chances that a thing  
will happen—“When hell freezes over”—but that is what the knight will bring  
to battle: victory against those odds, with intoxication that makes him bold.

He does not care that the darkness persists; to him now it is a temporal mist,  
already subservient to his present rule. When the serpent realized this, he hissed  
the loudest, in rage, that a knight, persisting, would see him scatter.

To the terrifying ledge of mental dissolution the knight suffered to be spent,  
that his sovereign might dub him of the new mind, not on this world bent,  
but on the next one: and thus even in this life possessing an undefeated edge.

BC 11/1/04

## *The Man and the Maiden*

Man:

Your beauty thrills me; your kiss makes me dizzy.  
See these flowers I brought you;  
bring your mother and father  
that I may woo you before them  
and receive their blessing.

My days pass swiftly by as I wait for your love.  
I barely sleep at night.  
The plans I have with you are infinite.  
Our wedding night cannot be upon us too soon.

My companion, you fill my imagination with love.  
Your pleasures did not disappoint me.  
Prepare me a feast my love;  
bring me meats to my pleasure,  
seasoned from the wisdom of the past.

I must work my love;  
fatigue fills my bones.  
No, I don't feel anything today;  
the encumbrance of the wearing days  
causes me to dream of places far away.

My love, what is that you say?  
I had no idea you felt that way.  
Did you have such a day?  
No, that is not something I want to do.

I have seen hurricanes twist fewer trees than this.  
Storms like this drive me inside.  
Where is the attic that I may hide in it?  
Where is the chariot of my imagination?

Maiden:

Speak to me my love; do not hide yourself.  
I am like a flower alone, a bird moaning softly.  
I see our seed to come and the nurturing breasts.  
I am the keeper of your house.

Do not forsake me my love.  
Though you are here, you are not here.  
Our spiritual cord is broken.  
I am wounded from your scorn.

Remember that I am weak;  
be firm, but not be as ice.  
I wail for dreams now dying  
like the roses in October.

I sink into the cold deeps,  
not angry that I can show,  
or hurt that you could water with your tears.  
My face is pale with grief.

Do not harden your heart against me.  
Do not send me away, your bride.  
Remember our companionable times,  
the sweetness of our dreams together.

Our fortress needed to be made secure,  
built from wisdom in each day's struggles.  
I had heard of such trials, but our early dreams  
kept them a song in the distance for others.

In the death of all we hoped,  
I see new growth in the unlikely season.  
May what I did not know become my food;  
may a mirror, divine, establish me,  
one transformed.

May the dreams I have for you  
fly to another land,  
returning to me through bitterness made sweet,

and the dreams you have for me  
do the same,  
so that each unto holiness,  
secured alone, in solitude,  
we may reunite again in April showers.

BC 11-05-04

## *The Way Things Went*

A traveler went into a land  
Of barrenness and heated sand.  
The windswept cactus seemed to laugh  
At his intentions like some gaffe,  
As on the eerie miles stretched long,  
In punishment for all his wrong.  
A lizard darted on a rock,  
With forking tongue as if to mock  
And say, "You're such a fool to roam  
Out here, you should have stayed at home:  
No one survives this place of dread;  
Look at these remnants of the dead—  
The bones of beasts and man spread wide,  
Where rays unshielded burned the hide,  
And left the skeletons to say,  
"We rue the day, we rue the day."  
A rattling sound gave him a chill,  
Of fear, as over on a hill  
Close by a hissing snake's head rose,  
And stood erect, and then it froze  
In scorn, with beady eyes to say,  
"You never should have come this way."  
At this, a bit of clammy doubt  
Began to cloud his mind about  
Just what he could expect out here—  
Where after many days, the sheer  
Unending heat wears down the soul—  
The heat that finally takes its toll.  
He clutched his grimy, green canteen,  
An army relic he had seen  
And bought to get him through the heat,  
Though never water did he meet,  
But only sand—yes only sand,  
Out in the desert looking grand,  
When he had sat with eager look  
And seen its picture in a book.  
Much in life romantic seems,  
Much in life leads us to dreams,  
Air conditioning hums all day—  
The faucet's just a step away.  
That picture shows the brilliant hue,  
Prismatic, luring travelers to  
Presume on star-scaped dizzy nights,  
With all the crackling, mystic rites  
Of orange-red embers burning slow,  
While inspiration in its glow

Fills heads with every desert charm  
And hides the all-foreboding harm.  
Pictures tell a thousand words  
That fly away like mockingbirds,  
When no more water holes appear,  
Signaling that death's now near.  
Too late to turn back from this land,  
With all its arid, arid sand.  
The traveler with a forlorn sigh  
Knows hope is gone, and death is nigh.  
The traveler winces in his tears,  
And finally prays out loud his fears.  
"Oh God, I've heard that with a blow  
from Moses' stick, a stream did flow  
out from the barren, flinty rock,  
to quench your thirsty little flock.  
I've read of Hagar's desperate plea,  
when with her Ishmael, there she,  
amid the desert, heard him cry,  
and God sprung up a well nearby.  
I've heard that Samson all alone,  
With just a donkey's fresh jawbone,  
Struck down a thousand Philistines  
And left their widows without means.  
Standing at Ramath Lehi  
In desperate thirst, he made his cry  
To God that thirst not take him down  
And steal his victory and renown.  
His mighty soul in faith despised  
A capture by uncircumcised  
Philistine lords, while faint with thirst.  
So fervently he more rehearsed  
His prayer, and God did split  
Apart a hollow place, and it  
Gave Samson water to refresh  
His thirsty, battle weary flesh.  
Oh God, I read your prophet's scroll,  
That streams will someday from You roll  
And break forth in the wilderness,  
When comes the end of all duress.  
But most of all, I've read how You  
In mortal flesh one day passed through  
Samaria, and by a well  
Did there a troubled woman tell,

To give your tired flesh a drink.  
At this her spinning mind did think  
To pose the question, 'How can you  
Be asking me—since you're a Jew—  
For water; don't you know that's wrong?  
I'm not elect; I don't belong.'  
The Spirit watered every word;  
The more he talked, the more she heard.  
Her thirsty, longing bludgeoned soul,  
His living waters did extol."  
The traveler paused and looked around—  
A hundred feet from him the ground  
Fell back and banked into a stream.  
He thought he'd lapsed into a dream.  
But no, his faith had made a well  
And rescued him this tale to tell.

BC 3-26-02

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