

A Sampling of Poems Exploring Faith through A Progressive Poetic Lens

Pentecost

You whispered to me through water
even as I knit together
threads of destiny
and flesh
inside a mother's womb

You played for me
trembling rhythms of
blood and lava,
drummed into my heart
the songs of Earth
You sang to me
the names of trees and taught me
the speech of stones

You left me
among the people of the wind
Charged me as keeper
of their stories
Submerged me
in the weighted labor
of their breath

Creator of All Things,
speak to me in fire!
Raise water into steam,
Consume forest and shrub in flame
Feed upon air
Swell in head crowning baptism
Wrap around sacrificial lamb,
crack skin, devour bone
Become the spirit of prayer
that I may speak
Your language

In Love, God

She gives me the chance
to find God in the creases
on the back of her hand,
her fingers wrapped loosely around mine

She knows she does not have to hold
me, I am willingly hers

As she steps into the rain
with an over-shoulder smile, and the promise
of carried-dinner,
and perhaps my favorite dessert,
I am on my knees
that God wrap her in protection as a gift
to me, because I am helpless
without her

This love worth being born for,
becomes God and Her child,
Christ and Her Church,
myself and being born, again
and again, each poem of mine,
each half hummed song of hers,
as she unpacks groceries

There is no sin, not here,
not in this sun-warmed kitchen
as she waits patiently, for grace

Prophesy

Listen to the voice of dreams
twisted into careful strands between
half-forgotten childhood memories,
now more smell and taste
than carefully preserved picture

Tilt your head, just so,
to catch the half-song hum
part lullaby, part chant,
meant to linger over golden fields
during a long-ago harvest

Prophesy lies within such deep and hidden things,
for She knows what lies in darkness
and carries within Herself
the whisper of light at its beginning

In exchange for stumbling prayer
and humble breath
She has made known the dreams of kings
and laid the powers of wise men, enchanters,
diviners and priests like fallen petals
upon the grass,
for your plucking

Be drenched with the dew of heaven,
live with the animals among the plants of the earth,
let your mind be changed
from that of men,
and only listen
for the messengers

Winter Solstice

Hold fast,

slip fingered though your grasp has been
against moments run like rain
through futile clenched hands

Hold fast,
the brightness is coming

Stand firm,
toes curled against a frozen earth,
braced against soil
determined in its lack of welcome
Stand firm,
the warmth is coming

Be still,
the cracking of dawn like a broken shell
is spilling gold
into the purple darkness
Be still,
the sky is moving

Listen,
humming vibrations gather speed,
lifting flattened arches
and resting heels
Listen,
the earth is moving

Be ready
Poised and present, taut and sharp eyed,
waiting with ears turned
and open cupped hands
Be ready,
day is coming

Go forward,
even against wind without source,
Look toward the cliffs where birds with restless wings build nests
You have not been brought into this tundra winter
without reason, and purpose

Go forward,
dawn is coming.