

The Yellow Star
or
JUDEN

Unite!

Wear the yellow star of despised
pr a i s e

Mark your (selves)
For Him

Lose your (selves)
In Him

Share His cup
..... of bitterness

Share His wine
..... of mockery

reveling - meanwhile
in the embraces
.....of the Beloved

instead of
idolworship

"Ishtar - Oshtar"
= goddess of sensuality/goddess of fecundity

translates to
"Easter!"
(not Christ)

Know rejection
join with the Chosen Ones
the Jews
&
be overcome
with His Spirit

Abasing your (selves)
to lift Him Up

Bowing to Him
&
NOT to
worthyworks
worthywords
worthyedifaces

forever & forever & forever
He calls His Own

Don't look back !
I have called you.....
I have chosen you.....

to show forth the praises
of the eternal one
in this life

..... and the next

Wear the yellow star
PrOudLy

remember my love
poured out on the cross

##

At the Tomb

Bending his big frame down
almost toppling over
.....in awkwardness
on the narrow, steep, darkened stair

Peter peered in

his eyes bugged out
as he saw the winding cloth
carefully folded.....
laid on the marble slab

He leaped back
as if stung by a swarm of bees
& JuMpEd

"He's not there.....it's true
He's - He's ALIVE

He boomed with his big bass voice
grinning foolishly in relief
Grabbing James & John
he danced them roughly, wildly around

"I tell youHe is risen !!"

They raced each other
back to town
robes flying, faces red, streaming sweat

stopping everyone
grabbing rudely at their robes

"Jesus is alive !"
"He is risen from the DEAD!"

BuRsTing into the small adobe room
Peter jerked little Matthew up
& twirled him around the room
with a glad cry

Downcast, they watched him,

stupefied

still sad

still terrified of Roman soldiers

"I tell you He's alive"

"Calm down Peter"

"You're being too loud"

"Sit down and explain yourself"

"Have you gone crazy?"

The big man leaped like a rabbit
& shot out the door
hair unruly
robes flying

"If you won't listen
I'll find Magdalene !"

##

Golgotha

in that time - less time
(before time)
in the one blackest moment
of all ages

reaching b a c k (before creation)
& for w a r d downendless corridors
endless doors

one opening to another
each one wider

as eternity
is populated with
super-natural creatures
in the likeness & similitude
of the Risen Christ

((even clumsy Peter))
ever & anon

chasing down the storm-driven torrent

that is Christ's spirit
flowing from the rocky chasms
of heaven

Pouring over the world
like avalanches
of melting snow

(or wild honey from the rock)

down the wild ravines
of time (without time)
age (upon age)

*** ever the same ***
yet.....always new
like the dew
or the sunrise

##

For Steve, the DoorKeeper

Re: Ps. 84

or

the waking vision

(r.i.p. 2005)

S H I N I N G

upright . . .

a thousand sparkles

of light

thrown off

his re-created body

Wreathed in smiles

&

God's love

Ushering the Blessed

i n t o

**the House of Praise
triumphant
((yet humble))**

**the broken, sad
creature -
dis-oriented in life
& scorned
... on earth**

**not EVEN recognizable
in this**

***** new *****

**heavenly be - ing
supremely
((& for - ever))**

HAPPY

##

Metaphor Exercise

I am Ishmael.

I stand sixteen hands high.

No man can touch me except my master.

I run over the Arabian desert faster than the wind.

I love the speed and the gentle touch of my owner.

He raised me without a whip and him alone will I obey.

I shine in the burning desert sun like obsidian throwing off a fiery light.

My strength ripples in my forelegs like waves in the ebb tide.

No man can touch me for fear of
their lives.

I pirouette on my slender legs like a
dancer in a performance.

My master commands and I stand on
my hind legs - a beautiful, fearful
sight.

My spirit is his alone

Still, I long to join my wild brothers
whose tails and manes stream across
the dazzling blue emptiness of the
desert like Bedouin's banners.

I am Ishmael !!

I am life !!

I am freedom !!

I am an Arabian stallion -
Black as midnight
Radiant as the Dawn

##