

November in the North

November . . .  
sneaks in on gray cat's paws  
silent . . . vaporous

trailing mists  
of death & destruction  
the echoes of  
a long ago flood

weep & wail  
in the atmosphere  
as veiled, sorrowful hearts  
yearn for God

but not conscious of it  
just a blind, groping yearning  
like a blind infant  
seeking the breast

the sunken cave  
before Christmas bursts forth  
like  
showers of fireworks  
Gladness (!!)

november, sad november  
when old Noah  
first saw the horizon  
clouded with bodies

like masses of driftwood  
on the waves  
& wept  
& drank himself sick

"oh, my friends  
why didn't you believe me  
instead of mocking me?"

##

Jesus....ever & anon

Eternal LIFE  
shoots out of Him  
in many colors & patterns  
like laser beams

new bodies !  
(in a milli-second)  
shot through  
with infinities  
.....of light  
.....of gladness

an inheritance.....  
sure & fixed  
in the heavens  
for believers

unwise in the serpent's ways  
& wise in the Word

\*\*\*\* eternalife \*\*\*\*

f a b u l o u s

beyond human imagining

not a blood-drenched myth

but like a baby's first laugh

.....ephemeral.....

but not impossible

or

unattainable

forever offered

by merciful arms open on the cross

##

2/2

Holy Spirit

or

The man w/the withered hand(that day)

Riding the roller coaster  
of the Holy Spirit

uP one side.....

HITting the TOP

& d

o

w

n

the other side

my soul leaping uP

Spirit Man

riSing to cancel out

man of flesh

\*\*\*\* burnt \*\*\*\* up \*\*\*\*

in a fiery anointing

STRETCH FORTH YOUR HAND

# #

Palm Sunday

or

What if my people loved me as much  
after the cross as before ???

or

The Key of David  
(( a man after God's own heart ))

The little donkey  
.... bent his head  
as if shyly

Long ears t i p p e d  
to the dirt  
Huge donkey eyes  
rimmed with downy white fur

Ears softly pink inside  
a mark of his  
baby-hood

2/11

The man astride  
also looking down  
shy, hesitant  
face tinged with pink

holding the rope  
with a slack hand  
Shouts & laughter  
rang in His embarrassed ears

“Thank you Jesus !  
Hosanna!  
Praise to the Son of the Morning !”

“Thank you – thank you  
for healing me,  
Lord!”

One voice rang out  
louder than the rest  
harsh, guttural

“Stop – STOP – this INSTANT  
That man is an . . . an  
IMPOSTER !”

Jesus lifted His head  
& locked eyes with the priest

2/11

The priest glared at Him  
\*\* f u r i o u s l y \*\*  
yet with a hostile curiosity  
(what will this freak do next, he thought)

Jesus answered  
f i r m l y  
FULL of authority

“Why, if these were silent,  
the very STONES would cry out my name”  
Caiaphas clenched his bony fists  
& shook one at the crowd

Red with pent-up rage  
“You’ll pay, you’ll pay,  
I’ll MAKE you pay for mocking me !”  
he muttered  
through clenched teeth

The crowd turned away  
from the frowning man  
& back to Jesus,  
relieved, laughing now

Tossing Palm branches down  
\*\* glee – fully \*\*  
before the colt of a donkey

3/11



Jumping & dancing around  
\*\*\* the Lord \*\*\*  
Whom they had crowned  
with a wreath of wild flowers

Mothers held their fat babies up  
for Him to kiss & embrace  
Children grabbed the donkey's tail  
the little ones jumped behind  
& in front

clinging to His robes  
like little monkeys

“Story ! Jesus ! Story !  
Kiss ! Jesus ! Kiss!  
m-m-m-m”

He smooched & hugged them all  
until His face  
was wet with their essence

A teenager ran up to the colt  
. . . & b o w e d  
nearly grazing Jethro's nose

“Thank you, Lord, Thank YOU  
for healing my mother”



The pitiful, precious, wilted wreath  
drooped ludicrously  
over one eye  
Leaves & petals going every which way  
as Jesus smiled

& the boy-man grasped his arm  
in a friendly way  
“Don’t bow to me I’m your friend”

The more He ever so gently  
peeled off the little ones  
the more came to replace them  
Hanging off His arms, His legs, His back  
++ e v e r y w h e r e ++

In the swirling dust in front  
of the motionless donkey  
knelt an old man  
arms outstretched  
tears streaming

“Oh, Blessed Holy One  
sent from God alone  
Blessed Forever !”

Jesus clasped the old man’s hands  
in His rougher ones  
& brought them up to His face

5/11

“Joab, you speak well  
but do not say so  
in Jerusalem or they may hurt you  
go, hide & wait  
until you hear my servant Peter”

Joab nodded vigorously  
his face aflame in love

Flowers covered  
the palm branches  
& tender young ferns  
leafy & lush  
the fragrance wafted up  
in sweet scented summer air

Young women, transformed  
& transfigured by their love  
danced & whirled  
shaking tambourines

Raising their arms,  
c l a p p i n g  
all around  
the bemused donkey

Many colored ribbons  
s t r e a m i n g  
from their long hair  
& the tambourines

G/11  
11

“Hush, Jethro”  
The Lord bent to soothe  
His beast  
“It will all soon be over  
I promise you a big meal”

The donkey perked his ears up  
& tried to walk

A tiny boy  
wrapped his fat legs  
around Jesus’ neck  
& seized the flower wreath

)  
Jesus laughed so hard  
He nearly fell off Jethro

“So, my friend,  
you found your throne  
yes, a throne,  
& a crown too  
ho ho aha ha ha”

Jesus glanced up  
& saw the city gates  
Hugging the little one  
for a moment  
He set him down gently

7/11

“Keep this crown !  
I have another waiting”  
as He handed the delighted child  
His drooping flower wreath

The high wooden gates  
swung open  
from within

Jesus gazed down the winding  
cobblestone street  
“So, it is here at last,”  
He murmured

Matthew & Peter came up  
beaming broadly  
“Yes, Lord, here at LAST”

“ That’s right  
this crowd is only a small part  
of the triumph  
that awaits us ! “

Peter slapped Jesus  
good-naturedly  
on the shoulder  
“Let me get this kid off you, Lord”

9/11

Jesus tipped sideways  
"No, no,  
Let him stay  
its a . . . it's a  
sweet weight . . . I, I like it"

A ring of children  
& all ages  
joined hands  
&  
danced around Jethro

Ushering Him into  
the Holy City  
with faces flushed  
& songs of joy & praise

A man with a silver trumpet  
had joined the throng  
the notes rang out  
in joyous abandon

as the merry group  
passed beneath  
the massive walls

Jesus, alone – somber & reflective  
counting the shadows  
"How many days," He thought  
"How many hours"

9/11

“Do they love me today  
& betray me tomorrow?”

“Am I worthy  
of all this praise?”

“Are they worthy  
of my blood?”

“God ! But one more day as a man  
with the sweet, sweaty weight  
of a child . . .  
on my back  
instead of the stinking  
cross”

“The kisses of a prostitute . . .  
instead of the kisses  
of the whip”

“Ahh, but one extra day  
with my guys  
my dear, so very dear  
disciples”

“smelling of rotten fish  
and B.O.  
. . . one extra day”

10/11

“Under the canopy of the stars  
as the sparks fly upwards  
sharing burned beans  
& our hearts  
with each other”

“Oh, but one day more  
to live & breathe  
upon my earth  
as the son of Adam”

“As if my Adam  
. . . had never fallen  
& lived in bliss  
as I intended for him”

“Edom – red earth  
\*\*\* my Adam \*\*\*  
I love him so much  
for him . . .  
I live & . . . for him  
. . . I bleed”

The seed of woman  
shall bruise his head

##

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