

**Dad - R.I.P. (Dec. '96)**

**The eternal jokester  
Nothing serious  
Nothing sincere  
Nothing real**

**buying every lie the enemy threw out  
until . . .  
finally - at the last - struck speechless  
by the love of God**

**Edging into the kingdom in a final gamble  
a final toss of the dice  
rolling a double  
to squeeze into heaven  
while hellfire was licking your toes  
###**

**To my (erstwhile) friend  
Did you unbutton your mind . . .  
as you unbuttoned your blouse?  
Thanks . . . for nothing**

**Faithless . . . I will stay faithful  
Conniving . . . I will be true**



**Go for it!!!  
I'll not throw away heaven to indulge in bitterness**

**###**

**To A.E.  
One old lady  
small - frail -  
a wisp of the wind  
dancing . . . ?  
on her immaculate tiles**

**chiming in,  
echoes of yesteryear  
--today as tomorrow--  
--yesterday as today--**

**As the blooms drop off the Japanese cherry tree  
so the years fade  
. . . and drop away  
receding - like the tide  
or soundless, fathomless  
tears**

**a universe between each drop  
whole solar systems revolve  
in forgotten eyes  
as the distant past**



looms up larger than the present  
and the present shreds itself  
in misty cobwebs of time

###

The (eternal) Carpenter comes

\*\*\*H O M E \* \* \*

Exploding rays of light  
radiating the seven points  
of David's star  
like a lightning rod

the supercharged cross  
ignites the tropical sky  
(even in daylight)  
w a i t i n g

for the final connection  
to electrify the believers  
whose hearts have become ashes  
wanting only GOD  
in a unity (at last) of longing

###



Pale Horse, Pale Rider '91

On the Pale Horse He rode  
(the Pale Horse of death)  
up Mt. Calvary

Bearing forever.....and anon  
the cross  
of man's condemning nature

Riding into Hell on  
the Pale Horse  
Pale Rider throws off  
sin (and guilt)  
ofalltime  
forallmen

clothing Himself in  
BLINDING  
UNAPPROACHable  
L \* I \* G \* H \* T



## Hot Air Balloons/91

2,000 years.....have come &

----g o n e----

the cross not yet

appropriated

despised - rejected

abused

SPAT UPON

we still reject Him

in favor of

(you're so vain) theo-ology

no power to heal, to deliver

ByPassing Jesus,

we hold GIGANTIC

e x p e n s i v e

""beautiful""

full of ((hot air))

BALLOONS

they drift UP

but they never come d

o

w



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[to help anybody]

DECEIVED  
CHEATED  
BLINDED

stuck far away from our inheritance  
like the prodigal son  
in the pigpen of legalism

chawing on dirty money cobs  
instead of feasting  
on heart-felt praise

while the Father stands afar off  
holding out His everlasting Arms  
FULL  
of astounding (!) gifts -  
healing, joy, prosperity, forgiveness  
(reconciliation with Him)

Asham - ed  
we turn aside, downcast  
trying to YANK away His cross  
& do a better job than He did (!)

##



John  
or  
God's Whirlwind

Along  
pacing his cell  
hairy arms raised  
to God

+++ Tormented +++  
In agony  
the sounds of the party  
filtering down

like the screams of  
hell  
"Lord!"  
"Get me out of here!"  
"I hate it!"

"Give me the trackless sands"  
"the full moon"  
"the starry blanket sky"  
"the howl of the jackal"

Never seeing  
Never hearing  
the innumerable campfires  
w a t c h i n g  
w a i t i n g



(( thousands ))  
outside the palace environs  
for news of the Baptist

“Does he yet live?”  
“Can we . . . can we”  
“rescue him?”

Sleepless nights  
whole families  
in prayer

for the man of God

John cries out  
as if struck  
“God!”  
“Deliver me!”

“Give me back to the wilderness”  
or  
“take me home”

The watchfires flickered  
The horizon brightened

John could hear only  
the soldier's footsteps



At last, he thought  
deliverance . . .  
or  
death

An evil wind  
blew from the North  
as the multitudes mourned

"She will take him"  
"He'll be gone from us"  
"before morning"

As if wounded with swords  
The many wailed

The sound  
a faint whisper on the wind  
a sigh  
full of longing

"Take me home, Lord"  
John prayed

"I've done what you asked me to"  
"The cobra queen  
will have her way this night"

By the next sunset,  
every tent,



every campsite  
was dismantled and taken

but a shadow of dust  
in the dying sun

As John's body  
was carried out  
by the believers

to the Olive grove  
of forgetfulness

while the Cobra queen  
laughed the night away  
and Herod  
poured every substance  
he could find  
into his poor sick body

"John!"

"Why did you leave me along with her?"

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