

At the circus
or
Jesus, the Main Attraction

Like a man on a tightrope
without a net
the praiser steps
tentatively.....o u t

knowing a misstep
is DEATH to the flesh

Death to the natural
Re-Birth of the super-super
((natural))

OUT..... & ABOVE.....
.....& AWAY.....

Religion, like
the circus crowds
ensconced around the Big Top
of the Center Ring
at the Cross

Gaping..... & { thankful }
to be firmly on the ground
instead of in the air
risking all
for an invisible goal

Caiaphas {pretending at being holy}
sneers and snorts
at the trembling, spasmodic man
writhing
in agony

the praisers - like tightrope walkers
gone wacky
expend themselves
For Him.....
.....With Him
In Him.....
.....Of Him

++++ ultimately +++++

pleasing Him
far more than
the sour-faced
religious authority

hell bent on the shedding of innocent blood

###

Feb/June/91

*The wind - sighing through the mournful land
like a mother . . .
wailing over her dead child*

*The trees - bare and black
in the garb of sorrow
like the mother's veiled face
shrouded in black
tears streaming like ceaseless rain*

*The mountains - brooding against a brightened sky
as if holding their breath
as the woman clutches her hands
to her breasts
sighing like the wind*

The warm bright promise

of Spring

of new life

of the kiss of green

of her child's embrace

so near . . .

and yet . . . so far

##

2-26-91
(Juneau)

The moon -
a pale princess hiding
behind her
castle - mountain
wreathed in misty shadows

Time dripping green mossy rocks

Tops of mountains
delicious
iced with snow
houses like cutouts
black paper
silhouettes

against bluish
MoonBrightNight

###

Northern Love Song

In my last green summer home
the mountains shone in sun
& -- steamed --
in gentle rain

the woods sang
with water call - ing
& delicate deer
stepping

Concerto (Ketchikan, beach)

Barnacles...
snapping !! clapping !!
as giant feet pass

much like old ladies
at Sunday concerts

##

----published in Alaska

The Tube

IF

*you knew
the subway
as I do*

*you wouldn't
ride it*

##

Embryonic Imaginings

*His window is summer
His highway - the sky
eyes full of winter*

*& sweet Spanish dreams
(Isaac)*

##

My (ah-hem) 'pond'

A lilliput of life
expecting to see

.... Mr. Mole

or

... Mr. Rat

peeking around
a fern

or anchoring their tiny speedboats
on a rock

##

((1202 Pike -- 1987))

Sept. Morn. Juneau, '90

Fog-shrouded Mountains
Rising from the sea
like gentle sleeping giants
draped in graceful green

dream-like
Silver-tipped by fog
& Crowned with
God's majestic breath

against a backdrop
of dazzling blue

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