

Poetry

I am including all the poetry that I wrote during this holy week. I must just say that the poetry I share with you comes from being with God. It is not ego driven or me showing off or gazing at my navel. It is what God reveals about who we are. So the poetry is a mirror. I have always shared it with you as a gift for your spiritual growth. Therefore if it helps use it and if it says nothing to you, discard it because then the message is obviously not for you. Just know that it is from God through me to you, for you.

Have a glorious Eastertide. All our Love from Bridgette and our family and myself.

Mikl

A song for the Sinner

*You see following him had opened our eyes
We were no longer content with our lot as producers of food and furniture
For those in fine robes who wheezed through the market place like a bad wind
Now we saw God
First in him and then in us and then in all people
We understood justice
And revolution
Rome and Religion would fall
Before we passed away
And we were impatient*

*Judas was more impatient than all of us together
For he and his family had suffered greatly
And were left destitute and broken
And when he spoke of it his eyes raged and his heart bled
And the Teacher would touch him compassionately
And his soul would be stilled for a while until the memories betrayed him once again
Now as we called out to G_d in him and, with each successive telling of his story, the white hot burning diminished*

*Now on this, the occasion of our third Passover together
He felt that the appropriate time had come
Once before G_d had on that first Passover in Egypt liberated his people
Now was the time for G_d to do it again
Our lot, his lot had become as unbearable as that of our ancient forbears
He longed to be set free.*

*In his mind The Teacher had vacillated too much
Was indecisive*

*He Judas would take charge and force the Teacher into a situation where he had to act-
And announce the revolution
It did not unfold as he had dreamt
He longed to walk up to a religious leader, a Roman soldier
And take them on as equals
Stripped of their unfair advantage
He would humiliate them as they had humiliated him
Perhaps his family's fortunes would be restored.
All this he saw slipping from his grasp
The second Passover was not unfolding as he had believed
So he engineered it
We all supported him; longed for what he longed for
Dreamed his dream*

And then after the meal he left to put his plan into action
But there was a bigger plan for All people, for All time, for Everywhere
Which none of us could see
And then evil assailed us
And Judas unwittingly participated with the hosts of darkness

Then the Teacher is dead on a cross
And Judas soon after by his own hand

We wept for our losses and Judas' loss especially
Surely he had lost everything now even his eternal life

Then in a vision in the room where we hid I saw Jesus and Judas
In a warm and lingering embrace
Then they shared the Passover meal
And then Judas washed Jesus' feet
And then Jesus showed Judas his family
But now restored from on high
Free
Whole and Holy and Unencumbered
He smiled the smile of one redeemed
The smile of one who finally with us understood this new revolution
The nature of the Second Passover.

Easter Morning – The First

There were no expectations that morning
Surely, it was all over now and life would slip back into its regular routine
Immediately after the Sabbath the women had gone to the tomb to complete the burial.
They would come back
The job done
And then we could focus on the future and our safety
And of course the quest
Everything had crumbled around our feet though

We had nothing
Only sadness
Only fear and a great fear
That at once shrouded us
And bound us together
But we expected nothing, nothing at all except
Life just as it was before our arrival in Jerusalem last Sunday
Only now we feared for our lives.

What were these three years about? I wondered to myself
And what we were to do with what we had become?

The women had hardly left when they returned
“His is risen”
“Not alive but risen”
They declared as they fell into our presence

Unconvinced, we followed them out into the morning - a spring morning no less
And ran after them to the tomb
It was empty – nothing but the shroud, shrouding everything in mystery
In mystery, all mystery

“No”, some of us declared “no mystery only logic.”
– The Romans and the Religious were capable of anything on their own.
Together they were capable of much more
They had obviously stolen his body – as though it were a thing of worth.
O The irrational fear of the unjust.

But the twelve of us who knew something and yet nothing
Knew that we had touched a thing we could not fully articulate nor understand
And now we were witnessing its unfolding
There could be no grave – no one spot to which millions would one day flock
No the tomb had to be empty so that all of creation would be consecrated

While we stared baffled his timeless self which had been on a journey into the depths of human
existence – the place of death
now rose to meet its heights – the place of eternal life.
And when our gaze was oblique we could see Him
And we spoke without words since it had all been said
Now we just absorbed the light
And it shone despite their best efforts
It was morning and spring
And we stood – still stand -in the irrational joy of the meek
And we are not afraid any longer

At One Ment for the Little people

As spring slipped silently into view
And the winter rain seeped down through the caverns below
From the Galilee down to Jerusalem
Following, it seemed, the Son of Man;
As spring made its presence felt
And, as spring is wont to do,
Filled us with hope for an end to this brutal occupation
This double occupation of temple and palace,
All of creation stopped in order to bear witness to what would happen next

We followed the rain water and the Son of Man
On this journey down to Jerusalem
Into the epicentre of the darkness
The middle of the middle of the shadows
From whence flowed our oppression
That cemented our depression and hopelessness.

They *lorded* it over us
Kept us feeling small
Seeing each other as small
Seeing God as small
Keeping our expectations of God and this life small
Made sure we became and remained Small people
Acting out like small, little, frightened people

We shamed ourselves by mostly acting out of fear – seldom acting out of loyalty

Now spring and the Son of Man had arrived; plunged into this pool of smallness
And the cess-pool of the beneficiaries all around our shallow pond
But now our pond felt too small
We had outgrown it now
Why now and not before or sometime in the future we could not grasp
Now we had outgrown it – we wanted, deserved more now!

The Son of Man – the Insurrectionist we thought
Incendiary we thought
Revolutionary we thought
Insurgent we believed

We thought he would lead us in battle against the temple and the palace
And we would be liberated grandly

Instead the shadows captured him
Tortured him
Humiliated him
Hung him
On a cross
Killed him

The fools unwittingly participating in the greatest act of Atonement
On behalf of the Small Ones
God making an *at-one-ment* on our behalf
Wiping out the foundations of the temple and the palace
And freeing us so that we may never ever be captive again
Even when it felt as though we were

We could not know the fullness of what we had witnessed then

Not knowing fully we walked away from that humiliation and sunk back into our depression
Not knowing that the true revolution had only just begun
In earnest
Now all people are free
Even when they are not
Because of the Word and the Words spoken to us
Now freedom lives in us as a choice – even in the securest prison
For now we know the worth of every human being
A worthiness determined by God
A worthiness that will never be undone

Now the little pools are empty like tidal pools at low tide beside the sea
For now there is only a seamless, boundless ocean of life love and freedom and worthiness
Because of the events during a spring long long ago

Resurrection Song

Now rise into who you really are beloved – who you have always ever been
Rise and be
All that they told you about who you need to be
To be honoured and accepted
All that now hangs about as flags torn, threadbare by the winds of truth
You are you, albeit now crouched down, trampled underfoot
In this moment simply stand up child of God
Stand up
For you are God's new gift to the world and yourself
And as you stand see
 The scabs fall off
 The memories rendered powerless
 The brokenness healed
As you stand up you see more of the world around you and less of the dust
And we see you and you see us
And forgiveness moulds your heart and your face

Just take courage and begin the long journey to standing up
Into your resurrected self