

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Among the Poets on Apocalypse Field

Global Arena of Consciousness

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Preface

These are a few poems taken from a larger repository of writings for the purpose of showing that there are poets and writers in the kingdom of God who view the current state of the arts as functioning well below this standard:

The burden of Art, especially Poetry, is the establishment - and defense - of human reality.

Of course, what human reality is is a hotly contested matter. As the world deteriorates morally and with regard to its vision of what is real – *actual* – it seems the poets and writers, the men and women of letters, have by and large abdicated the tower of vision and joined the merry throng on its descent into eternal ruin through a studied obliviousness to the things of eternity, as made known to humans by the kindness and mercy of the great God, and His Son, our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. What He has done in the being of humankind is a crucial aspect of the human condition – and human nature.

There *are* poets and writers in the employ of Heaven who remain true to their humanity, true to the disciplines and craft of literature, and true to the King of poets – “the Word of God” He is known as! – who spoke as never any other man or woman ever spoke, and who is the embodiment of Truth. A genuine poet ever reflects this. Any poet and writer who does not may have his fleeting day of glory among the throng of rebels, only to end in eternal ruin.

There is light in true art – may it transmit His glory through human vessels to the end of drawing souls to know Him, whom to know is eternal life. He lives in godly art.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

There is a scream of terror
in the shadows of awareness
seeking entrance to my home,
but the light in my heart, and my wife's
heart, keep it at bay

those without this antidote to horror
will be had by it.

The horror is that it will not
end, all the writing on the wall
belatedly making sense.

The purpose of my poetry is
gaining credence for a voice
– as a crystal jar holding balm –
that the mortally wounded
within may find withal to rejoice.

It must needs be then
non-fiction to the uttermost
and plain speech, understood
even by simples, but filled with presence
of One who sees, whose love saves.

This “writing” – by prophets of the ages,
graffitists of Heaven – on walls all about
refer to a savior whose name
is more than a curse, a name which hallows
even these poor pages.

21st Century Praises

You have filled our hearts with metanarrative songs
in the midst of those who cry against Your great stories
for they neither see Your works nor hear Your words,
dwarfed in vision and in heart.

Though they outnumber us, we sing and rejoice;
though they outlaw us, we stand in Your strength,
for You are the strength of our lives,
Your word and Your presence the heart of the real.

Though the foundations be destroyed
for vast multitudes, and darkness cover the earth,
we stand on the everlasting foundation
of Your righteousness, and sing in the joy of it.

Though they say there is no meaning, nor true personhood,
and we but skin-bags of chemicals and water,
Your sovereign narrative – our Song of the Ages –
is the story we live and rejoice in without end.

We thank You for the great pains You endured for us,
our Redeemer and Friend; we adore the heart of You
in Your infinite perfections, and thank You
for union with You in death and in resurrection life.

A NEW BEGINNING

There are those with better gift than mine,
more apt at metaphor and rhyme,
but there is a thing not considered by most,
a conflagration that shall sweep away the host
of poets, utterly clear the field,
a storm coming against which is no shield
but one: the shelter to be found in a name
– as in a fortified land – against which no bane
can encroach; in Him I have refuge
– *He welcomes refugees!* – from the coming deluge
of purifying flame; I would not stand alone
and so call, plead, Come to the home
eternal, in the joining of Heaven to earth
and to its great wedding feast, its sacred mirth
commencing the kingdom where is no end to life,
and the Prince has taken His love to wife.

A POET VIEWS COMMON SAINTS

(For Charles Simic)

from his own high vantage
of worldly wisdom
– pen dipped in rare ink –
imputing to them
(being so backward
as to love God and Christ
and hate that in the cultures of the world
which trample the holy)
ignorance, and hatred
of wisdom.

It is a sad day
(in centuries of sad days)
when poets walk on the flowers
of the Maker's garden
because they are simple blooms
with thorns
and say of their fragrance
These have the savor of death,
reviling that
the Gardener loves.

Charles, perhaps some of the priests in your line
knew that very One, and uttered prayers
for an unseen posterity
that He waft upon the breeze into their lives
words of that life dipped in the fountain
of unending youth – so please don't spit them out
because the vessel is common
or has a little good clean dirt in it.
Don't spurn the gift of *that* elixir, which to drink
brings the vision poets gladly live or die for love of.

I have seen great gifts in poets wash out to sea
being useless in that they were made for;
I have seen a nation undone from within, its poets silent
in the face of coming catastrophe
or blind, not seeing the tsunami offshore
about to hit – not of water but billowing flame
pouring over the world when the gate opens
holding back outraged Justice's final say.
It's such a drag, they exclaim
in their insular world, to hear these things,
while the roar from the sea is growing,
that endless deep seers name eternity.

The Mystery of the Call

Why is it that some will hear His call
recognize His voice,
and follow
willing in a heartbeat
to forsake all
for love of Him whom others cannot even see
as He is, of all loves
the most choice

Some, when they hear Him
hate Him
as dark deeds, and their doers
hate light
exposing them
and so harden, turning away
to where even noon is night
like those fanged who hate the day

Why is it that hearts are so
given to such love and hate,
the one to embrace exposure
reveling in His embrace,
the other turning back
to bloom in the shade ?
In your own choosing is your fate,
the proof of what you are made.

HIS BRIDE

*a man...shall be joined to his wife,
and they two shall be one flesh.
This is a great mystery: but I speak
concerning Christ and the church.*

— Paul to the Ephesians

She is the knock-out of the ages, His bride;
even the angels are astonished, wide-eyed
at a beauty beyond what they see in themselves
and seeing such mysteries desire to delve
into how it could be, this shining like deity
in one once consort with the dark prince, in infamy
before she was redeemed, and party to the deicide.

The price He paid to win her back was steep,
a horrid cost much wondered at in glory's Keep,
but He got her, and led her through the wilderness
of hearts, through enemies and great distress;
He taught her to stay near to Him,
hold to His word and heart when the way grew dim,
to trust Him, her friend in trouble, her guard in sleep.

It is the story of God the Son's bride;
she is many, male and female, for whom He died;
she is rugged soldier, little child, woman fair,
all one they are, all dependent on His care.
Safe now in the Kingdom, His glory their reward,
she shines full back the glory of her Lord,
He who ever lives, and for her was crucified.

IGNORING PROPHECY

In ancient times
bards sang the feats of kings
and of battles, heroics, and blood
sometimes freely given – for honor, for love
self-preservation flung to the winds
an encumbering cloak
changed for the bright linen of saints

and seers delved into the hidden
meaning of things written by prophets
who saw and heard outside of time
on the open field of omniscience
in the mind of the One who sends his sayers
with wisdom concerning the course of events
that praises might ring above the plaints.

But now, we know few bards and seers,
few singers as of old, few learned
in things that count, discerning
gems from glass, poets now unwilling to hear
wisdom that separates from the crowd,
approval from peers the honor sought, and acclaim,
few for their truth willing to be burned.

Can it be that among the ranks
of the world's finest singers
prophecy's lodes are not mined
but demeaned, and in their conceits
ignored? So be it! We give thanks
You have given the lowly to be bringers,
O wise King, of Your astonishing feats.

It Is Often Asked

what grievance does God have
that He should storm against us with His wrath?
And why should we obey His rules
as though we didn't know how to live
and would conduct ourselves as fools?
To top the list, we don't even know this *thing*
is real, this killer of joy,
this would-be lord of all prohibitive!

To which it may be said, He is a king
of realms so pure and pristine bright
He'd not be fit to rule if not destroy
what wasted all His earth with blight
of misery, death, and raging pain.
The ravager is sin, which fiercely contravenes
those laws of love and life which shall prevail
and are the joy of His domain.

To oppose His well-thought plan to clean
the world of ills and comfort all who appeal
for mercy and new life, will fail,
for who can thwart His will to heal?
No cruel tyrant this sovereign Lord,
in pity took upon Himself the bane
undoing us, Himself bore the judging Word,
dying in our place, this tender Nazarene.

King of the new world, He had the right
to suffer in His people's stead
freeing them from the weight of guilt and death;
this Lord of Heaven and earth cares for them
as you have seen, to His last breath,
not just the good and strong, but bad and feeble
receive His grace; and as He rose from the dead
we also shall, His living-jewel diadem.

It is not right to rail against Him
who did and does us so much good,
but rail multitudes for a while will do
being so deeply enthralled with sin
— the defiant “I’ll do my own thing” —
pursuing what seems right in their own eyes
while in His face disputing what is true,
this majestic One who in eternity is king.

I & THOU REVISITED

*Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes,
O Thou that dwellest in the Heavens.*

Psalm 123:1 AV

How undressed the language
of knowing
between Beloved and saint
Creator and creature
– greater far than in the room
of earthly bride and groom

How strong the connection
of heart
between Infinite and finite
Lover and beloved
– greater far than the *power*
upholds all galaxies

How utter the union
of beings
between God and humankind
Father and Son
– greater far this mystery
of Incarnation than our minds

How sweet the communion now
of love
between God and His children
Jesus and His redeemed sibling-bride
– greater than all loves, this
glorious unending honeymoon in Paradise.

Into the tame world of modern poetry
taken with its own music
powers of the unseen world wreak havoc
picking them off one by one
the minds, the souls, and at the last the flesh
bite the dust, “for dust you are
and to dust you shall return” are the words
of the curse, sentence of death

the vaunted poets of the day, “antennae of the race”
see nothing, decimated
– if you can believe, while they sing –
by predators in their midst
invisibility-cloaked, like in the flicks,
laughing while they die, until
– in the subtle realm, eyes on their captors –
they see how they’ve been taken

An ambassador from the Savior,
I suggest humility,
for he offers repeal of the sentence,
forgiveness of sins, and life
eternal, as He suffered in the place
of whoever will believe
in Him, the gift of God, *His life for theirs*
– a King’s ransom for sinners

I realize this stuff is passé
for those who are perishing
while they mock the gift of mercy,
but His sheep will hear His voice
even in the din of the world
for He knows how to call them.
I have no time for artful poems,
poet of the age to come.

THERE IS A RIVER

*Where do we go when the world forsakes us?
To where the healing waters flow. —Mr. Mister*

*There is a river, the streams of which
make glad the city of God. —Psalm 46*

The trouble is, our waters flow
from a spring outside
Eden — the pristine place
we hope, we dream
exists — else we stay
poisoned from within
this decaying biosphere

Gladness runs in an unseen river
— as that between held hands and hearts —
fresh down an aqueduct of trust
in the language of Paradise,
spoken by him who rebuilt the place
for a honeymoon without end
world without end

If that's far-fetched
it is brought near
in arterial splendor
of an infinite heart
pouring love-life to a kingdom
of daughters and sons,
cups of shalom splashing glory.

To The KKK – and all others of their kind –

The LORD the Judge of all nations and of every man and woman says to you,

Do you call yourselves after My name, and say that My Book is your Book? Do you put your hope in Me, believing I shall separate you from the children of wrath when they follow their father, the Devil, into the Lake of Fire?

Why then do you hate Me, and curse Me, spilling My blood wherever you can, despising Me for the color of My skin? Do you not know I am the life of every brown-skinned human that has knelt before Me and become Mine? Do you not know they are flesh of My flesh and bone of My bones, that we are one spirit, and one body?

Do you not remember how I said whoever shall offend one of My little ones, it were better for him a stone were hung about his neck and he were drowned in the sea? And yet you call My little children, innocent in their years, venomous names which poison their hearts. Do you not know it is *Me*, their life, you call nigger, spic, redskin, and chink? Do you not know it is *My* life you are crushing and breaking and snuffing out? Inasmuch as you do it to the least of one of these My brothers and sisters, you do it to Me.

Have you no fear of Me, who shall add My awful wrath to your torments as you bathe in the lake of horror and pain? Do you think it a light thing to trifle with Almighty God, Lord of Heaven and Earth?

Those whom you call your Grand Dragons are but foul lizards of Hell to Me, and you their venomous brood. I tell you, unless you repent and live lives of service to My multihued brothers and sisters, horror and agony shall follow you all the days of your lives, and there shall be no mercy for you, neither in this world nor in the world to come. My sheep know My voice, and they have My Book, and My Spirit is their life. The goats of Hell I do not know, nor they Me.

¹ This is not a prophecy as per the Old and New Testament prophets of God, neither is it in the vein of those who hold the “charismatic gifts” continue in this day, but rather a discerning the Lord’s mind and voice according as He has revealed His heart and will to us in His Word, with that same liberty certain seers have taken, such as in Francis Thompson’s “The Hound Of Heaven,” and the authors of the hymns, “How Firm A Foundation,” and, “ ‘Twas On That Night When Doomed To Know.”

TRIBAL MYTHS

may be a proper tag
when talking of Arthur
or Middle Earth,
but we talk history
speaking of a crown
from ancient lineage
and supernatural birth

of course worldview may screen
facts from truth,
calling ancient records
myths, not allowing
God in his universe;
but it remains, the crown
himself was actually seen.

Poetry is
what the poet makes
to hold his heart
– both chalice and wine
of him –
language and spirit wed,
full to the brim!

A jewel word-faceted,
divining-stone of depth
of me, and all I hold
within, be it woman
or deity.
The image is fluid
adamantine as the Word.

Can such subtle things as breath and voice
have power
to vanquish death?
Yes, if the breath of Him
who spoke all that is
speak *you* alive
– for behold *me!* *His* eternal masterpiece!

THE AGE TO COME

*Time now to open your mouths
with a new open speech...*

*Where are Whitman's wild children,
where the great voices speaking out...*

–from Ferlinghetti's "Populist Manifesto"

In the age to come where the world is filled
not with magic but the stronger enchantment
of glory that is the natural life
in a supernatural world – where God actually walks
with us – to use plain speech
in this realm is to fill it with wonders
thought cliché in the dying creation
of old, of robust sight denuded,
whose language is a bucket with holes
no living water in it.

Yet this "age to come" is present now
in the songs and vision of its poets
who oddly are mocked – the blind seeing only death
in their words, while those who see, joy
at the "new open speech" cried for
come, not from children of Whitman
but on tongues of the singers of Christ
who show the wonders of new heavens and earth,
by God's wisdom death, pain, tears gone – *no more!* –
His daughters and sons of pristine light, in holy mirth.

THE SHARK TANK

*At the Gaz*¹

He jumped in
fat with conceits
thinking to make a big splash

he no sooner hit the water
than he lost a lot of weight
– which is good for the heart

now he's learning to swim
and the sharks seem not to mind
lean divers.

¹The Gazebo, an online poetry forum and workshop

THE BOTTOMLESS SHARK TANK

for the Gazebo

It was a mistake my thinking it
just a tank, for I looked down
and saw it went deep
deeper than eye can see

with sight given vates of the prime
beheld creatures far beneath
the shallows we swam
and beneath them an abyss

no man can fathom
save in torment's endless descent
amid creatures ravenous
for the little fish of men

It was then I saw the wisdom
of the amphibious
growing wings
to sound the abyss above

rising in joy's endless ascent, and entering
upon a new earth, safe at last
with a heavenly friend,
in his heart's ravishment forever fast.

I sing now of these things
though it frenzies the fish
who see no deeps above or beneath,
and the vision itself sings.

We err when we think the world is as it seems;
we are too used to seeing with but our eyes.
They say who lives with swords and demons dreams;
it is not so – the spirit lives and flies
according to its faith, for what *He* says is real,
His word is true, not what we feel.
This life's an adventure second to none,
souls to be rescued, pains endured, glory won.

DEAR FERLINGHETTI

The terrible things you say
– as a severe yet loving father
to a wayward child –
concerning modern poetry
almost alone ring true
in this time of the assassins
of the muse

to accommodate the shoes they make
to take them into easier places
they have laid a vast concrete plain
over the howling archetypal heartlands

this way being a poet is no risk
one just learns the dance-steps
to the fashionable tunes
and sings
with minimal breath

the wild children you called
exist
I have seen them
am one myself
– so have no fear
for the art
(this is no art
but war!)
it is our path
to demolish
what covers

the rich dark earth of the muse
what suffocates
the breath of its trees
leaving feathers and wing-bones
on the parking lot of souls

Ferlinghetti
I just wanted to tell you
I love you
and thanks
for holding up the banner
of life and death
in this land where editors have outlawed
breath
and that which also is beyond
their inner reach:
heart-music, and true speech.

A GRADE "B" HORROR VISION

the king of the Zombies
rising against the King of Hell's kings
with this speech

You walk the earth
so proud
of your plan

but we
the Vampire, Werewolf
& I
remember how once we were
Priests, & Joyous, & Alive
'fore you swooned us
'fore our wombs

may you wither
where you stand

for we have one Ace
wonder
left
up our ragged sleeves
agot to us
in the Darkness
by a stranger of Light

we have hid it
but it is handy

And then the vision ceased
progressing – seeming as if frozen still –

while light quietly invaded the darkness
below the radar of vision
destroying its strongholds in the hearts
of mighty captives, loosing warriors
for the coming Rebellion of Light.

SIBS: VAMPIRE, WEREWOLF

VAMPIRE

I look out these bloodless eyes
— not that I have no blood,
it is just so *thin* —
to see where I might feed
for my life is constantly failing
and I gain strength
from the pulse of others.

I am not like my brother the wolf
but can be delicate,
the gentle-man
or woman.
What I hate most
is to be exposed by those
the robust living

I would kill them all
if I could
either that
or become one of them
for they pour forth life
in such abundance
I choke!

WEREWOLF

I don't have much to say;
my forte is my rage;
I use my words to tear
and eat
the hearts of those I seize

I love the taste
of sweet flesh (the soul in it,
for I am not a cannibal,
only a monster).
My rage gives me strength to prevail.

I cannot devour the souls
of the robust living,
their strength is not natural.
It is easier to kill them
if one will not join them.

We are a generation beyond good and evil
knowing no laws or standards,
yet we are human, and know our state,
born to die, pregnant with death,

the soon dead, dressed in glorious coverings
of skin, though we fool ourselves thinking otherwise,
secretly long for that life within without
end and found in the Fountain of skies, primal Breath.

In the first Breathing was no death, and then there was
by our own hand, and we plummeted within
belying the glory of skin, all cancer and flesh.
Breathe in us anew, O God, and we be eternally fresh.

ON SEEING *THE HOUSE OF FLYING DAGGERS*

Any love story told in these times
when the onslaught of demonic hordes
are overcoming many citadels
of the holy,
slaughtering vast multitudes,

must be part of the larger Story
of the lightbearers and their king
fearlessly entering the Satanic Wars
valiant for truth unto the death,
or the story and the love are irrelevant.

For what is love in the darkness
but self-centered seeking of pleasure
however poignant the tale,
when the truth of love is only found
in the cause of God and *His* love?

No more wondrous petty tales
— let it be settled!
Even the most “ordinary” love
if it endures into eternity, Christ-blessed,
is a love of the Ages!

6/28/05

While the poets are having their usual party
wine of laughter mingled with hidden tears
demons are having one of their own
moving in stealth from mind to mind
laughing at the ease with which they take their prey.

Until the poet who speaks for the Lord
– commanded to do so and obeying –
warns them of the coming terrible storm
– terrible because they shall reel in horror
at the fury, the settled fiery indignation

of Deity – for spurning the word of truth,
of holiness, of mercy, of forgiveness,
thinking themselves so clever in their art
using judgment of cliché as a weapon
to parry the simple speech of saving grace

and the demons stir them up, amplifying
their building scorn
puff and posture, feebly indignant
– though some will hear and heed –
and then a billowing fiery storm.

FATHER OF LIGHTS

how we shrink You down in our thoughts
so as better to relate to You – we think –
yet miss the heart of You, so doing.

There is a proper fear of You, full of joy
and awe – stunned astonishment – if we can bear
Your ineffable immensity.

Take one little work of Yours: the sun,
one small yellow dwarf star of billions, yet ours
to warm and lighten our earth

as the size of a skyscraper to a human
so is the sun to the earth,
in diameter 109 times greater

in mass 333,000 times greater,
a huge thermonuclear furnace
of hydrogen proton-proton reactions

held together in the delicate balance
of enormous gravitational pull
and super-heated gases expanding

so it does not collapse on itself, or fly apart,
a perfect work of dynamic art,
one of Your many hot jewels in the heavens

27,000,000° F. in its center
93,000,000 miles from us, only one
two-billionths of its energy needed to heat us

what perfect economy and precision
in the orbital dances
of our planets around it,

and our solar system around the center
of the vast Milky Way galaxy
in the light-year spaces of Your intricate handiwork.

When we look up at our great globe of power
and ponder its workings
(although the math is too great for us to grasp it!)

let us think of You who made it and placed it
in the heavens as if it were a ball on a mobile
an artist delighting in his craft

let us think of You, infinitely greater
than these Your creations, Your heart far more
immense and power-filled than our sun

and remember how You love us,
sent Your Son to become man, and redeem us
from our sins, and from wrath and destruction.

Though Your heart is as great as it is
it is filled with everlasting love for those who trust You,
with a tender and nurturing love. Amen.

1/15/05

I TAKE UP THE TORCH OF PATCHEN & MILLER

with a vengeance,
one of the wild children called
by a voice lifted in San Francisco
and heard
in the crawling shadows
of this black land

where things have not gotten better
but the darkness thicker
since the poets lived
and died,
their human lights bright,
then out

I take up the fallen torch
(the poets' light living on
in their words)
sputtering from the spit and urine
in the gutter
of the country's disdain

Their light was too dim
for the darkness descending
from an onslaught
of unbending adversaries,
hunter-killers deployed,
poets first to be destroyed.

Are they poets who in pure language
capture the beauty and profundity
of their human sensibility, while blind
to madness overrunning the land
destroying the culture and all souls
uncontested?

Listen.

The burden of art, especially poetry,
is the establishment
– and defense –
of human reality.
Nothing less or more.

It shall be with the human voice
the darkness is withstood
the adversaries of the human
scattered and broken,
the voice, the instrument
able to contain immeasurable power.

* * *

Patchen and Miller,
as well the open-eyed and hearted one
in the city of Francis
are without that light which cuts darkness
and exposes the horror underneath
the pretense of civilization
the actualities of the human condition
under the lovely skin-coverings

the darkness overcame them
– tho the one named after the laurel
yet has breath, so one may hope
and ask for life for him –
but darkness will never overcome
the Outlaw King
his heart and blade gleaming
amid the ruins of the demon horde

and he passes on the light, his heart
held high as a torch
in the valley of the shadow of death,
his heart in mine, mine
in his, union of beings,
we both in the Father of lights,
in the covenant love-life
of the Godhead

The torch I take up as poet
lit by the King of saints
illumines the darkness
of our vast condition
and gives life to those who love it
while those who hate it
are those who love
death

The life-giver has come
to redeem Death World
with a ransom-price
the outraged Justice on high is pleased to receive.
Of course there will be war over this
for what prince willingly gives up
his captives – surely not the demon!
Patchen's torch burns steady!

Amid the mirage tales
of swords wondrously forged
we have yet to look upon the real
forging
of a spirit-blade

for the blade is fitted
in a man
or woman's heart
and voice

the soul's mettle
smelted in the crucible of days
shaped in the hands of the master
tempered in the furnace of affliction
infused with the off-world Spirit of light
honed keen with the vision of Christ

able now to cut through living darkness
of all kinds

hidden in the sheath of the heart,
drawn quietly for combat
in the Global Arena of Consciousness
on Apokalypse Field
outside the Gates of Eden

another not-often-seen reality
in that wondrous adventure
below the radar of most

the battle of the kingdoms
of darkness and light.

12 Noon 3/14/05 NYC

O Citadel Awake!

*It is a crime to be silent
or to sing pretty nothings
as though all were well
and peace reigned,
while the murder of a world is at hand.*

The siege is mounting
in its fury
and determination
to destroy the citadel
defending humankind

and yet in the “civilized” world
it proceeds under cover
of enlightened thought
and law,
binding warriors’ hands as they sleep

O Citadel awake!
O poets rouse yourselves!
O name the Name
that shines in darkness
and gives strength to the faint

Reclaim our calling
as the Lord Jesus’ seers and singers,
flee the bog of modern poetry
and its brilliant obscurity,
sing clear and true with full breath

of the things of Heaven
and eternity,
of the human condition
we are given to defend,
loving not our lives even unto the death.

DECLARING THE VISION

Where there is no vision the people perish.

–Solomon

Because I am silenced from the place of open utterance
by opposition and unyielding circumstance, my voice walled in
by forces of him who cast Death-Spell in the deeps
of being, in whose thrall the world lurches and reels....

Because I see my brothers and sisters planet-wide
go the fatal way of the world unaware and unwarned
by any credible witness and kin of spirit,
the roar of whirlpool Thanatos in the subtle sphere unheard....

I lay hand on that great Blade reposing in the heart
of Zion's mystic Stone, Lightning Sword of the poet-king and seer,
to build in the heartlands a realm of vision
and vital force, a place from which the spell of death is cleared.

I break Death-Spell for all who draw near this art,
this pure, last, great weapon of the heart,
and I know the wave of Destiny I ride
will scatter the potent words of these poems far and wide.

This speech issues from the halls of Beth-Or
– in ancient Hebrew, House of Light – fierce citadel
withstanding both flesh and subtle sphere legions of the Dark Lord,
spirit-refuge of pilgrims who wander globe wonderland made hell.

Who wields like sword and who abides in the house
must have clean hands and a pure heart according to the word
not of this world, spoken by Him whose blood cleansed the world.
Those without, death's bright fools, hate that wise mouth.

It would seem that all the world would flock to this rare door
esteeming the dear price of entrance nothing for love
of them within – especially Him who dies no more
having died as our ransom once, then mightily rose above

the Dark Lord's ceiling of death, scattering the strong guard
which panicked and fled at His might – but strangely they rather
mock this pure champion than love Him, their hearts hard
to follow the glitter without the house, lure of death-father.

This is the vision, the house, and Him whose life lights it
into eternity, past the resurrection of all bodies,
and the two destinies: the House of Light, and its counterfeit,
whose death-door leads to terror lake, dump of follies.

This is the vision, that one chooses one's destination
according to the sight and the love given one's heart:
to abide under Death-Spell, with this world's decaying rations
one's fleeting joy, or seek the light breaking in this art.

The strength of my life
is my friendship
with God – His with me
really, as He first loved
and I in joy returned.

My heart is a cup, full
of the water of life;
as maker, He seals all the holes
of my failures and sins
to keep my vitality in.