

# 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.

## **21<sup>st</sup> 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 complaints.

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.

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<sup>1</sup> 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*<sup>1</sup>

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.

<sup>1</sup> The 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  
illuminates 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.