

Intertwined: The Opening of Covenantal Faithfulness

The Gift (Given Away)

The imprint still exists—
The concrete remains of an asphalt world,
A world still sea-sick in motion,
Its aftertaste still with me now.
I emptied myself there
Literally, metaphorically,
Sprawled out, intoxicated, burnt
By the acid of my own vomit,
And I have yet to laugh;
I have yet to pass over that which hurts.
The words reverberate within:
“Let my people go! Please, let me go!”
But I cannot let go,
Not of the gift, the gift given away,
Not of the concrete remains.

The Corner

I am in a corner,
60,000 people running around.
While flies are buzzing in my ear,
I listen to the prominent sound—
The sound of my own heart
Beaten by the pressures that scream at me.
I am caught somewhere in between,
In the midst of this uncertainty.
I question the question,
But I’ve begun to doubt my asking,
And I sit here quietly alone
For it’s my feelings I am masking.
It’s a feeble attempt
To speak of the unforgivable,
But my nose continues to run
And I am feeling quite miserable.
Too many questions asked,
But not enough of the answers sufficed.

As I look deep into the wall
I see the ancient brick has been sliced,
Sliced into my cold heart.
I am standing at two walls—a corner,
60,000 people around.

The Risk

A bright colour of orange
Intertwined into my mind—
A tear, a laugh, and a smile,
And I'm somewhere past gone
Is it really all a game?
Or something of its kind?
Is it all a gamble
On this mourning's dawn?

Fragility

The paint enwraps these walls—
A fragile coating of beauty,
And now, there before me,
Deconstructed, that same paint falls.

Elucidation

I stand in here (there) among the undeserving masses,
Confined by these six walls, above, below and beside;
And while, with clouded eyes, we aimlessly pace side to side,
We so enunciate profundities of asses;
And with no place to begin and with nothing left to do,
Our books of programmable truth build up residue;
And like the whitened sand that leaves condemned hour glasses,
The fragile wooden floor is stripped from under our feet;
And never to be caught, we fall in unyielding defeat.
The gift exchange is exposed—to death the masses!

Faith (Beyond the Surrogate)

Illusions dark and promising trip through our shapeless minds,
And standing in this wasteland all perception's twisted.
Inside here, there's no credence we can stand on two fisted,
No reality that lightens the questions that blind.
Yet, I see, through the aporia, a door of escape—
Unnameable relief from life's formless landscape.
The space of giving is not "real," or so utterly confined,
That we, in thinking, can conceivably stand secured.
Unless of course, it's thought the gift of forgiveness obscured,
And that, so trapped, it's faith our giving defines.

The Opening

In that space, there is hope;
In the between, there is promise;
In the beginning, there is covenantal faithfulness.

Forgiveness begins there;
It can begin nowhere else—
Nowhere else but by grace.

The Beginning (Again)

I looked into her eyes—
The concrete remains of an asphalt world.
Anticipating a coldness,
I saw in them but a reflection.
There was a certain warmth,
A madness, an openness to what may come,
A promise almost forgotten.
Demarcated realization:
I am not yet alone;
The gift is not mine to open on my own.
And "As I stand before you now, . . .
There is promise—a touch, an embrace.
There is a beginning.
I look deep into the concrete remains
And see more than just an asphalt world.