

Calling

My visitation on the altar

More vivid than a movie

Than real life

Not the beginning of

Our love affair

But that moment when

You KNOW.

Some loves are easy

Nothing to write or

Write home about.

This one's different.

We wrestle and test

He says what must be

And I, like his former loves:

Mary, that Canaanite, and

sweet Jezebel of the well

We don't easily take his word.

Speaking in riddles is

A necessary product of subversive revolutionaries.

Most of today's enlistees

Come with earnest fervor

And lack a visionary

Flair for the dramatic.

That's where I come in.

He still says what must be

I refine his delivery.

We contend, in messy silent confrontation

The details of the thing.
He cares not for obstacles
Chuckles and kisses me sweetly
As I hunker down
Over logistics
And retreat
Into my world of words.
We rescue
One another
He needs deliverance from
The dusty halls and pages of the past
The holy cages designed to
Display him in his tamest light.
I?
Oh, I need so much more.
Form and purpose
Love unconditional
Stillness for my frenetic mind
This and more
In the infinitesimal space
Between He and me.
He half wild (the good kind)
And I half holy
A hybrid creature
Of wonderful, unwelcome
Prophecy.

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