

ECCLESIASTES
(The Church on the Hill in Saco, Maine)

Like in a pause between dawn and light,
Dusk and darkness, the morning bells
Of Sunday rain ring in echoes
Until the secrets of love, faith, and hope;
Corinthians, Psalms, Ephesians,
The Song of Solomon, and more –
Betray themselves more readily
When tormented

By a breath of truth in its avowal wreck...
And all the while

Jesus sleeps...
The church on the hill in Saco, Maine
Is where lost souls hide
Within the devices of man's earthly pleasures
To concretize God's will...

**"Submit to one another out
of the reverence of Christ."
Ephesians 5:21**

And yet,

How can a rose be made with so much forgetting?
And how can a return be made with so many departures?
What makes you surface observing what is happening
Waiting till the time has come when you wish
To hold me on the very brink of the abyss
From where I have come... I am here, am I there?
And like in a flaming kiss torn from the pages
Of a book thrown into the wind and abandoned –
My normal boundaries move on all sides

**"Like a lily among thorns
is my darling among maidens."**

--Song of Songs 2:2

Wandering...

I am the he and she

Of your most thunderous applause,
And I am the poet who challenges an age
Too afraid to feel...

Everything is strange to you
As it is told to you oh self-assured righteousness
Setting the unquiet conscience to rest
It its mindful wait –
Failing to confront the truth...

Do you remember how on Sunday morning
You ignored the stranger who stood there
In your midst of sermon scriptures read next to the woman
Whose hand he held; the woman he planned to marry?
His soul died last night!

**...seduced by choir and song,
in man's self-righteousness –
a meticulous
delinquency
in the agape of loves
addiction (Gods truth?)**

You told him he had hope... You told him he had faith...
But in laughter loud you said nothing about love...
Where are your prayers now as the clouds that cover

