

A Familiar Place

A poem for John's Prologue 1:1-18

An ever-familiar place

Pondering the darkest landscape of a travailing soul
A perpetual state of uncertainty, of unrest,
The depths of which seem left, only to exist, for humanity to test,

The sojourn to probe such a crag,
Positioning one's self to move in and deep down into ego, when in fact
The light to find the answer is found, not moving in, through or down,
But lives in a posture *of among, toward and with*;
For without this there is nothing, and without him nothing was made that has been made,
The answer—the face-to-face encounter—from the beginning bells a toll,
Resting in silence the search; and all means of the mean intellect

The conundrum, and speculative miracle
That could allow a God of timeless light
To dwell, to hover, and to pierce the waters of dark and toil with his incandescent might
Becomes the same truth to which my soul must relinquish its stricken quest, a quest that's really a war against,
Not time itself, but a timeless light that shines to unburden, all that is dark and uncertain

The dark, the truly opaque, agonizingly envies the closeness of soul and light of the divine
Bearing teeth singing, "how the triune suffers not from lack, knowing himself, not as in a mirror nor a glass,"
But merely facing himself twisted back, on himself to catch a glimpse of his own face as it shines.
A perpetual and perochoretic dance of naked embrace
A light so brilliant, shining forth, and toward its direction, all other elegance seems to tarry—to find source

This seems the bottom line of my query,
Not dark, not despair, nor hopelessness at all,
But simply a search to find a desire for the embrace there already

The trajectory and path of travel for such a light moves not only with and within himself,
But toward us, it moves down, through, and in
Down to our world his glow penetrates,
Through our iron-clad soul he infiltrates
And into our heart he tabernacle's his fragrance to illuminate

Even the greatest prophets voice, one rising to the heights of human acumen,
Heralds the heights to state what is ancient, before our time, and all that's been
The secret lock to unlock all contentment, is one and the same with the key,
It's a light, a transparency, a gut-wrenching ache that digs deep down into our throated yelps,
Rendering and rectifying closeness restored amidst our dyer and darkest pleas.
This light, this witness, testifies that all might believe.

Becoming flesh, as a potter might ridiculously become clay; that a musician might be clothed in a song
An impossibility to all those not entitled in knowledge, wisdom, and power, as is "God."
But this "God," like an impenetrable lighting rod, connects the wontedness of heaven with the wanting soul of despair.
Though no one has ever seen such a source,
The face-to-face dance of this triune beauty simply pours
A lamp-light licking its way through our heart
Cleaning up all that we thought was profound and profoundly dark
Bringing us back to the simple, the art, that God's light is *the ever-familiar place*
To touch him is to be exposed to our loss, and invited only into pleasure and warmth,
To aspire and hope; to never again depart.