



Winter 1966

all there is to give

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all there is to give

A cross is such an ugly thing with poor dead Jesus
Hanging there. His mother loved him so.

I loved you still and down the scarlet mouths run
While Christ lay shriveling in the tomb
And I lay silent in your womb and burned our hearts
together.

Easter never came, nor did the lepers walk again,
But leaped, when hook-nosed Jesus through the lips
Of sullen Jews and barren years constructed love
Which, after all, is all there is to give.
But you had none or was I blind to see it.
Still I loved you, still I do. I am a fool.

A church is such an empty place with souless people
Standing there searching for a Christ
Across the street parking cars.

You in oils for Christmas? But I could only do a woman.
You are a waterfall. Or not at all.

Christ has left us, love, and I am glad.

A hymn is such a dreary tune for bloodless lips
To sing of afterlife and golden streets, of self-despair.

"Ring around the rosary
A pocket full of Hosts,
If the room is filled with Jesus,
It's also filled with ghosts."